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PETERBORO.



IN the eastern part of England the Normans built three great sister churches, similar in dimensions and design. All three are now cathedral churches,—Norwich near the coast, Ely in the center of the fenlands, and Peterborough on their western skirts. It has been hard to choose two of them for comment and pass by the third; and it may seem strange to pass by the one which more entirely than the others—indeed, more entirely than any cathedral in the country—keeps its pristine form.

Norwich keeps unaltered that Norman ground-plan which everywhere else has been conspicuously changed; keeps all the lower parts of its interior as originally built, and keeps its splendid central tower. But this very freedom from mutations has made it in one way less interesting than its rivals, and in one way less characteristic too. The variety which comes from the touch of successive generations, from the contrasting beauty of successive styles, seems more interesting than unity to all eyes save the serious student's. And it was so often wrought in the cathedrals of England that it is one of the chief characteristics which oppose them to their fellows elsewhere. Peterborough and Ely have diverser charms, a richer historic voice, and a more

typical interest than Norwich, because their features are much more variously dated.

And then, while almost every important part of Norwich will be found in prototype along our path, Peterborough has, and Ely has, a splendid feature which is all its own. Did we not see the octagon at Ely, or did we not see Peterborough's western front, we should miss one of the loveliest, most daring, most original creations of the English builder, and one which he never even tried to match elsewhere.

I.

HISTORICAL claims imposed Canterbury upon us as our first cathedral; and were they consistently respected we should go next to York, or Winchester perhaps, or Durham. But the guiding-threads of interest are many and at times conflicting; and now the architectural strand may well be followed for a while.

Peterborough's history is devoid of wide significance. It was not a cathedral till long after its many-dated fabric was finished as we see it to-day; it stood apart from the main currents of national life; its influence, albeit great, was almost wholly local; and its annals are marked by few famous names or conspicuous happenings. But its fabric, though built as a mere abbey-church—a mere private place of worship for Benedictine monks—bears comparison with the very greatest. Its scheme gives proof of the enormous extent of monastic wealth and pride and power; and the very many dates which mark its execution prove

how long such influences were potently at work.

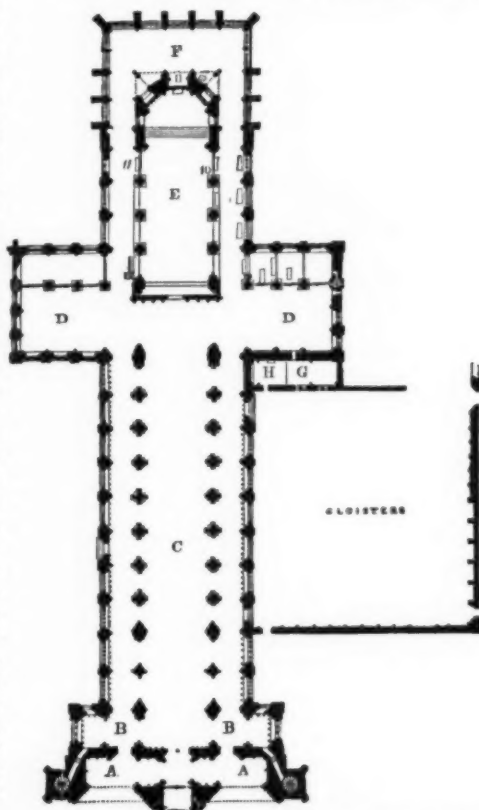
The Abbey, at first called Medeshamstede, was founded by Peada, the first Christian king of Mercia, less than sixty years after the landing of St. Augustine. Its church was finished by his successor and dedicated to St. Peter. The pope granted the brotherhood extraordinary privileges; the king endowed it with some four hundred square miles of land; and for two hundred and fifty years it lived and prospered greatly. But then its buildings were utterly swept away by Danish rovers, and their eighty-four indwellers were slaughtered to a man.

A full century passed ere, in 972, the monastery was refounded, reendowed, and rechristened Peter's-borough. Edgar was then king, and Dunstan primate; and the Benedictines, whom they so greatly favored, were naturally placed in the new establishment.

This, the second church, was also troubled and laid under tribute by the Danes, though not destroyed. But the most interesting chapter in its history connects it with those later days when Danes and Englishmen joined in a last resistance to the Norman interloper and when Hereward ruled the "Camp of Refuge" in the neighboring Isle of Ely. Hereward's story, made so familiar by the touch of modern romance-writers, rests but upon long subsequent and dubious traditions. Yet their very survival and their richness of detail prove at least that he must have been a valiant leader and one whom the popular imagination held very dear. And our own mood grows so sympathetic when we read that we hardly care to ask for history's exact decisions. We like to believe in his midnight vigil at Peterborough's altar; and we are probably right in believing that a little later he came with his band of outlaws — monks, peasants, and soldiers, Englishmen and Danes — and despoiled that altar and the whole church of St. Peter, carrying off its treasures to prevent their falling into the grasp of the advancing Norman. Their guardians were inclined to favor Englishmen, not Normans; yet so high-handed an act could not fail to seem sacrilegious in their eyes, and they resisted it as best they might. Hereward burned their homes and drove them forth, but, it seems, without needless cruelty; for when William's fighting abbot came in his turn, he found the hospital still standing over the head of a single invalid old brother.

This Norman abbot, Thorold, chastised Peterborough as vigorously as William had expected. He ruled for twenty-eight years, "a master of the goods of the abbey and a scandal to the church." And, "being a soldier by choice and a monk for convenience and emolument," and knowing himself well hated within his own walls, he brought thither a troop of men-at-arms and built them a castle close by the church's side. When this castle was destroyed is not exactly known; but its site is traced in a mound called the Tout-hill, which rises, overshadowed by great trees, to the south of the cathedral and to the eastward of the bishop's — once the abbot's — palace.

In 1107 Ernulph, the prior of Canterbury, was promoted to be abbot at Peterborough. Later he was made bishop of Rochester, and in all times and places was a mighty and persistent builder. We have already seen the remnants of his work at Canterbury, and at



PLAN OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL. (SCALE 100 FEET TO 1 INCH.)

A. Portico. B. Western transept. C. Nave. D D. Transept. E. Choir. F. Retro-choir or "New Building." 10. Place of Mary Stuart's tomb. 11. Tomb of Catherine of Aragon.

Rochester such still stand to-day. But here he speaks only through tradition; the dormitory, the refectory, and the chapter-house he built have utterly disappeared.

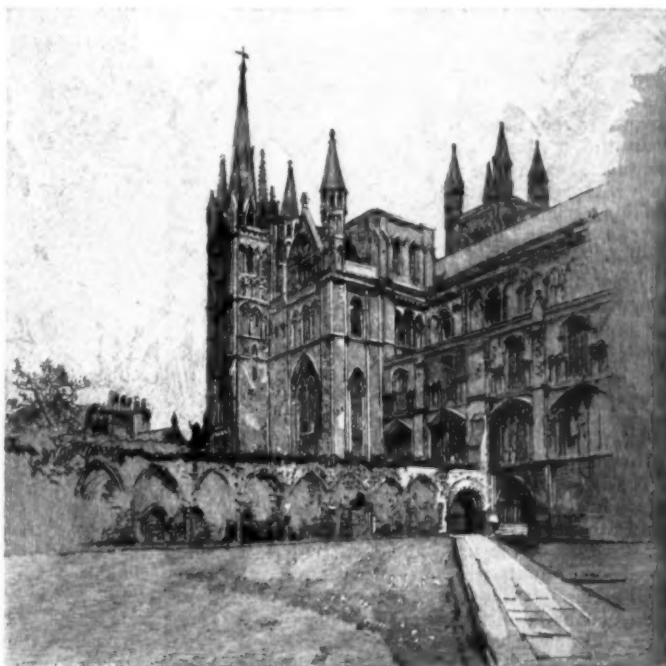
II.

THE second church stood unchanged by any Norman hand until 1116, when, like its predecessor, it was wholly swept away by fire. In 1117 the present structure was begun. John of Sais was abbot, but whom he had for architect we know not; nor are the later chronicles of Peterborough anywhere illumined by those citations of an artist's name which give Canterbury's such a vivid charm.

Under John of Sais the choir was built in part, and it seems to have been finished under Martin of Bec; for he brought his monks into the new structure "with much pomp" in 1140, and a consecration implies at least the choir's completeness. The central tower was erected soon after 1155; and this in its turn implies that the transepts and a portion of the nave must have been standing to support it. And thereafter the work seems to have gone on slowly westward. Slight differences in construction and design mark its successive stages; but the same general scheme persists till we come almost to the western wall.

It is easy to see that more than once the original plan was altered for the increase of size and splendor. The nave had already been given two bays more than were at first intended before a second change of scheme added still another space, which, as it has a lateral projection beyond the main line of the aisle-walls, is called a western transept. In this the pure simple Norman style is no longer used, but a later, lighter, richer version of round-arched design,—that "transitional" style which served to prepare the way for

"pointed" fashions. And when we cross the threshold and look at the outside of the western wall, we see still another step in development. I do not mean when we look at that huge arched portico which our illustration shows, but at the veritable wall of the church behind it as seen on page 168. This shows only pointed arches, though its inner face is built with round. Evidently the great change of style had come about while it was being



WESTERN TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE CLOISTERS.

raised; and its constructors, true to the spirit of their age, had abandoned the old manner as quickly as they could. For the "unity" of their work as a whole they did not care,—only for the harmony of such portions as a single glance might cover.

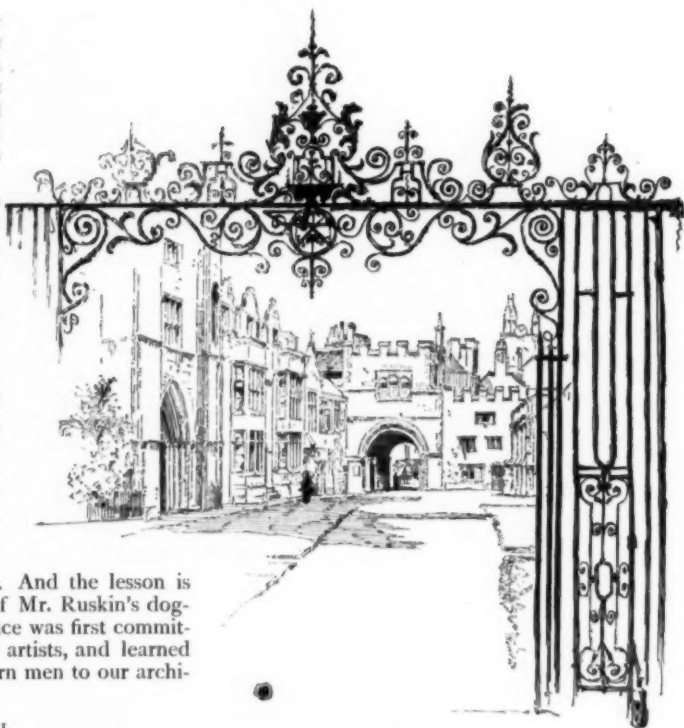
Their idea was evidently to build some such façade as we shall see at Wells and Salisbury, with tall towers on either hand and projecting buttresses in front. But ere the task was accomplished a new hand took control. Again the design was changed, and again for the sake of greater grandeur. One of the planned-for towers was finished no further than necessity compelled for the safety of the front; and the other, though now conspicuous with four corner pinnacles, is still much lower than it should have been. And the buttresses re-

mained unbuilt while another entire façade was thrown out, with the three majestic arches, the small flanking towers, and the windowed gables that we see to-day.

Many sins did its builder perpetrate in the working of his purpose. On the ground they can be very clearly understood, and here I may at least refer to them. For they show that the mediæval architect, even in the "best of periods," was sometimes led by purely æsthetic aims to sacrifice the stability, the rationality, and the "truth" of his constructions. And the lesson is interesting in view of Mr. Ruskin's dogma, that such sacrifice was first committed by Renaissance artists, and learned from them by modern men to our architectural undoing.

III.

To begin with, this "majestick front of columel work" does not sustain the outward thrust of the nave arcade as buttresses would have done, and as to the eye it purports to do. Its vaulted roof impinges upon the west wall, of course; but its tall clustered piers stand free, and unassisted could not even bear their own weight and the weight of their arches. Vast arches such as these may seem well able to support themselves, even though they rise eighty-one feet above the ground; may look like mammoth branching trees and seem to stand as a tree stands, by natural elasticity. But in truth their stones bear downward with as great a weight as though differently arranged,—or, more exactly, bear *outward* with enormous lateral pressure. Even assisted as they are by the towers on either hand, they have not really stood, in the true meaning of the word. Only a hundred and fifty years after they were built the western wall seems to have thrown too much weight upon them, its own towers suffering from the lack of buttresses. To counteract this danger there was raised within the central arch, up to half its height, that closed porch or parvise which, though charming in itself and very scientifically used, mars the harmony of the façade and spoils its grand



VIEW EASTWARD THROUGH THE GATE FROM THE MAIN DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

simplicity. And to-day all the arches are conspicuously out of the perpendicular, though the whole fabric has been braced and tied together in ingenious ways; and some say that there is even a need that the entire work should be taken down for reconstruction.

And had it been solidity itself, it would still not have been a rational piece of work. It not only lacks structural affinity with the church, but deliberately misrepresents it to the eye. Professing with its three arches to express the three longitudinal divisions of the nave, it leads us to believe that the aisles lie some 65 feet apart, while in fact they are separated by a space of but 46. Nor, again, are the arches, like those of Rheims or Amiens, a true development and glorification of the doors that lie within them. They are independent in station as in structure, and have absorbed all the dignity they should have shared with the portals proper. It is a screen, this front, and not a true front or even a true portico; and a screen which bears false witness to the work behind it. Moreover, its general design, considered simply for itself, has been sacrificed to the preëminence of the arches. The gables

are too small and delicate to match with them, and the flanking towers too insignificant. In truth, no doors, no gables, and no towers could have been built to keep them fitting company. Given arches of this size, the rest of the composition could not but be made to suffer. Yet even thus, as writes our excellent local guide,* "it raises ideas which no building even of extraordinary size could adequately satisfy." Any possible interior would seem too small and low for its magnificent predictions. And do not these facts prove that it is not *rational*, as every architectural work should be, according to those theories and principles which it is always well to bear in mind? But he must be a pedant thrice over, who, when he stands face to face with Peterborough, *can* bear them in mind for its condemning. Gothic art would have been a thing far inferior to the thing it was had this been the normal way in which its great church-fronts were built, did this architect's practice translate its fundamental rules of composition and canons of construction. We are quite content that there should have been but one such architect, and that he should have built but one such façade—yet how glad that he did build this, abnormal, eccentric, even irrational though its beauty be! There is absolutely nothing like it elsewhere; and there are few things in any place, however superior in all that goes to make architecture *good* as well as entrancing and imposing, which can dare to rival it for majestic grace and almost supernatural effectiveness.

Strangely enough, not only the name of its constructor but even the name of the abbot who employed him is unknown. Nothing identifies or dates the fabric save the voice of its own Early-English style which points to the first half of the thirteenth century. Some believe that French genius must have been at work upon it; and it certainly bears more likeness to current French than to current English products. But I cannot quite think that any Frenchman, even away from home, would ever have designed in so unscholastic, so overfree a fashion. And the sculptured details are hardly rich enough to have been born of Gallic inspiration. It seems to me rather the work of some exceptionally brilliant Englishman, who had seen the great portals of France and had wished to surpass them, but who ended by producing something wholly new,—something superior to his models in audacity, in freshness of impulse, and in pictorial charm, but far inferior in good sense, in true architectural balance and harmony of design, and in decorative finish. A very great artist he must have been; but there were better architects alive in France. Had

Michael Angelo done his architectural work in the thirteenth century he might well have built some such a portico as this; and yet we do not even know the name or nationality of the ambitious, unfettered, reckless, but divinely gifted man who seems to have expressed himself once and for all at Peterborough.

IV.

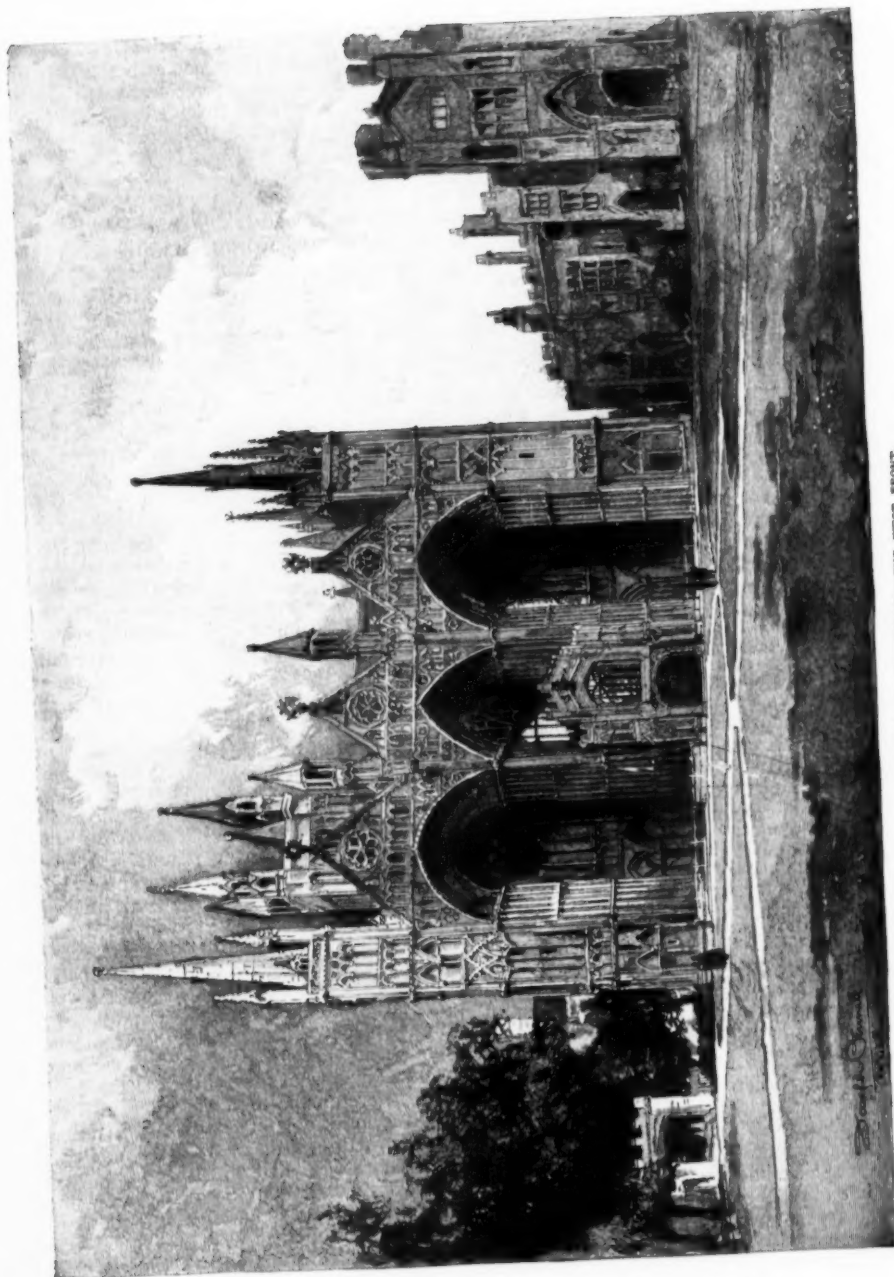
STRANGE indeed is the contrast when we pass into the old Norman nave beneath this portico and through the "transitional" transept, with its slender pillars, its rich capitals, its arches—round, indeed, but light and graceful—its high vaulted roof, and its wealth of zig-zag decoration. Strange, indeed, and well able to convince us that what we vaguely call "mediaeval art" was not one art but many arts, of the most widely divergent details, features, and proportions, aiming at the most widely different ideals, and potent to suggest the most alien emotions.

Here is again beauty, truly, but neither the grace, the lightness, nor the aspiring lines which so splendidly show themselves outside; no elaboration of minor parts, as in the "transitional" work, and very little decoration. The plainly fluted capitals and the sparse zigzags of the arch-moldings give scarce a first faint prediction of that "cut work and crinkle-crinkle" which to old John Evelyn summed up the qualities of mediæval work.

This work is strong to massiveness, plain almost to baldness,—Titans' work, immense, austere, and awful. To the men of Evelyn's day, and also to the men of late mediæval days, it doubtless seemed barbaric. But it is not this, and it is not even primitive, archaic, though so tremendous, stern, and simple. It is too grand in its air for barbaric work which is never more than grandiose; too dignified; and too refined despite its lack of delicate detail. And it has the distinctly non-archaic quality of perfect self-possession,—that air of repose which always marks a complete and never a tentative stage of architectural development. It shows no trace that its builders were uncertain of just what they wished to do, or, if certain, were unable to achieve it. Primitive though it may look by contrast with richer, lighter structures, it is in truth the final perfected effort of a style which had known a growth of centuries' duration. It exactly and completely expresses the aims and ideals of its own race of builders.

It is true that we may think the nave far too narrow for its length. But this is a question for mere taste to settle. If the proportions of the ground-plan are out of keeping with our ideas of perfect beauty, the fact implies no

* Thomas Craddock: "A General, Architectural, and Monastic History of Peterborough Cathedral."



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL — THE WEST FRONT.

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such lack of skill in the management of the chosen forms and features as would a want of harmony and proportion in the construction proper. And though this construction might have been ornamented into richer charm, its *design*, I say, could not have been improved upon unless the designer's ideal had been altered too. Nor should we forget that the want of sculptured detail was once supplied by ornament in color, covering every part of the vast interior.

Mere theoretic judgment tells us this, and we see it clearly proved in the western transept. Here the fundamental forms are the same, but their proportions are all changed. Doubtless the result seems much more charming to most modern eyes; but it should be recognized as the result of *different aims*, and, moreover, of their incomplete attainment. Here lightness, grace, delicacy, and the expression of altitude were desired, and these were things which could not be perfectly attained until the pointed arch should come and bring the chance for dominant vertical lines. So *this* work may in one sense be considered primitive, archaic,—for it is tentative, not final. It is, in a word, anticipatory Gothic; but the earlier work is complete and perfect Norman.

Excepting only as regards the roof of the central alley. The aisles alone are vaulted; the broad middle space is covered with boards that now are slightly canted on either side, but once were flatly laid. Whether such a ceiling came by choice or by necessity, there can hardly be a modern eye to like it save for its historic interest. It still preserves its painted decoration from a very early though uncertain day,—small figure-designs enframed in lozenge-like patterns of black. When the walls were painted too, it wore, of course, a less painfully alien look than it does to-day, contrasted with the stony whiteness of everything below. But even then its woodenness must have been apparent, and must have seemed but a pauper finish to such gigantic strength of pier and arch and wall. And its flatness, giving too strong an emphasis to lateral dimensions, was out of harmony with all the rest. Only a huge and massive semicircular vault could have carried out the ideal the walls so perfectly express. Yet we cannot but believe that its own builders really found it satisfactory; for there is none of that preparation for a possible later vault which we almost invariably find when a great nave on the continent chances to be ceiled flat with wood. The great half-columns which rise between the arches are not vaulting-shafts, but run straight up to the ceiling without true capitals, and were evidently built to bear its rafters only.

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THE choir and transepts, as has been said, are earlier than the nave but essentially at one with it in their design. The transepts have a single aisle to the eastward and a painted wooden ceiling apparently even earlier than the nave's and still undisturbed in its first flatness.

The central alley of the choir was finished with a semicircular apse, but the aisles were stopped flat at the beginning of its curve. In Early-English days an independent chapel seems to have been thrown out at the end of each aisle; and in Perpendicular days the whole end was transformed, as our plan will show. Very boldly, yet beautifully, some nameless architect at the end of the fifteenth century met the need for more altar-accommodation at the east end of the church without destroying his Norman predecessor's work. Across the whole width of the church he built a single great undivided one-storied apartment, rising as high as the roof of the choir-aisles. The ends of these aisles were pulled down, giving free access and an open view from either side. But the central apse was left projecting into what, after a lapse of four centuries, is still called the "new building." It was partly remodeled in detail and overlaid with Perpendicular ornament; but the architect had too much confidence in the fundamental success of his scheme to care to obliterate all signs of his borrowings and piecings. A Norman string-course still remains amid the late details, and also many traces which the weather had made upon the wall while it was still an external wall, and even one or two of the iron fastenings which had held the shutters in the lower range of openings.

Seen from the interior of the choir, this lower range of openings is found to have had its arch-heads changed into pointed shapes and filled with a rich fringe of tracery, through which the eye passes to the elaborate "new building." But the two upper ranges rising above the roof of this still keep their round arches, though filled with tracery for the reception of glass. This remodeling is in the Decorated style, and was done some hundred years before the "new building" was itself constructed. And, indeed, there is no part of the church which does not show the trace of constant, persistent alterations of a similar kind. Art grew too vitally and vigorously in those ages for any generation to be quite content with what its forefathers had bequeathed. If nothing important remained to be built, there was always something which might be re-touched into harmony with current tastes. The development of glass was perhaps the most potent factor in



TWO BAYS OF THE NAVE.

the work of never-ceasing change; but the mere desire for what was thought a better beauty played, too, a considerable rôle.

The "new building" is an extremely beautiful example of Perpendicular art in its construction and in its details as well as in the boldness, yet good sense, of its arrangement; and its lovely, daring fan-vault shows in most interesting contrast with the work of those early builders who scarce ventured upon vaults at all. But we are not yet on the true birth-ground of the Perpendicular style, and once more may pass it briefly over.

The ceiling of the choir is a rich fifteenth-century vault; but, nevertheless, it is not built

of stone. And often again we shall find similar evidence of how the English love of wood persisted even in those days when vaults had most clearly proved their greater charm and fitness.

VI.

THE exterior of the east end is wonderfully picturesque, with its light, low, square Perpendicular building crowned with a rich parapet and statues, and its old Norman apse raising two ponderous round-arched tiers above. And as thence we pass along the north side through the beautifully planted church-yard, we find a succession of pictures which will hardly be surpassed elsewhere. The west front, too, rises in superb isolation above the broad green close before it; and, if we stand farther off, in the market-place of the town, above a beautiful gateway built by the Normans but largely changed by later hands.

But it is only such near views as these which are really fine at Peterborough. The town lies flat, and gives but a flat site to the church; and the church is itself so low, and crowned with so stunted a central tower and so insignificant a group of western turrets, that from a distance it makes no very effective picture.

Two years ago, when our illustrations were drawn, it had no central tower whatever. The great man who made the portico was not the only Peter-

borough architect who thought more, or knew more, of effectiveness than of stability in building. The Norman tower was raised on such inadequate supports that, at least as early as the year 1300, it cried aloud for reconstruction. So it was taken down, and the sub-structure strengthened. The great arches which opened from the nave and the choir into the crossing were rebuilt in pointed shapes; and though their mates on either side above the transepts were left intact, pointed "bearing arches" were built solid into the superincumbent walls. Then a low tower was placed above them, with a wooden lantern, which was removed in the last century.

But during many recent years it had been known that the tower was again insecure. Its pillars were bent and bulging, and the arches of transepts and choir were visibly strained. To prevent such a catastrophe as befell the tower of Chichester cathedral not long ago, the whole work was again pulled down, and more completely than before. When I saw it in 1885 the great angle-piers with their four arches were again in place, having been rebuilt from the very rock beneath the church; the old stones, carefully kept and numbered, having been replaced with as much fidelity as entire firmness could permit.

Doubtless a shrinkage of the soil, consequent upon the draining of the adjacent fens, has contributed somewhat to that dislocation of the fabric which, even in the very ends of choir and transepts, is apparent to the most careless eye. But a great deal, too, must be laid to the account of their builders' want of thought or lack of knowledge. It was singular to hear how superficial had been the foundations of so vast a work; and singular to see how poor the actual substance of its apparently Titanic piers. Portions of the casing of the choir-piers had been removed for needful patching; and could one call these great architects "good builders" when a pier eleven feet in diameter, and bearing such tremendous weight, was seen to have but a nine-inch-thick skin of cut and cemented stone and a loose core of what hardly deserved a better name than rubbish? One could well credit one of the architects in charge of the repairs when

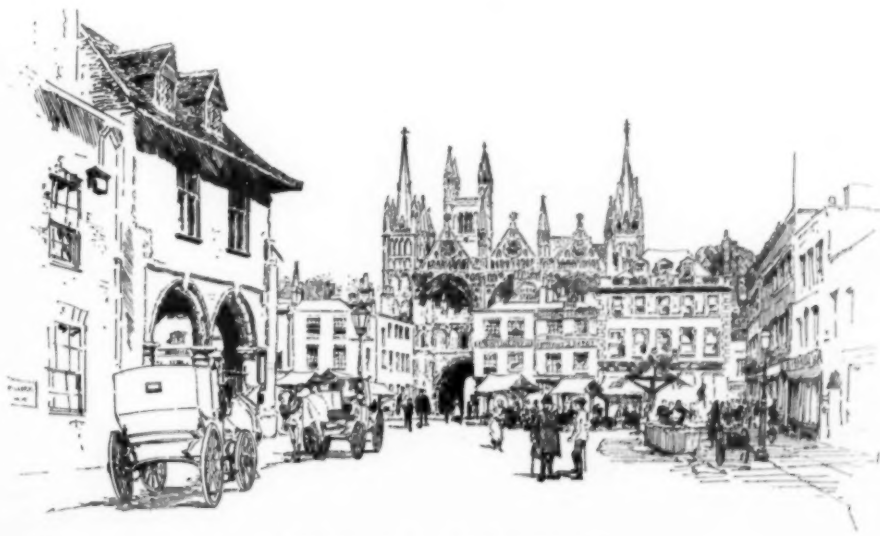
he said that, but for the extraordinary toughness of the white Barnack stone, the whole fabric must long ago have twisted, torn, and wrenched itself asunder.

And not only poor, but over daring methods of construction had contributed to the insecurity of the tower. At Norwich the great angle-piers are 10 feet in diameter and 45 feet in height, and the arches between them have a span of 23; but at Peterborough this span is 35 feet, while the piers are 52 feet high, and only 7 in diameter.

VII.

It would be hard to exaggerate the wealth or the renown of this monastery during all those ages when it was popularly called the "Golden Borough." The pope had decreed that any "islander" who might be prevented from visiting St. Peter's at Rome could gain the same indulgence by visiting St. Peter's here; and so great in consequence grew the sanctity of the spot that all pilgrims, even though of royal blood, put off their shoes beneath the western gateway of the close. Many precious relics, too, the monastery owned,—chief among them the famous "incorruptible" arm of St. Oswald, the Northumbrian king.

But the castigation of Reforming years was as signal as had been the reverence of Catholic generations. Henry left the church intact, divided up its revenues with the new cathedral chapter he established, and made its time-serving abbot the first bishop of the see. But the Cromwellites all but obliterated



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE MARKET-PLACE.



THE CATHEDRAL IN 1885. (FROM THE SOUTH.)

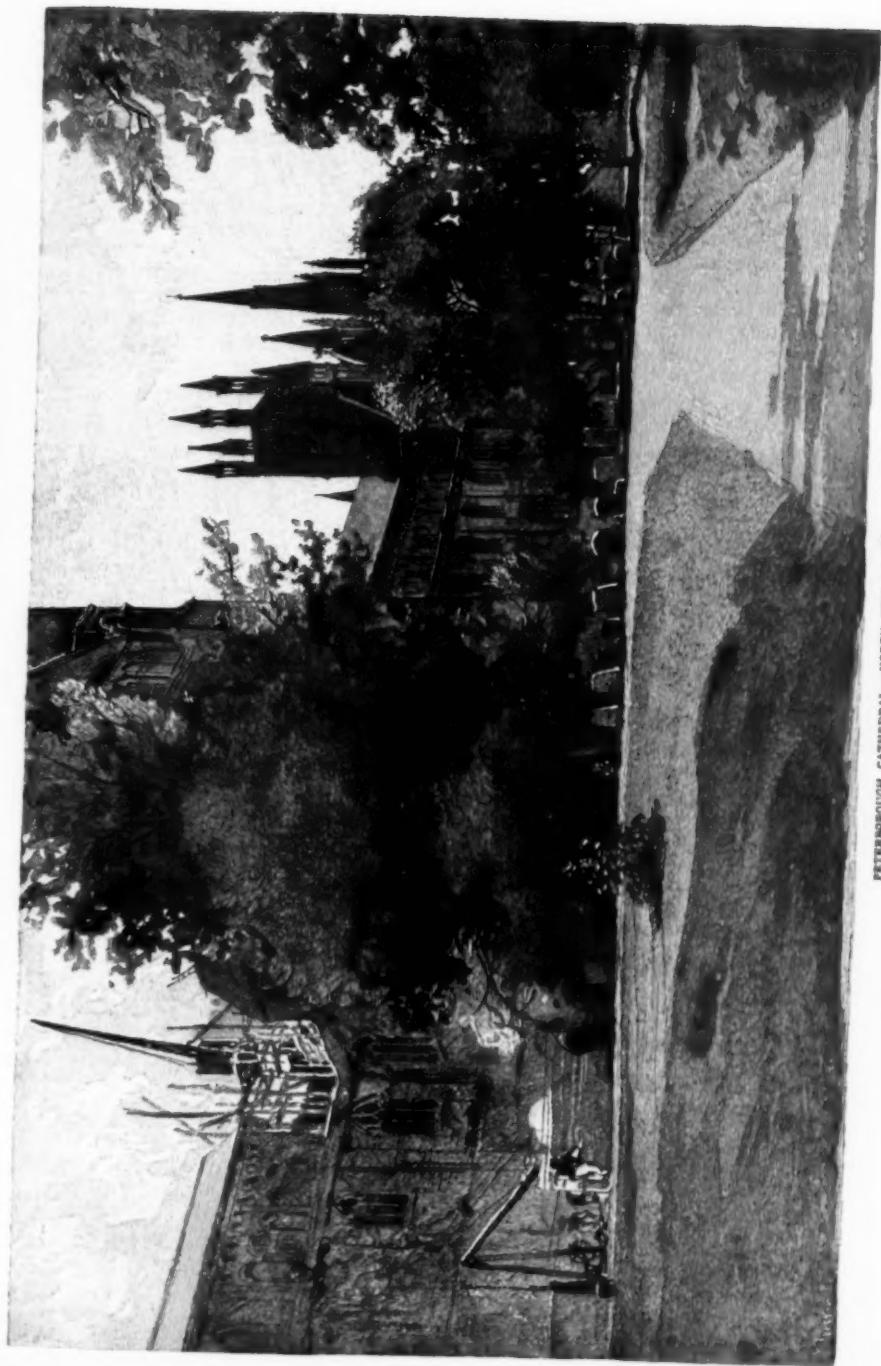
the monastic buildings and all but ruined the church itself. Its splendid glass was entirely shattered, its great silver-mounted reredos was broken into fragments, and its monuments and carvings were mutilated or destroyed. The vast picture of Christ and the Apostles on the ceiling of the choir was used for target-practice, and the soldiers did their daily exercising in the nave. Even the actual fabric was attacked, and one arch of the portico pulled down.

Later this arch was rebuilt with the old stones, and the whole church was repaired. But repair meant partial ruin too. The church was patched and pieced with materials taken from the domestic structures; and even the beautiful Early-English lady-chapel which projected from the northern transept was destroyed to the same end.

Little remains within the church to give it an interest apart from its architectural interest proper. Yet one can still find two tombs that vividly bring back the past. Singularly enough they are the tombs of two famous women, both uncrowned queens—alike in their misfortunes, though most unlike in all besides. Mary Stuart was beheaded at Fotheringhay, eleven miles west of Peterborough, and buried beneath the pavement of the south choir-aisle. As we stand over her empty grave she seems a more real figure than in the crowded mau-

soleum at Westminster whither her son removed her disparted bones. The other tomb, beneath the flagging of the north choir-aisle, still holds its tenant,—Catherine of Aragon. Thanks to the Puritan, nothing does her honor save the simplest name and date upon the stone—unless, indeed, we may credit the tale which says that Henry raised the church to cathedral dignity in answer to her death-bed prayer that she might be given a monument fitting for a queen.

The monastic buildings once covered a space four times as great as that which was covered by the church itself. But scanty enough are the fragments which report of them. A splendid Early-English gateway gives access to the bishop's palace on the right hand of the western close as we approach. The dwelling itself is largely modernized, yet it is picturesque and keeps some portions of the old abbots' home. Opposite, across the close, built into the modern grammar-school, is a charming apse—all that remains of the Norman chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury. South of the church the cloisters are but fragmentary, many-dated ruins. The vast arches of the old infirmary stretch uselessly across a narrow path or are built, very usefully, into the walls of the canons' modern houses. And over a wide distance other fragments may be traced, with much interest when one is on the



PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL—NORTH SIDE IN 1885.

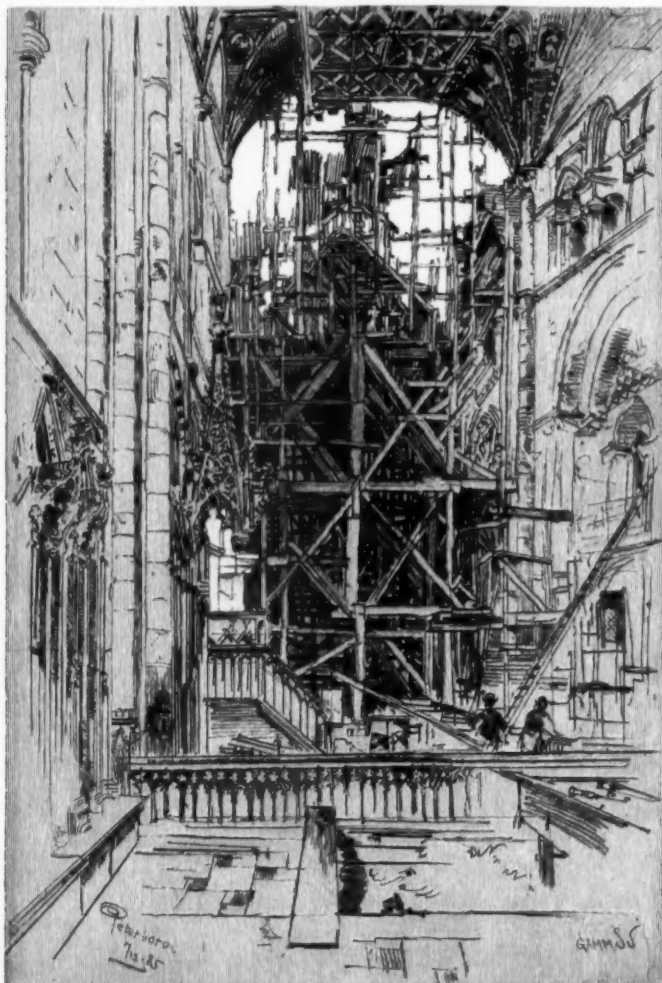
spot, though not with much significance in print. The ruin has been far completer than at Canterbury; and, though charming in its way, Peterborough's picture of united old and new is far less lovely than the mother-church's.

VIII.

THE town of Peterborough, offspring and creature of the monastery, has no independent civic history to tell. Nor has it any great interest for the eye, being but a commonplace little provincial center of some ten thousand inhabitants. On market-days, however, its streets are agreeably full of life and bustle;

and the market-place, opposite the close and the cathedral's western front, is prettily carpeted by a hundred white and blue umbrellas. To the eastward lies the fen-country, flat and treeless still, though reclaimed into fertility from its quondam estate of bog and mist and bisecting muddy stream. Near at hand its details are unlovely; but from the top of the cathedral, the vast level space has something of the sea's serene nobility. To the westward of the town lies a charming, rolling, wooded country, watered by a dainty river and set thick with great estates and tiny villages and very ancient rural churches.

The most interesting village is Castor,



RECONSTRUCTING THE TOWER. (FROM THE CHOIR.)

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THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE BISHOP'S GARDEN.

which tells its Roman origin by its mere name as well as by the relics of its camp. It is not pretty and tree-grown like most of its neighbors; but on the top of its low, bleak, bare hill stands one of the finest small Norman churches in all England, cruciform in plan and still keeping its central tower. This seemed

to me more beautiful in design than the greater tower at Norwich; and it is of much historic value, if we are right in believing that it was built by the same hands which constructed Peterborough, and that it shows what may well have been the pattern of Peterborough's own tower in its earliest days.

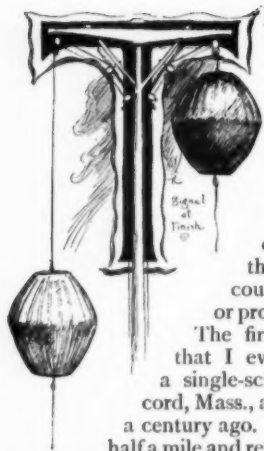
M. G. van Rensselaer.

WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

WHEN she comes home again! A thousand ways
 I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
 Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes;
 And touch her, as when first in the old days
 I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
 Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
 Then silence: And the perfume of her dress:
 The room will sway a little, and a haze
 Cloy eyesight—soulsight, even—for a space:
 And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,
 To know that I so ill deserve the place
 Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
 I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
 Again is hidden in the old embrace.

James Whitcomb Riley.

COLLEGE BOAT-RACING.



THE course at New London is four miles straight away; and except that there is a tide, which makes impossible any accurate comparison of the "times" made in different years, there is not a better course in the country, or probably in the world.

The first rowing regatta that I ever witnessed was a single-scutt race, at Concord, Mass., about a quarter of a century ago. The distance was half a mile and return; and the start was from the old red bridge. It was a hot, bright day,—a Fourth of July, I think. The first to appear was Sam Hoar, in his skiff, *The Pickerel*. It was a flat-bottomed craft, about ten feet long, by two feet in greatest width: short outriggers, and straight ash oars. Sam was a slender, wiry boy of fifteen; as he came pulling up to the start, with a long, lithe stroke, he was greeted with applause from the crowd

assembled on the bridge,—the Grand Stand for the occasion,—which he acknowledged with a grin. He seemed quite at ease, both with his boat (which I believe he had built) and with himself: and everybody wished him well, though nobody expected him to win. There were three or four other contestants, but the only other that I can remember was Wilkie James. Wilkie was the favorite against the field; he was strong and robust, with superb chest and arms, and he had a new varnished keel boat, very light and graceful; he wore a crimson silk kerchief on his head, and, except for a perceptible nervousness, looked all over a winner. His stroke was different from Sam's,—it was short and vicious, and more rapid than the other, and I, for one, could entertain not the slightest doubt that it would easily bear him to victory. I was glad of this, for I was very fond of Wilkie; but I was also sorry, for I had a great regard for Sam, and added to that was the sympathy which one always feels for the smaller boy in a fight.

The next moment, the entire Grand Stand was delirious with excitement. Mr. Sanborn, in a stentorian voice, had given the word "Go!" and the boats were off. Grace Mitchell, her lovely face flushing with emotion, screamed aloud, and frantically waved both her parasol



HEADQUARTERS OF COLUMBIA FRESHMEN ON THE THAMES.

and her handkerchief at Sam, who had caught the water first, and was doing well; Maggie Plumley, her glorious eyes fixed steadfastly upon Wilkie, uttered not a sound, but it seemed to me that her look, could Wilkie but have seen it, would have carried him to the front with the flight of a hawk. All the boys were shouting themselves hoarse. Meanwhile Wilkie, in his eagerness to settle the matter off-hand, had missed the water with his left oar, and his right had wrenched the boat out of her course. His efforts to straighten her jerked the left oar out of the rowlock; and before he could get it in place again, Sam was unmistakably ahead. Both of them were already some distance down the river; and the three or four other contestants, falling behind, obstructed our view of the leaders. Several of the spectators, including Willis, the champion runner of the school, had taken their places along the bank of the stream, and were running abreast with the boats, waving their arms and hats, and shouting madly, "Go it, Sam!" "Stick to him, Wilkie!" but which was in front, we of the Grand Stand could not tell. All was a wild, blind turmoil of enthusiasm, suspense, and outcry; in the midst of which I caught a glimpse of Sam pulling his long stroke with apparent ease, and of Wilkie digging his oars desperately into the water, and steering somewhat wildly. Of the other boats, two had fouled each other, and a third oarsman had caught a crab and upset himself, and was swimming ruefully ashore. The flag on the distant turning-stake hung downwards heavily in the still, sunny air. Who was that who was even now turning it? He wore a white kerchief, yes, it was Sam! and he was already stretching out for home when Wilkie came up and turned after him. Would the leader be overtaken? Most of us thought he would be: but Grace was clapping her hands and laughing wildly in triumph; and Maggie's cheeks were crimson, her delicate lips were pressed together, and her charming eyebrows were contracted in a frown of anxiety and disappointment. On came the competing boats; and now it was evident that the wearer of the crimson scarf was hopelessly behind. His great strength and his varnished boat and the fact that he was the most popular fellow in school, could not give Wilkie the race; for there was Sam, lithe and easy as ever, rowing in a dozen lengths ahead. When he passed the line, and backed round his boat so as to face the cheering crowd on the bridge, he was a boy to be envied, even leaving Grace out of the question entirely. Wilkie did not finish the course; he pulled aside, and landed on the bank in a state of great dejection, for he had shared the general anticipation as to the result. This race,

perhaps the most exciting to me of all that I have witnessed, proved that skill, and not superior strength, is the essential element in oarsmanship; and that the long, swinging body-stroke that Sam rowed was, easy as it looked, much more effective than the short, jerky arm-stroke adopted by Wilkie. Thinking over the matter by the light of the practical experience of later years, I have inclined to the suspicion that Sam, in addition to having some familiarity with the art of rowing, had been doing a little quiet "training" for the race. He certainly looked remarkably cool and comfortable at the finish, whereas Wilkie was deeply flushed. That was twenty-five years ago: it does not seem nearly so long. And yet Sam, maintaining his winning stroke through life, has reached the winning-post of the Bar, as formerly on the regatta. Wilkie, after having been wounded in the front of the gallant charge at Fort Wagner, has since gone to another world: while as for Grace and Maggie, I make no doubt that they have long been the objects of the adoration of loving husbands, as they were then of romantic school-boys, and have sons as tall and hardy as were the victor and the vanquished of that summer-day's boat-race. But, as I sit here and remember them all, I can almost fancy that we are all young again together.

Regatta-rowing is a modern luxury; it was unknown forty-five years ago, and less than a generation has passed since it attained any considerable vogue. It is the best substitute ever devised for the old Olympic and Isthmian games. Of late years, the mechanical appliances have been greatly and ingeniously improved, until one would almost think that the boats might row themselves. The crews, perhaps, have not improved quite in the same ratio; but the issues are still tried on their merits, and the boys make fast time. The simplicity, the primitive methods, and something of the Spartan zeal of the old times are gone; but other good things have taken their place. It may be said now, as before, the races are rowed by gentlemen, for gentlemen (and ladies); and we may be confident that—in spite of certain tendencies which will be noticed further on—this will always continue to be the case. It is a glorious sport, beneficial alike to the outer and to the inner man; and, notwithstanding the easy witticism which is every year lavished upon it, it is fully worth the time and importance given to it by its disciples.

At Harvard, in 1863, the newly entered Freshman Class heard much about the famous Caspar Crowninshield crew, which had defeated Yale at Lake Quinsigamond, making

under nineteen minutes for the three miles with a turn. And this was really good time, even compared with what is done nowadays. The "turn" occupied at least twenty seconds; there were only six oars in the boat; the oars were straight (instead of having spoon-shaped blades as at present), and the boats lacked much of the lightness and good modeling they have attained since. Moreover, there is no tide on Lake Quinsigamond, whereas the tide runs from two to three miles an hour on the Thames at New London. Finally, the art of rowing was then in its infancy in this country, and the science of training was not even born. At all events, Caspar Crowninshield and his men, if not giants in reality, were so in our eyes, and apparently their victory had discouraged Yale, for no race between the universities had taken place since that day.

In 1863, however, a challenge from Yale was received, based (as we afterwards found out to our cost) upon a very reasonable hope of winning. The challenge was accepted with enthusiasm, and with a confidence at least equal to that of the challengers; for the (then) Sophomore Class of '66 thought great things of itself, and really did contain an unusual number of muscular young men. There were Fred Crowninshield (brother of the heroic Caspar), Charley MacBurney, Ned Clarke, and (unless I am mistaken) Bob Peabody,—all from this same redoubtable '66. Then there was Horatio Curtis, the Hercules of the University. I suppose no man ever was or will be so strong as we thought Curtis was. We firmly believed that he could have thrashed Molineaux. Now Molineaux was the college professor of athletics of that date. He was a gentleman of color, and an ex-prizefighter; at least, he had once fought in the prize-ring, and it was understood that he had been victorious; though I am not so clear as to that matter now as I was then. He was certainly a clever boxer, and a man of most agreeable and cheerful manners; his weight was about one hundred and ninety pounds, and his biceps, besides being as hard as a hickory log, measured eighteen inches in circumference. A blow from that arm might have made a hole in a steam boiler: but Molineaux was lazy, and he was fat; and one theory was, that Curtis would first "wind" him, by dint of superior activity, and then go in and finish him as opportunity might serve. It was a daring conception, and is mentioned here only in order to afford a measure of the popular reverence for Curtis.

The autumn term was spent in exercising in the gymnasium and in trying men for the crew. Besides Curtis, there were few or no rowing men in '65, and the Freshmen, though

containing some material that promised well for the future, was as yet immature; while as for the Senior Class, they had grown up during a period when athletics had fallen into disuse. So the choice was practically confined to Horatio Curtis and to the Class of '66. Blaikie was one of the best-known athletes of those days, but he had not yet received his diploma as a bachelor of oarsmanship; he could put up the ninety-six-pound dumb-bell—we used to go down to the gymnasium to see him do it—but he lacked the quickness and elasticity needed for the boat. He was a '66 man, and so was Tom Nelson, who, by natural constitution, was a rival of Curtis himself, if he were not even better than he; but he was as indolent as he was strong, and never could be induced to take regular exercise in the gymnasium or to row, if he could avoid it. Ned Fenno was strong enough, and was a zealous gymnast, but he was not handy with his oar; and Wilkinson, in addition to being one of the wittiest and most charming fellows in the college, was superbly developed, and as active as a cat; but he was not then thought to be superior to some others, though, a couple of years later, he proved himself equal to the best. The second-rate men were put together in the Class crew of '66; and the Freshmen formed a practice-crew of their own, making use of the old lapstreak which had conquered in 1860. I remember little of the constitution of this crew, except that Harry Parker pulled bow and Bill Ellis stroke, but I have not forgotten how we blistered our hands and barked our knuckles; or that we caught many crabs, and occasionally steered into the bridge, and carried off an outrigger or two. At that epoch, and for a good many years afterwards, it was the custom of American crews to dispense with coxswains, and for the bow-oar to steer by pressing his feet against a yoke attached to wires, which extended the length of the boat, and were made fast to the rudder. There was a Yankee ingenuity and economy in this device, and with practice, the steering was remarkably accurate; but after all, it is better that some person in the boat should keep a constant eye to the boat's course, and that that person should have nothing to do or to think of but steer. Of course, this is still more the case with an eight-oar than with a six-oar, and when (as generally happens) the coxswain weighs less than a hundred pounds, he is not worth considering.

Our boat-housing arrangements were primitive. The boat-house was a long shed, built on tiles over the water and destitute of a floor. A narrow platform ran around the walls inside, about half-way above the water, and the

boat was suspended at the same level by ropes running through pulleys attached to the roof. After we had assumed the proper boating-costume,—an old pair of trousers and a ragged undershirt,—we lowered the boat into the water, and then let ourselves down into her, hand under hand, by the rope. Our return was accomplished by an inversion of these proceedings. It was not always agreeable scrambling up that rope, with blistered hands, after a long row; and occasionally a feeble brother would stick half-way, and have to be dragged up by the neck and shoulders.

A new boat—a “shell”—was bought for the University crew. This craft was the object of our respectful admiration. She was built of cedar, and polished, and was about fifty feet long, and she looked, with her shining spoon oars, as if she could win anything. She would have appeared very rude alongside of the ships they build nowadays, made of paper, with sliding seats, pivoted rowlocks, and stretchers to fit the soles of the feet. As regards the paper, we came to that ourselves in the course of two or three years; but the sliding seats were long after our time. They were first invented, I believe, by some ingenious single-scutt oarsman, whose name I have forgotten. I should like to know precisely how much difference they make in the time of a boat. Not many seconds, probably. They lengthen the stroke, of course; but, on the other hand, they make it slower. The spurring stroke in those days used to go up as high as forty-eight to the minute, and be pulled through at that. At present, forty or forty-two is the maximum; and as the strength with which the oar is dragged through the water has not increased in the same ratio as the distance through which it is dragged, the gain must be limited. Perhaps it is greater in the case of the single-scutt than of the eight-oar. But there can be no doubt that the comfort of the oarsman in his seat is much augmented. We used to suffer a great deal in that way, and nothing in the way of cushions or paddings was a relief.

Not much in the way of practice on the river was accomplished that first autumn: we set ourselves to building up our muscles in the gymnasium. This was a circular building with a conical glass roof at the eastern end of the Delta. The Delta (where the great football contest between the Sophomore and Freshman classes used to be held, and where base-ball was played) has vanished now in all but name, and, for aught I know, the old gymnasium has disappeared also. It was nothing to compare in point of luxury and completeness, with the elaborate structure which Mr. Augustus Hemenway has since erected; but some of us contrived to get pretty strong there. There

were rings, weights, bars, clubs and dumb-bells, and there was a bowling-alley in the rear. The dressing-rooms of the four classes were at different parts of the rotunda, those of the Freshman and the Sophomores being farthest removed from each other. Twice or thrice a week, in the evening, a lot of the Freshman would assemble to be instructed by Molineaux. We stood in a circle, and our burly instructor took his place in the midst, and drilled us in calisthenics. It did not amount to much, if the truth must be told, and it was continued only during the first month or two of each year. After that, the boys were allowed to do as they pleased. But Molineaux was always ready for a chat or a laugh, and he was very popular with us all. His great forte was taking the dimensions of our chests and arms, and writing them down in a book. This ceremony was performed at least once a week for every one in the gymnasium class, and we soon knew to a fraction the girth and biceps of all the athletes in college. What an arm Bill Poor had! but was not Farnham's about as large? If Jim Hoyt and John Greenough were to fight, which would come out ahead? If Tom Ward would only consent to row, what a bow-oar he would make! I should Ed. Perkins the Fresh-Sophomore go on the crew? He measures sixteen and a half, and they say he used to row at Exeter. Such were the speculations of our tender minds in that far-off time. I dare say similar conversations take place now. What a happy time it was! how pleasant to see our muscles grow, and to feel our powers increase, and to believe that, in time, we could become the equal of any gymnast that ever lived!

Rowing-weights were not invented until two years later. They were considered a grand discovery. I understand that a much more realistic contrivance has taken their place since, so that the chief difference between rowing with them and rowing in a boat is, that there is no chance in the former case of getting a ducking. Our arrangement consisted of a handle attached to a rope, which was passed over a pulley, and had a fifty-pound weight fastened at the other end. Then we sat down on a low stool, and tugged away. Perhaps we made up in diligence some part of what they lacked in mechanism. I remember that Richards, in his winter training for the crew, used to pull on his weight for two solid hours at a stretch; and his back and shoulders were a spectacle for the gods. After half an hour or so, a little puddle of sweat would begin to form on the floor between each man's knees. The parallel bars was another favorite exercise of the rowing-men. We used to go through the various dips one

after another, until our pectoral muscles came to resemble those of the statues in the Vatican at Rome; and the triceps, at the back of the arm, got so tough that we could "dip" fifty or sixty times in succession with ease. Altogether, by the time spring came round, we doubted whether any amount of boating would give us exertion enough to make us feel comfortable.

With the spring time the training began: the walking, the running, the rowing, and above all the dieting. Rare beef and mutton, potatoes, bread, spinach, and one pint of liquid a day. A canter of three or four miles before breakfast, a longer walk and run later in the day, and at least twelve miles of hard rowing. They say now that we overdid it; but I don't know. The diet, especially the sudden and almost total deprivation of liquids, may have been a mistake; it had a tendency to make the men feverish and irritable, and to impair their appetites. Young fellows, most of them under twenty, lose weight too rapidly under such circumstances. As regards the exercise, however, I greatly question whether we exceeded wise limits, or even reached them. With plenty of sleep, and plenty of food, a healthy man ought to be able to row hard six hours a day (two hours at a stretch thrice repeated), and be all the better for it. Something like that is the only sure recipe for winning crews. It will even counteract, so far as anything can, the evil effects of a bad stroke; because, in the first place, it will insure the men rowing "together," and secondly, because it will develop and toughen the requisite muscles. This latter point is too much neglected. Those large muscles below the shoulders should be as hard as oak. I remember examining Bill Simmons after the Harvard-Oxford four-oared race in 1869. He was well set-up all over, an admirably proportioned man, but these particular muscles were phenomenal. And yet he was not a man of strong vitality, and he had been ill during the greater part of his English training. But it is the tendency now, and to some extent it was so then, to put "form" before everything else. You are given endless lessons how to hold your hands, how to feather your oar, how to get forward and back in exactly the same style; and meanwhile the essential matter, that the boat should be made to go fast, and to keep going fast, for four miles, is lost sight of. But if you put six or eight solid and sensible men into a boat, and let them clearly understand that their object must be to throw the weight of their bodies as much as possible into that portion of the stroke where they have the best purchase upon the oar; and if you explain to them that they must not dip their oars into

the water one instant later than it can begin to do good, nor keep it in one instant after it has ceased to do good; and that the oars must remain in the air as short a time as possible; if you can get them thoroughly possessed of these three or four fundamental principles, and keep them up to it, then you need not bother to teach them anything else. They will learn the refinements themselves. Or if they don't it is no great matter. It is impossible for eight men to both pull and look exactly alike. Each man will have (within certain limits) his own peculiar way of getting the most work out of himself. If you force him to adopt any one else's way, that of the stroke-oar for instance, the appearance of the crew as a whole may be more harmonious, but the pace of the boat will suffer. One or two or three men perhaps will be doing their best; but the rest will be shirking in one way or another. This fellow with the long arms will not get forward far enough; he with the short arms will overreach himself; and so on. Let the crew take long and repeated pulls together, however, and sooner or later they will instinctively and inevitably so accommodate their various styles to one another as to produce the best general result, and they will acquire the endurance without which no style is of much avail.

This truth was impressed upon me many years ago, when I saw for the first time the famous Ward crew of professionals. This was undoubtedly the best six-oared crew that ever sat in a boat. They came down to Boston to take part in the Fourth of July regatta on the Charles River or Back Bay course; and our own University crew of that year were their only noticeable competitors. We extended the courtesies of our new boat-house to them, and they staid with us about a week. Our early impressions of them were not especially favorable. They were rather a rough-looking set; they were shabbily clad; they did their pulling in dirty old red and blue flannel shirts; they did not seem to take much stock in bathing, or even in rubbing down. The boat they brought with them was not a particularly wonderful affair. As they did not strip, we had no opportunity to critically examine their development; they appeared to be a lean and wiry lot; but their average weight was hardly equal to that of our University crew, though their average age was a good deal more. But what chiefly struck us was the circumstance that they did not seem to know how to row. Their appearance when in motion was ragged and inharmonious. "They're not together," was our general verdict; and our own crew was so beautifully together that we had little doubt as to the issue of the race. "They can't win

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with that stroke," we said. Not but what, individually, they pulled well enough and hard enough; the trouble was that each man maintained his individuality. There was vigor, but not science. Instead of fearing them, we were rather amused at them, and a little sorry for them; for were they not poor men, to whom the loss of a race meant, not loss of glory merely, but of the means of livelihood as well? Possibly some of us may have gone so far as to think that our fellows would act gracefully in letting them get ahead just at the finish, after having shown to every one's satisfaction that they could beat them if they chose.

As it turned out, however, there was no necessity for putting these compassionate designs into execution. Perhaps the Ward brothers rowed in bad form; but it was abundantly clear, before the race was half over, that they could have pulled four miles while we were pulling three. And the worst of it was that they could not be induced to exert themselves; but, after an initial spurt, during which they appeared more like tigers than men, they paddled along at their ease, and passed the goal leaders by a few lengths only, instead of by two or three minutes; and it was evident, at the close, that they had not had half exercise enough to give them an appetite for supper; while our men had been tugging their hearts out all along. Nor must it be forgotten that the University crew of that year was one of the best, if not the best, that Harvard ever sent forth; and that it beat the Yales without difficulty at Lake Quinsigamond the same summer. What was the secret of the Ward brothers' victory? In the first place, they were stronger and tougher than our men,—a strength which they attained by constant hard work in the boat; and secondly, they neglected the æsthetic and graceful side of the matter, and devoted themselves exclusively to rowing each one with all his might. Of course their oars all entered and left the water simultaneously; of course they all applied the "lift" at the same moment; but apart from this, the bow-oar's style of getting his work in appeared quite different from that of the stroke oar; and number three was unlike both. Good rowing is like good acting; it can be attained only by constant rehearsals. Practice, practice, practice, together and continually; and then you will row like one man and yet retain your separate individualities at the same time.

This terrible experience with the Ward brothers was subsequent to a still more humiliating one with Wilbur Bacon's famous Yale crew. Rumors of this crew came to us betimes; marvelous tales of their strength, their methods of training, and the appalling rapidity of their

stroke. One of their men was reported as having complained that water was too easy for him to row on; he wanted some more solid and resisting medium to pull his oar through. As for training, they ran five miles straight up hill before breakfast every morning, ate raw meat exclusively, and drank nothing at all; and they rowed sixty strokes to a minute. Doubtless these were exaggerations; but after all deductions were made, Wilbur Bacon's crew had enough left not only to beat us easily, but to make remarkably good time over the course, far better than that of any other college crew, up to that date. And they did this with one of the ugliest and most wasteful strokes I have ever seen. So bad was it, indeed, that the reporter we sent up to New Haven to spy out the enemy, came back jubilant, and declared that there would be no race at all; such a stroke as Yale's was hardly worth while rowing against. And, as a matter of fact, that year's victory and the victory of the next year (with the same crew) probably did Yale more harm than the most overwhelming defeat would have done; because their stroke was really bad in principle, and being nevertheless subsequently adopted by Yale as the correct one, led to six consecutive defeats more or less severe. The men sat huddled up, with bowed backs, and pulled entirely with their arms. Wilbur Bacon's men, being of entirely exceptional strength and thoroughly trained, won in spite of this drawback; but if they had added the strength of their bodies to that of their arms, there is no telling what they might have done.

There was great talk in those days — and I believe there has been ever since — about the transcendent merits of the "Harvard Stroke." Where did the Harvard stroke come from, and what is it? Was it the stroke rowed by Caspar Crowninshield in the 'fifties? Was it the stroke of the English university? Was there any secret about it, unfathomable by any but Harvard men? Taking the record of all the university races rowed since 1852, I make out that Harvard has won 15 times, and Yale, or some other university, 13 times. This is very far from establishing the superiority of the Harvard stroke over all others. I greatly doubt whether the Harvard stroke has any distinct and real existence, and I think that the sooner that idea is adopted, the better for Harvard, and for the art of rowing in general, will it be. Back and arms straight — catch at the beginning — such are the traditions. But, beyond certain limits, no hard and fast rules can be given. Each man must be allowed to find out for himself how he can best put his whole strength into his stroke; and then the constant practice of the crew together must teach each member of it how to maintain his own best

form, and yet so accommodate it to the others, that each may help all, and all each. Let the aim be, not to row the Harvard stroke, or the Yale stroke, or the Oxford or Cambridge stroke, but to make fast time, and then, before long, we shall begin to have races that are races and not processions; and the winning crew will win because it contains the strongest and best trained men, not because its stroke has this or that or the other title. A little more common sense, a little less theorizing, a great deal less self-conceit, those are some of the things essential to good rowing in our colleges. The better time two crews make, the more nearly alike will their style be found to be, as may be seen every year in the Oxford-Cambridge race; and the moral of that fact is so patent that there is no need of further expatiation upon the matter. Between 1873 and 1881, I saw most of the English university races; and the difference between the crews, so far as stroke and style went, was too insignificant to be taken into account. The difference between them as regards time was never more than a few seconds, and once they pulled a dead heat. As a rule the heavier crew won. The course there is a little over four miles, and the currents and eddies and the windings of the river are against good results; nevertheless, the times made during the last ten years are better than the best at New London, where the conditions are the most favorable that can be conceived. The men themselves, on the other hand, appear for the most part inferior to our own in strength and muscular development. Stronger men than Wilbur Bacon, or Will Simmons, or even Penrose, are seldom or never seen in English university crews.

New London in June and July is a lovely town; and during the Regatta week it is full of jolly bustle and brilliance. The body of the town lies a mile or two within the mouth of the river, on the western bank; though there is a straggling line of villas along the road to the Pequot House which commands a view of the Sound and of the Long Island shore. On the eastern bank, stands Groton monument, a granite pillar that reminds Bostonians of their own Bunker Hill. In the broad harbor are anchored scores of yachts, as neat as a lady's dressing-case; others are tacking up and down, and tugs, steamboats, and numberless smaller crafts hasten to and fro. The huge clumsy ferry-boat that conveys the Shore Line railroad trains from one bank to another ever and anon makes its lumbering trips across the river; and sharp-nosed, dapper steam-yachts, with backward-sloping masts and funnels, slide up and down with heavy rollers diverging in their wake. Beyond the Shore Line railway,

the river pursues a nearly straight course northward, with an average breadth of rather less than half a mile. The finish of the race (when rowed down stream) is at Winthrop's Point, a promontory jutting out into the river just east and north of the city; the start is at Bartlett Point, four miles up. The course is marked by flags, whose positions at the mile points are determined by measurements taken on the ice during the winter: standing with a spy-glass, at either end of the course, you can see them all accurately aligned. Along the western margin of the stream runs the New London and Northern railroad, which seems to have been constructed for the especial purpose of affording a moving view of the race from start to finish. The only untoward place is at the two-mile flag, where the rocky promontory of Mamacoke lifts itself stupidly between the regatta train and the crews. As this is the point where the closest races are won and lost, we have an additional instance of the fact that nothing in this world is perfect.

As the time for the race draws near, New London puts on its gaudiest attire, and rouses into a bustling and uproarious life, which must seem strange to its older inhabitants. For it is one of the oldest New England towns, and had already preserved the placid tenor of its existence for several years before it became a prominent depot of the whaling interest, sixty or more years ago. Then was its ample harbor crowded—not with gay and graceful craft of the New York Yacht Club, as at present, but with dingy and oily whalers, dropping in with the tide from a four years' cruise around the Horn, and into the North Pacific, and with their holds overflowing with oil enough to fill all the lamps of the New World. They were passed by others, setting out on their long cruise, some never to return, but destined to leave their oaken ribs, and the bones of their crews, miles deep beneath the surface of the distant sea, lower even than the great leviathan himself durst venture. Then the streets were noisy with the bustle, not of pleasure but of business; and the sun-burnt faces of the passers-by belonged not to athletic college youths, trained in slender racing-shells, but to hardy mariners, familiar with the whale-boat and the harpoon, who had confronted death and deadly peril a thousand times. And the female element of those days was represented, not by lovely girls, laughing in silk and muslin, and fluttering in the crimson and blue ribbons of the colleges of their choice; but by lean and sober matrons, accustomed to long months and years of loneliness; and some in black garments, whose loneliness would never know relief. Little thought they of railways or regattas; life for

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them was anxious and severe; and it was joy enough if, at the end, when old age came, they could see their weather-beaten husbands beside them, and their children round about, and know that there was money enough in the strong-box to eke out the remainder of their days.

People are still alive in the old town who have seen those times; but they must often feel as if they were walking in a dream. Here are the same streets, the same harbor, the same hilly shores, many of the same houses; yet all is changed; hardly can they recognize the home of their youth. Where did these ferry-boats and huge beam-engine steamers come from? Who built those new piers and wharves? What means this rumble and shriek of trains? And during what night did these fine hotels sprout up like mushrooms, their gables waving with flags, and their lobbies thronged with clamorous guests? The noisy thoroughfare of the town is broad and brilliant; the shops which line it on either side are rainbow-hued with every sort of badge and decoration that the enthusiasm of college youth can be supposed to covet. Here are crimson and blue hats, jerseys, and sack-coats; dresses for Harvard girls and dresses for Yale girls; sashes, ribbons, bonnets, banners, and rosettes; Harvard cigars and Yale cigars; nothing, in short, that is not either Yale, or Harvard, or Columbia. And the sidewalks are crowded with old graduates and young graduates, with freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors, and even with boys who are still looking forward with hope and fear to their entrance examinations. If there be any one there who is not either a past, present, or prospective college man, he must wish he were, or be inclined to pretend that he is. It is a singular spectacle,—enlivening, comical, pathetic; a sort of Vanity Fair of youth and fun, with the dim past on one side and the mysterious future on the other. Some of these young fellows will make longer voyages than to the antipodes, and bring home larger game than whales. Some of these pretty girls will experience sadder tragedies than the drowning of a husband, a father, or a son. But now it is all "Hurrah for Harvard! Hurrah for Yale! and the deuce take the hindmost!"

Farther up the street stand handsome villas and country residences, with stretches of green lawn in front of them, and flag-staffs on their cupolas, with flags afloat. From within comes the sound of music, singing, and laughter, and perhaps, if one listen closely, of the popping of champagne corks and the click of billiard balls. The porches and verandas are brightened by the fresh dresses of girls and the summer suits of fashionable young gentlemen;

and here, there, and everywhere, the one topic of conversation is the race. But if you venture into the side streets, you will find comparative solitude and silence. The few people whom you meet seem scarcely alive to the importance of what is going on elsewhere. It reminds the traveled spectator of the Carnival time at Rome, when only the Corso goes mad, and all other thoroughfares are silent and sober even beyond their usual wont. Many pretty walks lie outside the town; but the prettiest, perhaps, is along the southern bank of the river, toward Mamacoke; and the visitor to New London, with leisure on his hands, can hardly do better than to make a journey thither.

Starting from the railway-station you pass out by way of Main street. Though everything is neat and well-preserved, many of the houses are evidently old; their broad hip-roofs and thick bulging eaves do not belong to the architecture of this century. Alternating with these are brand-new villas of the modern Queen Anne type, and other houses which can only be described as American, and are destitute of any describable features whatever. For the first half-mile of the way, the road passes along the side of a creek, above the sloping bank of which the rears of the houses are uplifted on stout piles, as if they had pulled their skirts up out of the mud, and revealed an array of dirty legs,—of which, however, their decorous fronts betray no suspicion. The creek itself is picturesque with old rotten boats, lying stranded and half-submerged; an occasional tug lounges in to rest and smoke its pipe after its day's work; and even a dainty steam-yacht will condescend to pick its way between the groups of plebeian shipping, like a fine lady poking her aristocratic nose into a tenement court. Beyond the head of the creek, and so overshadowed with the heavy foliage of trees as to be scarcely visible from the road, appears a substantial elderly mansion. It stands on a slight eminence above the road, and thick grass grows tall and untrimmed all around it. It ought to be haunted, and probably it is; but fearing a rebuff, the present writer abstained from seeking information on the matter. The answers to such questions are as well left to the imagination. Farther along, the road passes into open country, beautifully diversified with hills, wooded regions, and cultivated fields. A gradual ascent reveals a wide prospect, including the town behind, the river, and the high banks of the opposite shore. Nearly parallel with the road, but much nearer the water, lies the railway; and beyond it, jutting out into the stream, is Mamacoke. Striking over the fields and crossing the track, we come in front of the rocks, clothed with trees and

bushes, and scampered over by flocks of sheep. It is almost an island, being joined to the main land only by a narrow strip of low-lying ground. From its summit one can see up and down the whole length of the course; and a mile or so higher up stream, on the opposite bank, is the crimson-roofed cottage used as the Harvard quarters; and further still is the cluster of whitewashed buildings occupied by Yale. If it be late in the afternoon, you may see one or both of the crews out for practice, accompanied each by an active little steam-launch containing the "coach" and four or five immortals who have won glory in previous boat-ing contests. In attendance, likewise, though at a more respectful distance, is the steamer *Manhasset*, which, with stalwart Captain Jim Smith at the helm, occupies its leisure time in affording interested persons opportunity to study the styles of the contestants. The crews, however, are none too anxious to be seen; they are as shy as a new boy in his first day at school. And if they are reluctant to reveal themselves prematurely to the general public, it is impossible to overstate the anxiety with which each shuns any risk of being spied upon by the other. They will even forego a pull rather than be seen pulling by a rival eye.

What is the reason of this excessive coyness? Suppose Harvard did see Yale taking a practice pull, or vice versa, what harm would it do? Would it paralyze the powers of the observed persons? Would it, when the day of the race came, prevent the better men from winning? Why are the "times" made in practice so carefully concealed, as if they were murder secrets? Nay, why does each crew cause it to be believed that its time is ten or twenty seconds slower than it really is? Why do they intimate that one or other of their men is suffering from severe indisposition? Why do they give it out that they are dissatisfied with their boat? Why are these and a score of similar misleading statements circulated, until, by the time the two crews are side by side at the starting-point, waiting for the word, a credulous person might suppose that both were certain to break down before they could reach the first mile flag? What, in short, and to use plain language, is the object and are the benefits of all this lying and jockeying?

Surely it cannot be possible that these young gentlemen, representatives of the best blood and culture of their country, not to mention athleticism,—surely we are not to believe that they can allow themselves to be influenced by pecuniary, by mercenary, considerations? Surely they do not put forth their strength and pledge the honor of their universities, for money? Professional oarsmen, as we know,

row for money: to win a race means, for them, to put so many thousand dollars into the pockets of themselves and of their friends. We find no fault with them for that (though we are sorry that so noble a sport should be prostituted to such uses) because it is their livelihood. We may even shrug our shoulders if it turns out to have been settled beforehand that the better crew should not win. But that our own sons, the inheritors of our names, should approach even within measurable distance of such transactions would be very unwelcome news indeed.

What are the facts? The facts are that the betting on these races, among the undergraduates themselves, and leaving outside persons out of the account, has grown to such proportions, and is increasing year by year at such a rate, that every man in the crews has a responsibility imposed upon him which he has no right to accept, and which tends to distort his views as to what the race is really being rowed for. Theoretically, he rows for the glory of Harvard or of Yale; but practically, he rows because his friends (and possibly he himself, likewise, though I trust the rule still prevails that forbids any member of a crew to lay a wager of any sort) have put up all their spare cash, and a good deal of cash that is not to spare, on the result. It is for the sake of this money that they misrepresent the truth, prevaricate, invent fables, and resort to all manner of underhand and shrewd devices. If they win, no doubt it is their university and not the dollar bills that are nominally cheered; but if they lose, they have to bemoan not only the dimmed luster of Harvard or of Yale, but the empty pocket-books of those who pinned their faith to them. And money means so much to college boys on an allowance, and with their vacation in front of them, that although they may be very sorry in the abstract for Yale or for Harvard, their most pressing and palpable grief is not unconnected with a much more sordid and less honorable cause. Harvard or Yale may win next year; but what is poor Jones or Smith to do, who has lost all his quarter's allowance, and has not settled his hotel bill? And let it not be forgotten, furthermore, that either Harvard or Yale is bound to win every year (unless Columbia does), and that the losers will then have prevaricated and fabled to no purpose. And finally, very little is really gained by all this elaborate deception. The boy who cries wolf so often is at length not believed on any terms; and we have learned to discount these stories about the condition of the crews just as we discount them in the case of professionals. A gentleman who cheats another out of his money, or attempts to do so, by leading that

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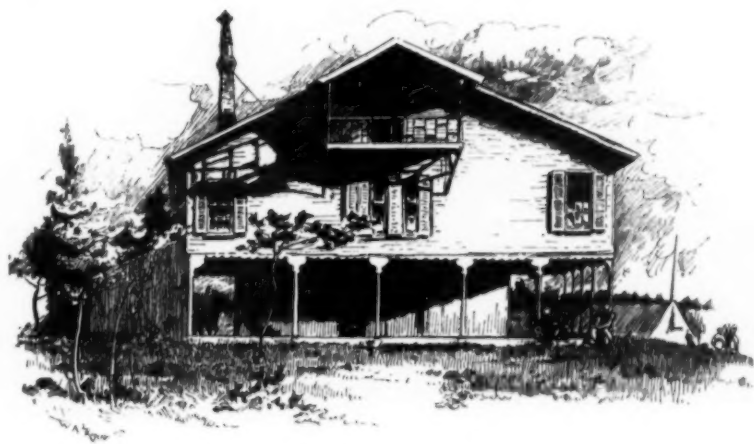
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other to believe what is not true, continues to bear his title only by courtesy; and he will have to give unmistakable evidences of amendment before gentlemen will again receive him on equal terms. I am far indeed from saying or thinking that any university race ever has been or will be rowed otherwise than on its merits; but anything that savors however remotely of professionalism cannot be given too wide a berth. Honest men will never suspect dishonor in these young fellows; but there are rascals enough who will agree that a man who has staked all he possesses upon an event will employ any available means to protect himself against loss; and it is the duty of honorable men to avoid the appearance of evil.

rowed. And even if the prophets prove correct, defeat will be no worse, nor victory any less sweet, if it has been expected beforehand. It is a rare privilege, too,—the opportunity to do one's utmost for no other reward than the parsley crown. It is a privilege which comes seldom in after life, as these young gentlemen will discover in due time.

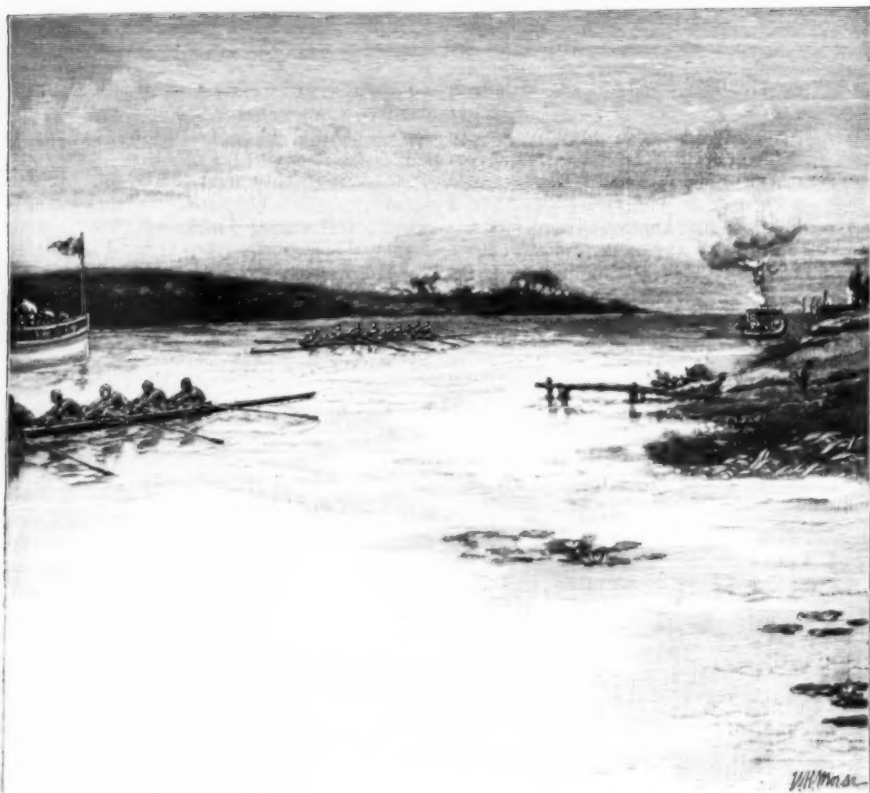
There is another word to say about professional trainers. They are very honest and worthy persons, no doubt, but they have no business with a university crew; and the result last year, when Yale won under the administration of Mr. Robert Cook, shows that they are by no means indispensable. But even if they were indispensable, they ought not to be employed. We are not going to become



HARVARD HEADQUARTERS.

But can betting on the university races be stopped? That is not to be expected; but it can be enormously diminished, and that by no one else than by the crews themselves. If they will dispense with all disguises and subterfuges, and let themselves be known for just what they are, neither more nor less, then betting will lose nine-tenths of its impetus. Nor will the pleasurable elements of legitimate uncertainty as to the result ever be absent; for, however apparent it may seem that one of the crews is superior to the other, there are a dozen possibilities that this anticipation may be defeated when the race actually comes to be rowed. One man may overtrain; another may catch a crab; the stroke may turn out more effective than it looked; or the crew that had never done itself justice in practice may awaken under the spur of actual competition, and surprise its friends and strike aghast its enemies. No race is ever won until it has been

professional oarsmen ourselves, and we do not need to learn what they can teach us. Moreover, they can teach us very little. The chief advantage that a professional oarsman possesses over an amateur is, that he does nothing but row, and therefore (other things being equal) he becomes more skillful and enduring. But this endurance and skillfulness cannot be taught; it must be acquired in the same way that the professional acquired it, by doing and thinking of nothing else. He can no more impart it than he can impart the color of his hair, or the tone of his voice. And as it is always true that it is not necessary for a good critic to be a good artist in that which he criticises, it follows that though an amateur coach may not be able to row as well as a professional, he may nevertheless be able to give just as sound instruction, and indeed much better. For the amateur will probably be more intelligent and cultivated than the professional,



THE RACE, FROM

and cultivation and intelligence are exemplified in nothing more than in the power they give to conceive an ideal and to explain it. But this is not all. Association with professionals, even with the best of them, tends to lower the social and moral tone. He is in the position of a guide, philosopher, and friend, and the young men who submit themselves to his tutelage will be liable to adopt his views on other matters besides mere oarsmanship and diet. They are at an age when susceptibility to impressions is at its maximum, and experience is at its minimum, and they will easily take color from an older companion; they will not so easily rid themselves of it afterwards. It needs no seer to tell us where a great deal of the shyness and smartness which has of late characterized the policy of the crews before a race comes from. There is a decidedly professional flavor about it. Again, as regards diet, professional advice is not to be trusted. Their knowledge of physiology and hygiene is purely empirical, and

is derived, moreover, mainly from experiments on themselves. But no two men can with advantage train exactly alike; especially no men under twenty, who are much more readily depressed and stimulated than are older persons. An amateur will have broader and more liberal views in this direction, and is also likely to be better informed as to the latest conclusions of science upon the points in question.

But the main thing, after all, is the abstract, not the utilitarian, aspect of the matter. It is not good, it is not respectable, to stoop to conquer. Use with all your might the means and weapons proper to your station; but do not, even with the certainty of gaining an advantage, condescend to receive help from any lower level. If you cannot row the race in twenty minutes without professional assistance, then be content to row it in twenty-six or even in thirty. All that is necessary is that you should do your very best. I was as patriotic, in my time, as any other Harvard man of my acquaintance, and I do not know that I have

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THE OBSERVATION TRAIN.

lost any of my old interest in the welfare and reputation of my university; and yet, so long as Harvard employs a professional coach, I shall never regret to see her lose the race. Indeed, if professional guides and methods continue to be used, the college races will soon lose all their interest for that portion of the public whose good opinion is worth having.

During all this disagreeable fault-finding, we have been sitting on the summit of Mam-ackoke; and now there is barely time left to see the race. How shall we see it? We may either remain here, or hereabouts, or we may get aboard the *Manhasset*; or we may go to the Grand Stand, or on the Observation Train. If we are wise, we will adopt the latter course. The view from the bank or from the Grand Stand is partial only, and the more exciting the part that we see, the greater is our desire to see that part which is invisible to us. The *Manhasset* suffers under the serious drawback of being forbidden to approach within

two hundred yards of the last boat in the race; and it is impossible, from that distance, to know which crew is leading, unless the lead be a very commanding one. But the train shows us the relative position of the boats at nearly every half-mile of the course: we can see what each man is doing at each moment, and enjoy a conspicuous view of the river and everything on it. The cars are platform cars, and tiers of seats are built up on them, rising one above another, so that every one has an unobstructed outlook: only, if we can get a place on the central car, we shall be more likely than in any other to remain just opposite the boats during the race.

The depot is overflowing with a hurrying, excited, laughing, shouting, brilliant crowd. The boys and girls are decked out in blue and crimson finery; they carry flags of silk or cotton, as the case may be; and the peddlers of screeching tin horns drive a roaring trade. As the cars fill up, row after row, the clamor of talk and outcry increases, and becomes a

ceaseless refrain; and belated persons run anxiously to and fro, and make hurried and vehement appeals to the ticket collectors to be allowed to get where they do not belong. As we sit on the front row of the central car, two young undergraduates, standing on the platform in front of us, converse eagerly over our heads with three young ladies on the row behind us: we hear all they say, but, though they evidently enjoy saying it, it amounts to just nothing at all. They wager their fellows will win; they are afraid the other fellows may win; the Yale coxswain is going to steer without his shoes; the Harvard stroke has parted his hair in the middle; if the wind doesn't change, the course will be as smooth as glass; if the tide is high enough, the eel-grass won't matter; the race is certain not to begin on time—it never does; they hope our car will stop just opposite the finish; they wonder whether the winning crew will break the record. In the midst of this conversation, the first whistle blows, and there is a general stampede of the people remaining on the platform. The trumpet merchant blows a horrid blast on his last tin horn, and a moment after sells it at a sacrifice to the last enthusiast who is unprovided with one; the car moves, and a group of people in the next car give the first cheer. As the train moves out of the depot, we catch a glimpse of the long array of gay dresses and waving flags; and beyond, through a gap between two sheds, we see a brief panorama of the river, with a thousand vessels decked with streamers and crowded with spectators; and other crowds are massed along the banks, and every upright object carries a banner,—except only Groton monument, which stands tall and gray and undecorated above the scene, and takes no part in the excitement and suspense. As we slowly pass the long dingy façade of the factory, clusters of workmen gather in the windows and doorways, and stare stolidly at our rainbow array. Still onward we go, until at length we leave the railway buildings and the ugly coal-dump behind us, and the broad sweep of the river breaks upon our view. There is the Grand Stand, a mass of shifting color: there is the course, defined by the throng of yachts and small boats and big steamers crowding up to its straight limits, and dispersing thence to either shore. The start is to be from this end, so here we pause. Where are the crews? They have not got into their boats yet. Yes, there comes the Harvard launch, with the men on board, and their boat towing behind. Now the launch stops, and the boat is brought alongside. We can see the crimson jerseys, as one by one their wearers step cautiously into their places,

and drop their oars into the rowlocks. There, the last man is in; and off they glide to the starting-point. And Yale, where is she? Oh, they are embarking from the raft; and they too pull up to the flag, dark blue every man. Two dories are moored on a line with the post; in each sits a man whose duty it is to hold the stem of the racer in position, waiting the word. They are in position, all is ready! No: wait a moment. Off come the blue and crimson jerseys, over the wearers' heads, and are tossed to their launches; and the bronzed backs and arms of all those stout young fellows are exposed for the last time to the sun. How the muscles swell and shift beneath the smooth skin, as the men handle their oars, and reach forward! How active and tireless they look! And how their hearts are beating, and their teeth set! Now, silence, and listen for the word. No, we could not hear it; and if we could, the boats would be off before it reached our ears. So there is nothing to do but to watch—ha! they are off!

Off, amidst a roar of voices, a deafening screech of steam whistles and tin horns, a thunder of guns, pistols, and cannon; off, amidst waving flags and fluttering handkerchiefs, and cheers, and laughter, and screams of hysteric girls, and cat-calls of frantic undergraduates. They are off; but they hear nothing and see nothing of the wild confusion and uproar that welters around them. Each man's eyes are in the boat; each man strives to combine iron self-control with frantic exertion. Keep



VICTORY.

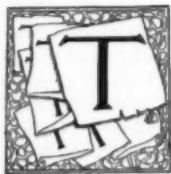
time! pull! lift her! we are gaining! we are losing! Steady, boys! there are four miles in front of you; space enough to win and lose. The little coxswain keeps his eye on the approaching flag, and the tiller-ropes are taut. Together, row! pull! pull! And behind them stream along the surging steamers, crowded with men like flies; and our train, too, moves forward, keeping pace with them as they go. One of them has forged ahead,— which is it? Never mind, the others have quickened their stroke,— they draw up again. There are three miles yet, well rowed! a gallant race!

There is an old lady on the bench beside us, and the tears are streaming down her face, and then she laughs and waves her hand. She is the mother of one of those struggling young fellows; he is the darling of her heart, and there is no telling yet whether he will win or lose. And above, there is an elderly gentleman with a detective camera; he too has a

boy in one of the crews, and he has come with the intention of photographing him in the moment of victory. But he has forgotten all about that, and is waving his camera madly in the air, under the impression, probably, that it is a flag; and he is yelling himself hoarse. Well, both crews cannot win; one must suffer defeat. And see! one of them has a long lead now, and it is increasing with every stroke. They are holding themselves well in hand. The others are doing their utmost, but they cannot close up the gap. Two miles! Three miles! What a race! The end is near; they all gather themselves up for the final effort. Break the record! ye winners! Defeat, but not disgrace, ye losers! And so, with glistening bodies, and heaving lungs, and straining muscles, and bending oars, they fly past the judge's boat, first one, then the other; and another year's regatta is lost and won.

Julian Hawthorne.

BOAT-RACING BY AMATEURS.



HE evils of introducing the professional element into amateur athletics are so great — they are so obvious to those who have dipped into matters of the kind without losing their faculty of criticism in the enthusiasm natural to the pursuit — that the first, the healthful instinct is to cry, Away with it all; give young men their heads; let them go to work without professional guidance and solve the problem as they best can by themselves!

This is, however, the dictum of persons like ourselves who are no longer in the actual fight and can afford to assume an impartial and most wise attitude toward the contest, swayed as we are by considerations entirely different from those which met us when, boys in red and blue, we were of the battle.

Could we, however, become young again by virtue of some witch-potion and enter college once more with all the ignorance, liveliness, and ambition to succeed at whatever cost which we find to our surprise in the undergraduates of the present day, would we act so very differently after all? Would we not be charmed as of old by big, useless muscles in the men of our college class who practice daily at the dumbbells, and prefer unwieldy giants to smaller men with muscles less startling but far greater will-power to punish themselves in a contest? And when it came to preparations for a boat-race against a college with which rivalry, if

not exactly deadly, was a tradition of long standing, would it be in us to refrain from securing what advice was possible from professionals who make oarsmanship their means of livelihood? Probably not. Certainly while rowing had a precarious existence at American colleges, and there was no large body of graduate oarsmen on whom to lean for advice and from whom to beg the arduous and ungrateful services of a "coach," it was only human that professionals should be paid to look after the stroke and diet of the crews. Professionals were at least kept out of the boat. There is no record like that of the Brasenose Oxford four in 1824, which contained two college men, a professional, and an outsider of attainments unrecorded by the muse of history.

To the impetuosity of youth rather than the professional element we may ascribe whatever there is bad in the betting that goes on at college races in the United States. "Boys will be boys" is a remark which enjoys a perennial popularity in all ages and all lands. The same may be said of the spies that are sent out by two colleges to note the proficiency and faults of the rival crew: it springs from boyishness more than anything else; it is the act of half-men who a few years earlier were reading dime novels, daubing their cheeks with red clay, and lassoing their elders and betters in the semblance of buffalo, or shooting each other with arrows, in the semblance of red men. The precautions taken by each crew, not to allow the other side to see them at their best, may

be confidently set down to man's inborn love of outdoing his fellow by sly means as well as by the exercise of power. Every collegian is a Joey Bagstock, who hugs himself if he feels that he is "devilish sly."

Over here Yale College appears to have led off in 1833 with local races, and about New Haven there are legends of doughty crews who "astonished the natives" at fairs and Fourth of July festivities in rural communities of Connecticut, New York, and Massachusetts before the year 1843, when Yale formed a regular boat-club. Harvard followed next year, and in August of 1852 the two colleges met in New Hampshire on the lonely waters of Winnipiseogee. As these universities increased in size and other colleges began to take a hand in boat-racing, the professional element could not be kept out, for this reason: four years is a short period in which to form good athletes, and few men could afford to give themselves up to any kind of athletics each year of the college course. Hence it was not possible, even if it were in all respects the better method, to put four or six men in a boat and let them row and row until they settled down to a "telling" stroke without "good form," but effective in getting the boat through the water. The "Hillsdales" or "Sho-Wae-Cae-Mettes," or some crew of amateurs from fresh water or the backwoods, could and did employ this very natural fashion of perfecting themselves, and sometimes with astonishing success, particularly when they had to compete with college crews—trained, it is true, but not always wisely trained, and in any case compelled by their studious life to sacrifice many hours which otherwise could have been employed in practice. It has been found, however, that crews of this description cannot compete with college men who are well trained, if the latter can have a tithe of the practice in the boat secured to the former by long residence in one locality near good rowing-grounds. Science, intelligence, and especially "good form" do tell in all save peculiar circumstances when rowing men are considered, just as they do when soldiers are under consideration. It is a question of drill. The species of rowing crews of which the famous Ward four is the most conspicuous example of success depend for their triumphs on a life-time spent in following the water and rowing together. Such a preparation is almost out of the question among amateurs; without it and in default of rigid coaching they can be beaten by the oarsmen of the poorest clubs, who are physically the weakest of oars. In college communities it is practically out of the question.

The record of the Oxford and Cambridge contests is instructive on this point, for it shows

how much can be done on very inadequate water by a thorough system of drill, which commences at the preparatory schools long before college is reached and is continued with increasing care as regards "form" and diet. At Eton and Harrow the boat clubs struggle with each other; at Oxford and Cambridge the crews of the several colleges are in constant rivalry; finally, out of all these crews the flower of the rowing men is picked to form the 'Varsity eight. Everything in the record of university boating goes to prove that intelligence, science, "good form," are the watch-words of success among amateurs. From another point the English record explains well enough how it is that American crews in Great Britain have scored few victories. Where have we in the United States amateurs or even college oarsmen who can pass through so many years of steady drill in the boat as Oxford or Cambridge men? The latter may be rowing with comrades who were fellow-oars at Eton seven years or more before.

There remains nothing, then, but the best kind of drill to fashion the raw material of American college youth in the course of six months into tolerable similarity of stroke; for unless this is done, defeat is certain. The writer has more than once undergone the agony of trying to shape a crew composed of young men in various walks of life, of various stature and strength, and filled with very different kinds of conceit, into a harmonious whole which should get the boat through the water at the quickest rate possible. The conclusion he came to was that each man should be taken in hand separately and forced to learn exactly the stroke of the stroke-oar; say by exercising him along with the stroke in a pair-oar, but discarding him at once if he is found too stupid or too headstrong to conform. If the club is large enough to contain a choice of good material, this can be done. No combination rowing should be allowed until it has been attended to. Rowing does not differ from other exercises in which united effort is absolutely necessary. Very often, indeed, it is the most experienced oar in a crew who does most to lose the race. He is wedded to his own ideas, or perhaps only to his own habits. Often he cannot learn another stroke even if he be willing, and his powerful efforts along lines differing slightly from those of him who sets the stroke impede the gait, imperceptibly, but very effectually, and in obvious cases cause the boat to roll. This is particularly observable when it comes to race-day; for then the old Adam rises in him, evoked by the excitement of the occasion.

Even when the coach allows the crew to sit in the boat, it is questionable whether at first long, wearying pulls, during which the

minds of the oarsmen wander and their several faults become hardened in them, are of use. It is better to make them paddle a little way and stop them — no matter how the ardent spirits among them may chafe, no matter how much cursing and grumbling is heard in the dressing-room afterwards. The great point is to teach them how to apply their strength all in the same way — at the same moment is of course. And the reason is simple. The Ward brothers bobbed every which-way, it is true, but by long practice the vicious bobbing of one was counteracted by the vicious bobbing of the other. One yawed over the side this way, but another yawed over the other. It is true that drill deadens the enthusiasm and makes some men spiritless; but the coach who is worth his salt knows when to apply the stimulus of enthusiasm, and, having first made machines of his crew, to spur them into putting their heart along the absolute lines he has obviously, however slowly, chalked out.

If I am not mistaken, this is the way Mr. Robert Cook went to work. He did not neglect practice; but he first studied the question, went where the best stroke obtainable at that time was rowed, took of that stroke whatever he thought good, and on his return to Yale played the autocrat with the utmost success. The oarsman who would not row his stroke had to get out of the boat; and in New Haven, that nest of petty politics and secret society nonsense, great was the to-do he raised by his arbitrary proceedings. But he beat Harvard every time, and the cackling of the old ladies with boy's faces, and sometimes with masculine gray hair, who potter about the undergraduate politics in Yale, was all drowned in the hurrahs of victory. In a less perfect way the same was true of Mr. Wilbur Bacon, the Yale stroke who achieved a series of victories at an earlier period. For his time he rowed the best stroke there was — short, it is true; with the body, it is true; mostly arm-work, it is true. But then everybody used their arms too much at that period, when the slide, gradually evolving itself from a pair of well-greased breeches that rubbed up and down a long seat made so that the grain of the wood ran fore and aft, was turning into a thin board running on oiled runners — an American invention quickly taken up in England and never discarded since.

If the old idea that putting college men into a boat and making them row ten miles a day without sharp coaching is no longer tenable, still less is it possible to deny the merits of the sliding seat. Hanlan could never have

made the time he has without this Yankee notion. It is now frequently balanced on glass balls that permit it to move with the least possible friction as the oarsman stretches forward to grasp the water.

The sliding seat equalizes the men in the boat who differ one from the other in length of trunk and limbs, permitting a man with a short reach to slide a little further than another with long arms, so to catch the water at the same angle and pull through a stroke of the same length. Without the slide no amount of rowing together would equalize the stroke: the short man would have to catch later or finish later than the long man, the result of which is, of course, unsteadiness in the boat and diminution of speed; for racing craft are so narrow that the blow of the blade as it takes water and the jerk as it leaves the surface are enough to give a lurch which causes the oars on the other side to foul at some point on the recover.

The sliding seat is based on the common-sense reasoning that the legs are furnished with muscles far more powerful than any other portion of the body. Which would you prefer to be hit with — the fist of a pugilist, or the foot of a Frenchman skilled in the curious and extremely unfashionable science of the *savate*? The latter with his heels can kill a man with one blow far more certainly, far more easily, than the former with his knuckles. Those great thigh and calf muscles contain a power little suspected by the average man. Well, the sliding seat enables the sculler to apply a very large fraction of that immense power to the blades of his oars, and, using the nearly unyielding water as the points of resistance to the longer arms of his fulcrum, to shoot the narrow hull like a javelin propelled from a throwing stick. The gain in swiftness is not a gain in picturesqueness. Look at Hanlan "loafing doubled up" over his sculls, reaching far forward with his hands, and catching the water far back of his seat. Then the bow twangs. His knees were under his breastbone just now, and his thighs and calves (they are not particularly big) were almost touching each other. Down go these levers, and the boat jumps like a trout you have inadvertently jogged while trying to tickle him into your hand. Then Hanlan gathers together in the same lazy, unpicturesque way — what! he's done it again! You turn away and remark to yourself that if he can keep up that sort of thing for twenty minutes, nobody unprovided with these new-fangled rowing-tanks, slides, swivel oar-locks, and wind-boards can hope to stay near him in a race.

Henry Eckford.

THE HUNDREDTH MAN.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null,"
"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

XX.

MISS Matilda Stull, who really was on her way to invite Miss Gay Armatt to drive with her, was very much surprised when that young lady, in company with Mr. Stratford, rapidly passed her on the road. She turned quickly, and looked back at them, saying to herself: "Is it possible that I have been mistaken, and that that is the man she is engaged to? I don't understand it, for they certainly told me that the one I saw in the carriage with Mrs. Justin is named Crisman, and that he comes up every Saturday, on account of the engagement. But that doesn't look like it, I must say! And this is Saturday afternoon too!"

In all matters which pertained to love, engagements, or marriage Miss Matilda took a deep and abiding interest, and in this affair, so immediately within her observation, her interest was greater than usual. The apparent complications of it which had suddenly arisen in her extremely active mind, which needed but very slight impulses to set it working in matters of this sort, puzzled her exceedingly. She could not bring herself to give up her visit to Mrs. Justin's house, where she might hope to lay hold of some clew to this mystery. It was plain that Gay could not drive with her, but she saw no reason why she should not return Mrs. Justin's call, although her mother was not with her. That lady was as likely to be indisposed one day as another, and she could not afford to let the acquaintanceship she desired depend upon Mrs. Stull's dispositions or indispositions. If that Mr. Crisman were coming to-day, she knew the hour when he should arrive, and determined to plan her own drive so as to reach the house when he should be there. Mr. Stratford and Gay Armatt would be back by that time, and when she saw them all together she could judge for herself how matters stood.

Miss Stull drove about the country for some time, and when the proper hour arrived, she directed her coachman to turn the horses to-

wards the Justin house. There she found the lady of the mansion and Mr. Crisman, seated upon the broad piazza. Mrs. Justin received the young lady very cordially, and was on the point of stating that Gay had gone for a walk, but would certainly be back in a very short time, when Miss Matilda remarked that she supposed she might not see Miss Armatt as she had met her driving with Mr. Stratford, but that she had come all the same, because this was a call not only from herself but from her mother, who was extremely grieved that she was not able to make it in person.

At the intelligence thus conveyed by Miss Matilda the soul of Mrs. Justin was smitten by a sudden chill, and the face of Mr. Crisman grew stern and dark. This gentleman had been annoyed when he reached the house and found that Gay was not there to meet him, and had been talking to Mrs. Justin about the propriety of that young lady keeping her watch properly set and regulated, and carrying it with her when she went out for a walk, so that she would know when she ought to return to the house. But now, when he learned that she had not gone for a walk at all but was out driving with Stratford, his mind was a good deal darker than his face. He said nothing, but his eyes flashed angrily on Mrs. Justin. That lady glanced at him, caught the flash, and knew instantly that he believed she had told him a falsehood.

"I did not know," she said, addressing Miss Stull, "that Miss Armatt had gone driving. Mr. Stratford must have called for her while I was away, and they will doubtless return presently. And, before I forget it, Miss Stull, did your mother engage that washerwoman I recommended to her? If she does not suit, there is another one who might answer, but she lives at a greater distance."

During the discussion upon washerwomen which followed, Mr. Crisman arose, went into the house, and began to stalk up and down the parlor. A good deal of conversation, mostly on domestic subjects, now took place between Mrs. Justin and her visitor, and, to the great regret of both, it was not interrupted by the arrival of Gay and Mr. Stratford.

Miss Matilda stayed just as long as it was

possible to extend her visit; and this extension was encouraged by her hostess, who did not at all wish to be left alone with Crisman. Gay had done a very foolish and wrong thing in going away on this Saturday afternoon with Mr. Stratford, and it was she who should make the explanations and bear the reproaches. At last Miss Stull felt bound to admit to herself that the evening was coming on rapidly, and that she could not with propriety stay any longer, and so departed, disappointed. She had seen very little of Mr. Crisman, she had not made the acquaintance of Mr. Stratford, and she had learned nothing definite in regard to the engagement. She had seen enough, however, to make her believe that everything was not right, and that that young man who was walking so heavily about the parlor was very angry. This convinced her that he was really the engaged man, but she was sorry, very sorry indeed, that the couple in the buggy had not arrived before she left.

The heavens were kind to Mrs. Justin. She had not returned to the house after seeing Miss Stull to her carriage—and it must be admitted that she did not hasten that return—when Stratford and Gay drove up over the grass, coming from the back of the house.

The horse had no sooner stopped than Gay inquired of Mrs. Justin if Mr. Crisman had arrived, and on being told that that gentleman had been there some time and was now in the parlor, she bade Mr. Stratford a hasty farewell, skipped out of the buggy, and hurried into the house. As she hastened past Mrs. Justin, that lady felt assured that although Gay might be very anxious to meet her lover, her conscience as well as her affection had a good deal to do with the exceeding alacrity with which she went into the house.

"I had no idea," said Mrs. Justin to Stratford, "that you and Gay were going off to drive this afternoon."

"Nor had I," he answered. "I picked her up on the road. We had a most delightful drive."

"It may prove anything but delightful to Gay," said Mrs. Justin.

Stratford smiled. "I am very sorry," he said, "that upon this subject you and I should so frequently differ, both in our desires and our expectations."

"And I am also very, very sorry," said the lady.

And then Mr. Stratford drove away at supper time without being invited to stay to supper. This unusual omission was not due to want of hospitality or to resentment on Mrs. Justin's part. That lady did not desire an awkward situation at her evening meal, and Stratford understood her feelings perfectly.

That supper was indeed an awkward meal, but not as Mrs. Justin had expected it to be. She had looked forward to sitting at table with a black-browed and scowling lover upon whom the sweetness and kind attention of two ladies would make but very faint impression. Instead of that, only she and Gay had supper together; that is to say, they sat at table together, but neither of them ate much.

When Mr. Stratford had driven away, and Mrs. Justin had gone into the house after a stroll among the shadows on the lawn sufficiently prolonged to give Mr. Crisman time to get over the brunt of his indignation, she met Gay on the piazza, and immediately asked where Mr. Crisman was.

"I don't know," said Gay, her voice a little shaken either by emotion or shortness of breath. "I haven't seen him at all. Jane says he went out of the house and down the steps of the back piazza just as Mr. Stratford and I drove round to the front, and that she thought he went into the garden. I ran out there, and have been looking for him everywhere. What do you suppose has become of him? Can it be that he is angry with me, and has gone away?"

Mrs. Justin turned pale, and her paleness was reflected in the face of Gay. "Come into the library," said the older lady. And they went into the darkening room and sat down together on a lounge.

Now Mrs. Justin spoke to her young friend more plainly than she had ever spoken before. She opened her anxious heart to her, and with earnest affection explained to the young girl the danger she was in. Gay listened with a tear or two but with no words.

When Mrs. Justin had finished, Gay asked: "Do you think he will come back to-night?"

"I have no doubt of it" said the other.

"He has probably gone for a long walk, which will cool off his anger; and when he comes back, my dear, it will be your duty to see that he has occasion to take no more such walks."

Then the two went out to supper.

About half-past nine that evening a boy belonging to the tavern at Cherry Bridge came to the Justin house bringing two letters. One was for Miss Armatt, and one was for Mrs. Justin, and they were both written by Mr. Crisman, who, the boy said, had taken his supper at the tavern and would stay there that night.

Gay, who had been reading and waiting and listening all the evening, took her letter in her hand but did not open it. The pallor on her face when instead of her lover there came this missive was not at all of the reflected sort.

"I think I will go up into my room and read it," she said. And taking a lamp, she went upstairs.

Mrs. Justin sent word to the boy that

he need not wait for answers, and then she sat and looked at her letter a long time before she opened it. She was so much averse to a correspondence with Mr. Crisman that once she made up her mind to tear up his letter and refuse to take part in a very unpleasant quarrel which she had earnestly endeavored to avert. But she knew that this would not be just, and she could not but believe that if she read Mr. Crisman's letter and treated him with courtesy, she might thereby be of great service to Gay.

Having come to this determination, she tore open the letter and read it. At the opening words her face began to redden, and as she went on the crimson glow increased. When she finished, the color died out of her face, and she leaned back in her chair and looked out between the parted curtains of the window into the dark night with an expression of somber sternness which was very unusual upon Mrs. Justin's lovely countenance. For a long, long time she sat thus; and it was after twelve o'clock when Gay came quietly into the room.

Mrs. Justin started with surprise. "Why, Gay," she exclaimed, "I did not expect you downstairs again!"

Gay made no answer, but advanced to the table with two letters in her hand, one open, and the other folded and addressed. Her hair was somewhat tumbled, as if her fingers had been in it; but her dress was unchanged, and she evidently had had no thought of retiring.

"Here is a letter," said Gay, laying the one which was folded and addressed upon the table, "which I should like to have sent to Mr. Crisman as early as possible in the morning. I have ended our engagement."

Mrs. Justin rose to her feet, her amazed eyes fixed on Gay.

"My letter is not sealed," said Gay, "and you can read it if you like. But I think it would be better if you read his letter first."

Mrs. Justin put out her hand for the letter which Crisman had written, and took it as though it were something hot which she feared to touch. She looked at Gay, and then she looked at the letter. Then she read a line or two, and put it down.

"I cannot, Gay," she said; "I cannot read it."

It was Gay who had been hard-stricken, but her nature was young and strong. She bore her blow better than Mrs. Justin bore the one she had received. "You need not read it," she said. "It would only pain you. I can tell you in a few words what is in it. He upbraids me cruelly for what he calls my faithlessness, and after saying a great deal for which there is no cause whatever, he orders me to write him a letter asking his forgiveness

for what I have done, and promising never to do again the things with which he has charged me. If I do not write such a letter and send it to him immediately, he declares that everything shall be at an end between us. In my answer I told him that his charges had no foundation at all, and that I would never write the letter he demanded. Did I do right?"

Mrs. Justin's face was flushed, not only by the words which Gay had spoken to her but by a hot recollection of the letter which she herself had received, in which Mr. Crisman had indignantly charged her with treachery and falsehood, with having encouraged and assisted the attentions of Mr. Stratford during the absence of Gay's rightful lover, and with having made him believe that Gay was out walking by herself when of course she knew that she was driving with that other man.

Never was there a woman who attached more solemn importance to an engagement or promise than did Mrs. Justin. Never was there a woman who looked with more horror upon the breaking of a compact upon which two loving hearts had entered, and yet she stretched out her arms to Gay, and pressing the girl to her bosom, she said: "You did right, exactly right!"

XXI.

WHEN Mr. Crisman, before breakfast the next morning, received Miss Armatt's letter, its effect upon him was to renew the anger which a night's sleep had somewhat sobered down. When he had written to her he had formed no conjectures in regard to her reception of his letter. He meant all that he had written, and his only desire and intent was that Gay should thoroughly understand what he meant. He had not cared to anticipate what she would do when she read it; but when he found what she had done, a most stubborn indignation took possession of him. His nature was one which hardened quickly beneath the sun of angry passion, and when this happened, neither rain, nor kindly warmth, nor the dews of night, nor any blessed breeze, could penetrate its crust.

"Very well," he said, as he tore up Gay's letter, "she loses more than I do." And then he went to breakfast.

The only resolve which Mr. Crisman now made was to the effect that every one should be made to understand that his engagement with the Armatt girl was broken off, and that he was not in the least crushed by the event. He had come prepared to spend a week at Cherry Bridge, having made arrangements by which his vacation came earlier in the season than usual. He had sent his baggage to the

tavern without saying anything to Mrs. Justin about it, preferring first to inform Gay of his intended stay in the neighborhood, and thus give Mrs. Justin an opportunity of inviting him to spend a week at her house. If she did not do so, he would stay at the tavern. But, although he had told no one of his intentions, he determined to make no change in them. This was a good place to hunt and fish, and he would stay here and hunt and fish for a week. Then he would go and spend the other week of his vacation in sailing, as he had planned. He liked sailing better than anything else, but having decided to give up half his holidays to the country in which Gay was staying, he would not allow her conduct to influence his plans in any way. If, in the course of his sojourn here, Gay should come to feel that she ought to be ashamed of herself, he would then determine what he would do. But this was to be entirely her own affair. Not one step would he take to lift her out of the pit into which she had deliberately thrown herself. If she chose to climb out and come to him—but he stopped here; he would make no promises, and offer no hopes, even in his own mind. He was obstinately angry.

On that Sunday afternoon Mr. Stratford walked over to the Justin house. He would have preferred not to go, but there were reasons why he thought it would be better for him to do so. Mrs. Justin had not treated him with her customary cordiality on the evening before, and he did not wish to appear to resent this by omitting his usual Sunday call. He had reason to believe, if he judged from nothing but Mrs. Justin's words, that he would not find the family atmosphere altogether bright and agreeable, but he did not feel himself justified in staying away on that account. If he found a storm there, or the signs of one, he would know that he was the cause of it, and there was no reason why he should shrink from his share of the rains and winds.

He was rounding the foot of an abrupt hill which lay on the extreme boundary of the Bullripple farm when he suddenly came upon a man who was making a shallow excavation in the soil with a small pickaxe. It was such an uncommon thing to find any one in this part of the country working in the fields on Sunday, that Stratford was quite surprised at the sight. In a moment, however, he perceived that this was not an ordinary laborer, but an elderly man dressed in black, who was, apparently, interested in geology.

"Good afternoon," said Stratford.

The man turned suddenly, and his face showed plainly that, whatever he might be looking for, it was not company. Stratford

could not imagine why the man should object to being seen digging for specimens of rock, fish worms, or anything else, unless it was on account of doing so on Sunday. He took no notice of the forbidding expression, and inquired pleasantly what there was to be found on this hillside.

"Nothing," said the man, dropping his little pick. "There's nothing at all in land like this, either inside of it or on top of it. I live in this county, though not in this stony part, and I like to know what kind of soil we've got in one place and another. But this land ain't worth the trouble of scratching it."

"It does not appear to me in that light," said Stratford. "The pasturage is fair, and the crops in the valley lands are very good."

"Oh, yes," said the man. And as he spoke he kicked some stones and loose earth into the hole he had made. "Some of the land is good enough for crops, but there is nothing in it that is really worth anything."

"I suppose you are alluding to ores," said Stratford. "From what I have observed in sections of the country where iron is found, I should think there might be ore of that kind here."

"Humph!" said the man. "You might dig here for ten years, and you wouldn't find no iron except what was worn off your shovels and picks. Good-day to you." And taking up his pickaxe and a stout grape-vine cane which lay on the ground, the man walked away towards the village.

Stratford continued on his way, but in a few moments he stopped and looked back. The man was carrying the little pickaxe under his coat. Stratford smiled as he went on. "I cannot imagine," he said to himself, "why he should have been so disturbed at my seeing him. He could not have been stealing anything, for there is nothing here to steal. I am afraid that after going to church this morning he intended going fishing this afternoon. He chose a very poor place, however, in which to look for bait."

Stratford was met by Mrs. Justin before he reached the house. "I saw you coming over the hill," she said; "I want to have a little talk with you before you go in." And then, as the two walked down to the bank of the creek, she said: "Your work is accomplished. The engagement between Gay Armatt and Mr. Crisman is broken."

"What!" exclaimed Stratford. And for a moment he felt a pang of contrition. He had greatly desired to see this engagement broken off, but it was a shock to be suddenly told that there had been a rupture, and that he had made it. But Mrs. Justin's next words were positively astounding.

"I would not have told you this so abruptly," she said, "if I had not intended to also say that I am very glad that everything is at an end between these two."

"You doubly amaze me!" cried Stratford. "Is it possible I have converted you?"

"Not a bit of it," promptly answered Mrs. Justin. "You were wrong, wrong, absolutely wrong in what you did. You had no more right to come between those two than you had to try to come between any other man or woman, either engaged or married. It so happens that you have done a good thing, but you deserve no credit for it. You did not know Mr. Crisman; you merely had a prejudice against him, and for no reason but this you endeavored to make a girl forswear herself."

"A strong statement," remarked Stratford.

"None too much so," continued the lady. "I have come to believe that what you did has had a most excellent result, but, for all that, it was a very wrong thing to do; it was a crime. Now that Mr. Crisman is out of the way, everything is free and open to you, and in the course of time I suppose that you and Gay will be married. I have no doubt that you will both be very happy, and that neither of you could possibly have made a better match. But, for all that, you ought never to look back upon the part you have played without sorrow and repentance."

"I wish to heaven," exclaimed Stratford, "that the words I have spoken to you about Miss Armatt and myself could be believed! But I suppose this is too much to expect, and we need say no more about it. If you do not object, I should like to know how this thing happened, and what is the present state of affairs."

"As you are a party very much interested," said Mrs. Justin, "of course you ought to know all about it." And then she went on to tell him what had happened. She repeated the substance, as she had heard it, of Crisman's letter to Gay; told him what Gay had written in answer; and how she had heartily supported the girl in her resolution.

In regard to the letter which she herself had received from Crisman, and which had done more to show her the true character of the man than even what he had written to Gay, she said but little. If she had told what that letter contained she would have had good reason to fear that Stratford would have thrown the young man into Cherry Creek, or that he would have been thrown into that stream himself.

"I cannot be too glad," said Mrs. Justin, in conclusion, "that the man, before it was too late, showed us his true character, and that he himself made it impossible for the engage-

ment to continue. But I shall never cease to grieve that my friend chose to take the part that he has played in this affair."

"Knowing you as I do," said Stratford, "I am quite sure that I like you better for that opinion."

A meeting between the girl whose engagement of marriage had suddenly been broken off and the man who had been the cause of such fracture must naturally be an awkward one, and feeling this very strongly Stratford was not anxious for an immediate interview with Gay. If he had known what serious consequences had followed his mountain ride with Gay he would have postponed for a day or two his visit to this house. Thoughts of this awkwardness may have come into the mind of Mrs. Justin also, but if they did she allowed them no weight.

"Gay is in the house," she said, "and you may as well see her at once. You know how the matter stands, and it will not be pleasant or wise for any of us to put ourselves in stiff or constrained positions."

When Stratford took Gay by the hand and looked into her face he saw that she had had a hard blow, one that might have crushed her if, at the same time that it wounded her, it had not aroused the most emboldening sentiments of self-respect and just resentment. She was not a girl who would parade an affliction or misfortune by retiring on account of it from the society of her ordinary friends and associates. Nor was she one who would care to conceal a trouble from those who took an interest in her life and happiness. She was aware that Stratford knew what had happened, for she had asked Mrs. Justin to tell him, and as this was the most important event of her life, not even excepting her engagement, she could not bring herself to avoid the subject with Stratford, whom she believed to be her true friend, and whose mind she knew must be occupied with it. As he probably understood that their innocent drive had brought about the catastrophe, and as she believed that no blame should attach to him, she wished him to see that she intended to visit him with no punishment, negative or positive. She did not know much and had never thought much of the way in which the world is in the habit of forming its opinions, but her good sense and experience were quite sufficient to show her what kind of opinion might easily be formed in a case like this, where the former lover had torn himself away and where the engagement-breaker continued in favor; and she was very desirous that that part of the world represented by Stratford should not have a mistaken opinion.

"You know," she said, as soon as they had

taken their seats, "that Mr. Crisman and I are no longer engaged?"

"I have heard it," said Stratford.

"It was all very sudden and unexpected," she continued. "I have been greatly distressed, and Mrs. Justin also, and we are not ourselves at all. But we hope our friends will not find fault with us any more than we find fault with them."

As she said this Stratford looked steadfastly at her, but made no answer.

"I don't care to talk about this any more than I can help," she continued, "and all that we can do is to wait, and hope for the best."

"What is the best?" asked Stratford.

"The best thing that could possibly happen," said Gay, "is for us to find ourselves able to come together on our old ground, when everything can be so easily explained. Mr. Crisman knows, as every one knows, that I always have been, and am now, perfectly loyal to him."

This assertion greatly surprised Stratford, and in his heart he did not believe it.

"I do not understand you," he said. "How can you be loyal to him when you have seen fit to break your engagement to him?"

"I don't know that I can exactly explain myself," she said, "but I want to make it understood that while I am not willing to be engaged to Mr. Crisman so long as he holds the position he has taken, I have never turned aside from any of my promises; and when I find him as he was a week ago he will find me exactly what I was then. Is that plain?" And she looked with anxious inquiry at Stratford.

"Oh, yes, quite so," he said to her. But he said to himself that Crisman could never be to her the same man that he was a week ago. He saw her object: she wished to establish the fact that there had been no unfaithfulness on her part.

Here now was an opportunity to do a thing which Stratford considered righteous, honorable, and kind. Here was a chance to tell this girl that she had done all that the world and her conscience called upon her to do; that after what had happened, the loyalty of which she spoke could be but a thing of principle without feeling; that the reasons which prompted her to break off the engagement were just as strong reasons why she should never think of it again, and that, setting arguments and words aside, she should embrace, with all the force of her nature, this opportunity of escaping a ruined life. But he said nothing of all this. He was a brave man, and an able one, but he shrank from the task of doing what he thought to be his duty. He did not believe he could give her the counsel he wished to give, and at the same time maintain the position he wished to keep.

"It will be better," he thought, "that she

should find out these things for herself, and I am sure she will do it. And, besides, she has Mrs. Justin to back her."

Under the circumstances, the hours could not be expected to pass in a cheery way; and, soon after supper, Mrs. Justin and Stratford found themselves sitting alone in a very quiet house.

"I cannot quite understand Miss Armatt's demeanor," said he. "If she is deeply grieved at the dissolution of her engagement, I should expect more evident signs of distress; and, on the other hand, if she is glad of her great deliverance, I should think she would let that be seen. As it is, it would be very difficult to classify her apparent emotions."

"I believe," said Mrs. Justin, "that Gay does not thoroughly understand herself. As far as I am able to judge, her mind is now occupied in assuring her that she has always stood by her promises, and that her steadfast fidelity gave her a right to break with a man who insisted that she should admit that she was not true to her given word."

"So long as she reasons," said Stratford, "the state of the case is perfectly satisfactory. But what surprises me more than anything else is the readiness with which you accept the situation. I should have supposed that no matter how bitter the quarrel between these young people, you would have hoped to see them reconciled and the engagement renewed."

"I am quite willing to admit," said she, "that it is not at all like me to feel the satisfaction and thankfulness that I do feel in knowing that Gay is not to marry Mr. Crisman. But this is a very unusual case, and my conscience fully justifies me." And then, in her mind, she added: "If you could have read Mr. Crisman's letter to me you would not wonder at my feelings."

XXII.

THERE was not at this period a more ardent match-maker in the country than Mrs. People. For a long time she had been much dissatisfied with the condition and prospects of her son John. For one thing, he was growing up to be an old bachelor, and she was opposed, on principle, to old bachelors. To be sure, it was a very fortunate thing for her that her brother Enoch belonged to this class, for otherwise it is not at all probable that she would have been at that time the mistress and director of the household; but the principle remained unchanged. Mr. People was not much more than twenty-one when he married her; and here was John, who in four short years would be thirty, still single. It was plain enough she thought that he was beginning to be a man of

importance in his business, for otherwise old Vatoldi would never have allowed him to manage his affairs' all by himself during the late disturbances. His having a vacation, too, showed that things were getting to be better with him; and what was next to be expected was an increase of salary. Taking all these matters together, it was as clear as the light of day in Mrs. People's mind that John should lose no time in getting married.

And here was Matilda Stull; and if anybody knew of a better match for John than she was, Mrs. People would like to see that girl, be she black haired or brown, a foreigner or a native-born American, produced at once. It was not only that Miss Stull was a very pretty girl, and very well dressed, and one with whom John was deeply in love, but there was an eminent propriety in marriage between the heir of her house and that of Stull, which loomed up in a gigantic form in the mind of Mrs. People. If John married Matilda, the farm on which he was born would, in the course of time, come into his possession; and this, from Mrs. People's point of view, was the most desirable thing that could possibly happen.

She would sit, in one hand a table-knife with its blade half-ground away by repeated sharpenings, and in the other a partly peeled potato, and muse upon the happiness, the absolute felicity, which would be hers when the old farm should belong to John. To buy back this estate appeared to her a simple impossibility; to get it for nothing by means of this marriage would be a grand stroke indeed.

Many were the plans she formed while the potato waited to be peeled. She would go and live with John, for it was not likely that that city girl knew anything about housekeeping or the management of a dairy. And yet as she, Mrs. People, could not expect to live forever, it would be necessary that her son's wife should learn how to manage his household affairs. Matilda, for thus the good woman already thought of her prospective daughter-in-law, should do some things, and thus gradually learn the duties of her position. She could begin by washing up the tea things and feeding the chickens. In course of time she might be able to take charge of the churning, although Mrs. People very much doubted if that girl could ever produce such butter as she now set before her son.

On the other hand, it would be very hard for her to leave her brother Enoch, who was getting somewhat oldish now, and must sometimes feel a little stiff in his joints, although he never mentioned anything of the sort. She had lived a long time with her brother, and in some respects he had become as necessary to her as she was to him. And yet, how would

it be possible for her to give up that desire of her life, to live once more in the house and on the farm to which Mr. People had taken her as a bride?

These conflicting feelings troubled her greatly, and she would sometimes sit and muse upon them much longer than was conducive to the regularity of the dinner hour. One day, however, a consoling thought came to her. It was possible, nay it was even more, it was very probable, that Matilda had in her composition a good deal of spice, and not only such spice as ginger, cinnamon, and cloves, but pepper, and good hot red pepper, too, if Mrs. People knew anything about the outward signs of a woman's disposition. Now, this peppery disposition might make the situation of a mother-in-law in John's home a very unpleasant one, and it might be well, therefore, that she should remain in her present very comfortable position in her brother's house. It was truly comforting to the mind of Mrs. People to settle this vexing question by reflecting that in all probability Matilda would be too peppery to live with; and the remainder of the potato was peeled.

It was not so easy, however, for John People himself to settle the question of Matilda Stull. He was now having opportunities for forwarding his suit which a short time before he would not have believed possible. He was living near fields through which Miss Stull walked and wandered, and where she had actually allowed him to walk and wander with her. He had nothing to do, and could walk and wander when he pleased. But the days of his vacation were rapidly passing, and he had done nothing decisive yet. At any moment he might expect to hear that the alterations at Vatoldi's had progressed so far that it was necessary for him to go to the city and take charge of affairs. If he could again be alone with Miss Stull, and could make up his mind to show her the state of his feelings, he believed he ought to do it. In the city he had worshiped her from afar, and had never believed that there was the slightest chance of possessing her; but here in the country, where people were ever so much more the equals of each other, he had worshiped her at a distance of a foot, or perhaps eighteen inches; and if a young lady was willing to walk with a young man through fields and gates so close as that, John thought that young man ought to be greatly encouraged, and might feel justified in speaking out his mind.

In regard to what old Stull might say, in case of a favorable reply from the daughter, John was not over-sanguine. It was true that now, being a partner in the concern, although with a very small share of the profits, it might

be possible that Mr. Stull would turn a favorable eye upon a connection which would, in a way, make the whole business a family affair. But, in spite of this encouraging thought, if John had been compelled at this time to make his proposals to the father instead of the daughter, he would have calmly resigned himself to perpetual bachelorhood. But, should he be accepted by Miss Stull, he would wait and bear to any extent.

John's mind was in this condition when, one fine morning, Miss Matilda paid a visit to the Bullripple household. To John and his mother she came like an angel with white wide-spreading wings; to old Enoch she appeared as an uppish young woman with a cattle-irritating parasol; and to Mr. Stratford, who regarded her from his window, she was an enigma. He knew who she was, but he could not imagine why she should come to that house and sit with John People under the great tree in the front yard. Miss Stull had really called upon Mrs. People, but that sagacious mother had sent John to say that she would be out in a very few minutes, and had told him that he must entertain the visitor until she came. Mrs. People was devoured by desire to know the object of Miss Stull's visit, but she restrained herself for the love of John. It was a heroic sacrifice, but she made it, and for ten minutes sifted sugar over a mass of bread dough without knowing what she did.

Miss Stull was very desirous that Mrs. People should come out; she wanted to ask her a lot of questions; but she did not betray any impatience towards John. The young man might be useful to her, particularly in the way of making her acquainted with Mr. Stratford, if the chance should occur. Miss Matilda wished very much to know the handsome gentleman she had seen driving with Gay Armatt. She had not supposed when she came to this part of the country that she should find such a man as that. She was therefore very gracious to John, and asked him so many questions about the present composition of the Bullripple household that the young man was obliged to say a good deal about Stratford, and could not have failed to present him had he made his appearance.

When she had waited just as long as she could, having, in the meantime, made her dough all cake, Mrs. People came out, and John was constrained to walk away reluctantly, to give the young lady an opportunity of stating her business to his mother. He did not go very far, however, but busied himself about the wood-yard, from which point, with his face ever turned towards the object of his devotion, no matter how he might move and

involve, he held himself ready, the instant the conference should be over, to accompany Miss Stull to the gate and to go with her as far over our continent as she would permit.

What Miss Stull came to find out was the true state of things in the Justin house. Was Miss Gay engaged to the young man who was walking about in the parlor without her, or to Mr. Stratford, whom she had seen driving with her? In what business was this Mr. Crisman, and was he related to Mrs. Justin? Was Mr. Stratford rich? Was Mrs. Justin entirely satisfied with Gay's match? All these things, and a number of other points, Miss Stull had hoped to learn from Gay; but having failed to see that young lady, and not being able to wait until her call was returned, she had made a swoop upon Mrs. People.

After some very thin talk about butter and eggs, Miss Stull found it easy to introduce the subject she had at heart. Mrs. People had also a subject at heart which she wished to introduce, and in order to get at it she rushed with haste and freedom into the subject presented by her visitor. She told Miss Stull so much, in fact, that that young lady turned pale with surprise, and then pink with delight, at being the recipient of such startling information. Mrs. People had been at Mrs. Justin's house, and as that lady was desirous that it should be generally known that Mr. Crisman was no longer engaged to Miss Armatt, she had informed Mrs. People of the fact, and that good woman had easily possessed herself of as much of the detail of the event as Mrs. Justin judged proper to give her. This information, rapidly and generously garnished from the resources of her own mind, Mrs. People laid before Miss Stull.

The interview was protracted so long that John's ingenuity was greatly taxed to keep himself busy in view of the couple under the tree. When Miss Matilda rose to go, thus interrupting an abruptly introduced maternal panegyric of the manager of Vatoldi's, her mind was filled with a pleasing consciousness that there was in this neighborhood a city gentleman, handsome and stylish, and not engaged to be married. What advantage to herself she expected to result from this Miss Stull might not have been able to state in clear and convincing terms. But it was a great satisfaction to a person of her temperament to know that the facts were as they were.

John was with her before she reached the gate, and opened it for her. Then she stopped.

"Isn't there some way, Mr. People," she said, "by which I can go home across the fields instead of walking by the side of this monotonous road?"

"Oh, yes," said John, "but there are fences

in the way, and draw-bars would have to be taken down."

"And isn't there anybody," she continued, "who can take down those bars?"

To hear this question, and to see at the same time the meaning little smile on the face of the young lady who asked it, suffused John's soul with more actual joy than it had ever before known. Yes, indeed, there was somebody who could not only take down bars, but who would tear away walls, fill up ditches, and slay bulls, if necessary. John did not say this, but his manner indicated it.

As they walked across the fields, Miss Matilda's spirits were very lively, and her manner was very cordial. She had no idea of alluring this happy fly into her web, but she desired to make of him a thread-carrier, so to speak, who would take out beyond her present sphere of action those finely spun inducements by which she hoped to draw to herself the larger and brighter flutterer upon whom her eyes were fixed. John now lived with Mr. Stratford, and through him her very limited circle of acquaintance here might be enlarged by the addition of this gentleman. She considered it her right to know every presentable man who might find himself within the limits of her social range.

Miss Stull also hoped to make Mr. Stratford comprehend through John what an exceedingly desirable thing it would be to become acquainted with her. But her methods towards this end had only the effect of causing John to feel that she was a more charming, desirable, and gracious superior being than even she herself had ever supposed it possible for her to become. On his side he was emboldened to a point of courage he had not imagined he could reach. Before they had gone three-quarters of the distance through a clover field, John determined to make his sentiments known. He would not ask her plumply if she would marry him, as if she were a mere country girl, but he would show her his glowing soul. Had she not with the sweet words and enrapturing smiles of angels deliberately set it on fire? And was it not due to her that she should see that it had kindled?

"Another set of bars!" exclaimed Miss Matilda, as they approached the fence. "Oh, dear, Mr. People, what a deal of trouble I am putting you to!"

"Trouble!" exclaimed the sturdy John. "I wish I could take down every bar that you might meet with through your whole —"

"Way home," quickly interpolated Miss Matilda. "That is just what I want you to do. You are so strong and seem to understand these fences so well."

"That is not the point," said John, as he

seized a rail and jerked it from its sockets. "Other people might be able to take down bars —"

"Yes," interrupted Matilda; "Mr. Stratford, for instance. He has lived so much in this country that I suppose he knows all about such things."

"It isn't the being able to do it," said John, looking intently into the face of the young lady, "it is the wanting to do it."

Miss Matilda smiled upon him. "It is very good of you," she said, "to be willing to do for other people what they cannot do for themselves. Now, if I were walking here alone I could never lift those heavy rails, and would have to crawl through the fence, or to climb over it as best I might."

"If I had my way," exclaimed John, forgetting in his excitement as he walked by Miss Matilda that it was necessary to put up the bars he had taken down, "there should never be in the way of your feet a stick, a stone, a clod, a lump, not so much as a piece of gravel."

"Those things must be expected," said the young lady with demure triteness.

"Oh, no, they needn't be!" cried John in quick and fervid tones. "They need never be known at all, if there is one ever ready to brush and hurl them away; to make your paths as smooth — as smooth as roses."

"Which are not smooth," said Miss Matilda, "at least not when they are used to make a path of. That reminds me that at our house there are a lot of rose bushes, and some of them have flowers on yet, but mother and I both think that they are a poor kind of rose bushes, and that if we are to come up here in the summer time we might as well have some good ones planted. Do you know the names of some good roses that would grow here? Perhaps, if you don't, Mr. Stratford could tell you. City men are so apt to know the names of good kinds of things."

"I am a city man myself," said John in a tone somewhat different from that in which he had just spoken, "and I'll get you all the roses you will ever want."

"I don't want you to get them," said she. "I only want the names of them. And there is another thing I would like to ask you about. How do you make grass grow? Mother and I think there ought to be a great deal more of it about the house, but the farmer who lives there don't seem to understand how to plant it."

With well-plied questions concerning the adornment of their country home Miss Matilda engaged the attention of her companion until they had reached the last fence. Then she turned and held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. People," she said. "There are now no other obstructions between me and the house, and I will not make you go any farther."

"There is an obstruction, Miss Stull," said John very earnestly, "an obstruction to my every joy, which—"

"Oh, yes, I know," quickly interrupted Miss Matilda; "those dreadful waiters who boycotted your place. It must be an awful obstruction, but it is bound to disappear in time, if you stand up boldly. Father has talked about it, and he says so. He is very fond of Vatoldi's, and he says we must go there again as soon as things are all right. Good-bye, Mr. People." And, with one of her pretty smiles, she tripped away.

Regarding the state of affairs from John's point of view it was quite evident that angelic beings have their disadvantages, for their beautiful wings enable them to keep just out of one's reach without feeling at all compelled to flee the company of the one who wishes to reach them.

On the other hand, Miss Matilda, in her character of web-maker, discovered that a fly who may be sent out to inveigle other insects is apt to become entangled in a very troublesome and apparently hopeless manner in the subtle threads with which he has been intrusted.

This young lady, however, troubled herself very little about John's condition. She liked to see a young man in this sort of involvement, especially when she herself had produced it, and her only regret in the present case was that the young man probably could not prove as useful as she had expected him to be. The most important object of her life at the present moment was to become acquainted with Mr. Stratford. It made her positively angry to think that she did not know him, and that she saw no way open by which she could become acquainted with him. She had called twice at the house where he lived, and accident had not favored her. She made a visit at Mrs. Justin's at a time when he was expected there, but she had not met him. She had hoped to know him through Gay Armatt, but she was now in trouble and could not be expected to do much in the way of introducing gentlemen. Miss Matilda's acute mind had discovered what sort of person was Mrs. People, and she was afraid to allow that good-hearted but exceedingly open-natured woman to know that she positively wished for the acquaintance of Mr. Stratford. Had she done this Miss Stull might have expected to be placed in a very undesirable position by the irrepressible frankness of Mrs. People. John had been her chief dependence, but she was

now very much afraid that she would not be able to make use of him. He had become so addled that he could not understand any hints of her desires, and she was even afraid that if she should succeed in making him understand what she wanted the numskull would actually refuse to make her acquainted with a man who might prove to be a rival.

There was nothing to be done but to depend upon herself; and as Miss Stull was quite used to this sort of dependence, she was not long in forming a plan. She must meet the man by accident. In a country place like this, where people wandered about as they pleased, this ought not to be a difficult matter; and as Mr. Stratford had probably by this time heard of her, and as he knew of course that she had heard of him, they would not meet as positive strangers, and a chance encounter might be worked up to advantage.

Miss Matilda was rather fond of sketching, and although she had but small ability as an artist, she was extremely clever in a general way, and could so arrange her slight artistic gifts that they made a very good show. The weather being now quite suitable for outdoor sketching, Miss Stull arrayed herself in a most becoming and appropriate costume, and with a sketch-book and little camp-stool under one arm, and a large umbrella with a long, pointed handle over her right shoulder, repaired to a pleasant spot at the foot of the hills, where some very good views could be had, and close by which she had sometimes observed, from a distance, that a sportsman occasionally passed on his way to the trout streams on the higher grounds.

The sketcher did not immediately select a spot at which to begin her work. She rambled about a good deal, and looked about a good deal, in order to see what suitable thing there was in view which might be drawn. At last she decided upon a distant view which included a path that led through the Bullripple farm towards the village.

Miss Matilda was a lucky young woman, especially when she put her own shoulder to her wheel of fortune, and she had scarcely sketched in the outlines of some rocks and gentle eminences when she saw coming towards her, among these outlines, a gentleman with a fishing-rod upon his shoulder. For some minutes she kept her eyes fixed upon her paper, and then, giving a little shrug to her shoulders and looking up at the sunlit sky, she put down her book and picked up the umbrella, which lay, closed, on the ground by her side. The pointed end of the long handle she now endeavored to thrust into the ground, but she found this a difficult performance. In one place the soil seemed very hard, in another there was long, tangled grass,

and, after a jab or two, she decided that she would not like to sit there. After some deliberation, with her back to the object she intended to draw, she selected another spot, but here she found a large stone just under the surface of the ground. Having quarried on this for some moments, she stopped and began fanning herself with her handkerchief. Such exertion was certainly very unusual with her, and she stood, panting a little. The man must now be very near.

In less than a minute she heard a step, and a gentleman's voice said to her: "Allow me, miss, to plant your umbrella for you."

She turned quickly and saw, not Mr. Strat-

ford, but Mr. Crisman. She knew him the moment she saw him, and was now truly surprised, for she had supposed that when he had ended his engagement he had also ended his visit to these parts. But her soul did not shrink with disappointment. This was a very handsome young fellow, and she would be delighted to know the ex-lover of Gay Armatt, about whom she had had so much curiosity and so much doubt.

With an ingenuous smile she accepted his offer, and the strong arm of Mr. Crisman soon fixed the handle of the umbrella in the ground as firmly as if it had been the mast of a boat.

Frank R. Stockton.



THE NAME OF WASHINGTON.

[Read before the Sons of the Revolution, New York, February 22, 1887.]

SONS of the youth and the truth of the nation,—
 Ye that are met to remember the man
 Whose valor gave birth to a people's salvation,—
 Honor him now; set his name in the van.
 A nobleness to try for,
 A name to live and die for—
 The name of Washington!

Calmly his face shall look down through the ages—
 Sweet yet severe with a spirit of warning;
 Charged with the wisdom of saints and of sages;
 Quick with the light of a life-giving morning.
 A majesty to try for,
 A name to live and die for—
 The name of Washington!

Though faction may rack us, or party divide us,
 And bitterness break the gold links of our story,
 Our father and leader is ever beside us.
 Live and forgive! But forget not the glory
 Of him whose height we try for;
 A name to live and die for—
 The name of Washington!

Still in his eyes shall be mirrored our fleeting
 Days, with the image of days long ended;
 Still shall those eyes give, immortally, greeting
 Unto the souls from his spirit descended.
 His grandeur we will try for;
 His name we'll live and die for—
 The name of Washington!

George Parsons Lathrop.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE ATTACK ON SUMNER, AND THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

CONGRESSIONAL RUFFIANISM.



THE official reports show that the proceedings of the American Congress, while in the main conducted with becoming propriety and decorum, have occasionally been dishonored by angry personal altercations and scenes of ruffianly violence. These disorders increased as the great political struggle over the slavery question grew in intensity, and they reached their culmination in a series of startling incidents.

Charles Sumner, one of the Senators from the State of Massachusetts, had become conspicuous, in the prevailing political agitation, for his aggressive and radical antislavery speeches in the Senate and elsewhere. The slavery issue had brought him into politics; he had been elected to the United States Senate by the coalition of a small number of Free-soilers with the Democrats in the Massachusetts legislature. This question, therefore, became the dominant principle and the keynote of his public career. He was a man of profound culture, of considerable erudition in the law, of high literary ability, and he had attained an enviable social eminence. Though of large physical frame and strength, the combative quality was almost totally lacking in his organization, a lack, however, which was fully compensated by a moral fearlessness that led him to give free utterance to his convictions.

In this spirit he joined unreservedly in the exciting Senate debates, provoked by the rival applications from Kansas for her admission as a State. On the 19th and 20th of May, 1856, he delivered an elaborate speech in the Senate, occupying two days. It was one of his greatest efforts, and had been prepared with his usual industry. In character it was a philippic rather than an argument, strong, direct, and aggressive, in which classical illustration and acrimonious accusation were blended with great effect. It described what he called "the crime against Kansas"; and the excuses for the crime he denominated the

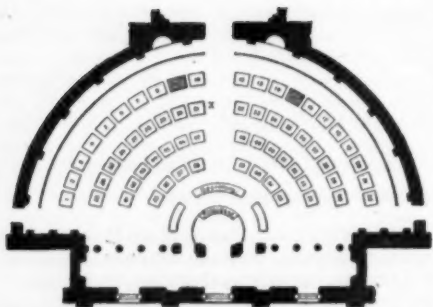
apology tyrannical, the apology imbecile, the apology absurd, and the apology infamous. "Tyranny, imbecility, absurdity, and infamy," he continued, "all unite to dance, like the weird sisters, about this crime." In the course of this speech he alluded, among others, to Senator Butler of South Carolina, and in reply to some severe strictures by that Senator during preceding debates indulged in caustic personal criticism upon his course and utterance, as well as upon the State of South Carolina, which he represented.

"With regret," said Sumner, "I come again upon the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Butler], who, omnipresent in this debate, overflowed with rage at the simple suggestion that Kansas had applied for admission as a State; and with incoherent phrases discharged the loose expectation of his speech, now upon her representative and then upon her people. There was no extravagance of the ancient parliamentary debate which he did not repeat; nor was there any possible deviation from truth which he did not make, with so much of passion, I am glad to add, as to save him from the suspicion of intentional aberration. But the Senator touches nothing which he does not disfigure—with error, sometimes of principle, sometimes of fact. He shows an incapacity of accuracy, whether in stating the Constitution or in stating the law, whether in details of statistics or the diversions of scholarship. He cannot open his mouth but out there flies a blunder."

Butler was not present in the Senate on either day: what he might have said or done, had he been there, can only be conjectured. The immediate replies from Douglas and others were very bitter. Among pro-slavery members of both Houses there was an under-current of revengeful murmurs. It is possible that this hostile manifestation may have decided a young member of the House, Preston S. Brooks, a nephew of Senator Butler, to undertake retaliation by violence. Acquainting Edmundson, another member, with his design, he waited on two different occasions at the western entrance to the Capitol grounds to encounter Mr. Sumner, but without meeting him.

On the 22d of May, two days after the speech, Brooks entered the Senate Chamber on the same errand. The session had been short, and after adjournment Sumner remained at his desk, engaged in writing. The sessions were at that time held in the old Senate Chamber,

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PLAN OF SENATE CHAMBER, 1ST SESSION 34TH CONGRESS.

g. Sumner's desk. z. Where Brooks sat. x. Where Sumner fell.

now occupied by the Supreme Court. The seats were arranged in semicircles, with a railing to separate them from a narrow lobby or open space next the wall; a broad aisle ran from the main door to the desk of the presiding officer. Mr. Sumner's seat was in the outside row next to the railing, at the second desk to the right from the entrance and the main aisle. Occupied with his work, Mr. Sumner did not notice Mr. Brooks sitting across the aisle to his left, and where in conversation with a friend he was manifesting his impatience that a lady seated near Mr. Sumner did not take her departure from the chamber. Almost at that moment she probably arose and went out, for quickly afterwards Brooks got up and advanced to the front of Sumner's desk. The fact attracted the attention of Brooks's friend; he was astonished, amid the bitterness of party feeling, to see a South Carolina Representative talk to a Massachusetts Senator. His astonishment was quickly corrected. Leaning upon the desk and addressing Sumner with a rapid sentence or two, to the effect that he had read his speech, that it was a libel upon his absent relative, and that he had come to punish him for it, Brooks began striking him on the head with a gutta-percha walking-cane, of the ordinary length and about an inch in diameter.

Surprised, blinded, and stunned by the blows, Sumner's first instinct was to grapple with his assailant. This effort, however, was futile; the desk was between them, and being by his sitting posture partially under it, Sumner was prevented from rising fully to his feet until he had by main strength, in his struggles, wrenched it from its fastenings on the floor. In his attempt to follow Brooks they became turned, and from between the desks moved out into the main aisle. By this time, through the repetition of the heavy blows, and loss of blood, Sumner became unconscious. Brooks, seizing him by the coat-collar, continued his murderous attack till Sumner, reel-

ing in utter helplessness, sank upon the floor beside the desk nearest the aisle, one row nearer the center of the chamber than his own. The witnesses variously estimated the number of blows given at from ten to thirty. Two principal wounds, two inches long and an inch deep, had been cut on the back of Sumner's head; and near the end of the attack, Brooks's cane was shattered to splinters.

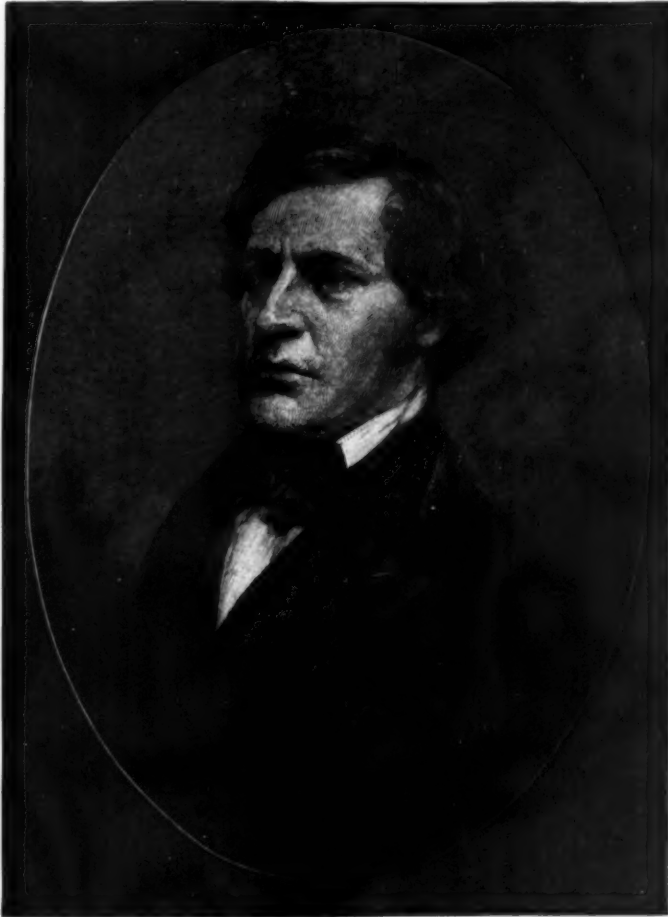
There were perhaps ten or fifteen persons in the chamber, and after the first momentary pause of astonishment half a dozen started to interfere. Before they reached the spot, however, Mr. Keitt, another South Carolina member of Congress, came rushing down the main aisle, brandishing his cane, and with imprecations warning lookers-on to "let them alone." Among those hastening to the rescue, Mr. Morgan arrived first, just in time to catch and sustain the Senator as he fell. Another bystander, who had run around outside the railing, seized Brooks by the arm about the same instant; and the wounded man was borne to an adjoining room, where he was cared for by a hastily summoned physician.

Among Mr. Sumner's friends the event created a certain degree of consternation. The language which provoked the assault, whatever might be thought of its offensive character, was strictly parliamentary, uninterrupted either by the chair or by any member. The assault itself was so desperate and brutal that it implied a vindictiveness deeper than mere personal revenge. This spirit of bullying, this resort to violence, had recently become alarmingly frequent among members of Congress, especially as it all came from the pro-slavery party. Since the beginning of the current session, a pro-slavery member from Virginia had assaulted the editor of a Washington newspaper; another pro-slavery member, from Arkansas, had violently attacked Horace Greeley on the street; a third pro-slavery member, from California, had shot an unoffending waiter at Willard's Hotel. Was this fourth instance the prelude of an intention to curb or stifle free congressional debate? It is probable that this question was seriously considered at the little caucus of Republican Senators held that night at the house of Mr. Seward. The Republicans had only a slender minority in the Senate, and a plurality in the House; they could do nothing but resolve on a course of parliamentary inquiry, and agree on an attitude of defense.

Sumner's colleague, Mr. Wilson, made a very brief announcement of the occurrence to the Senate on the following day, and it at once became apparent that the transaction would assume an almost strictly party char-

acter. As no Democratic Senator proposed an inquiry, Mr. Seward moved for a committee of investigation; upon which Mason of Virginia proposed that the committee should be elected by ballot. The result was that no Republican was chosen upon it; and the committee reached the conclusion that it had no

tenancing the assault, and of the act of Keitt in his personal interference. But the necessary two-thirds vote for the expulsion of Brooks could not be obtained; a vote of censure was therefore passed by a large majority. The discussion of the report and resolutions occupied the House several days, and whatever effort

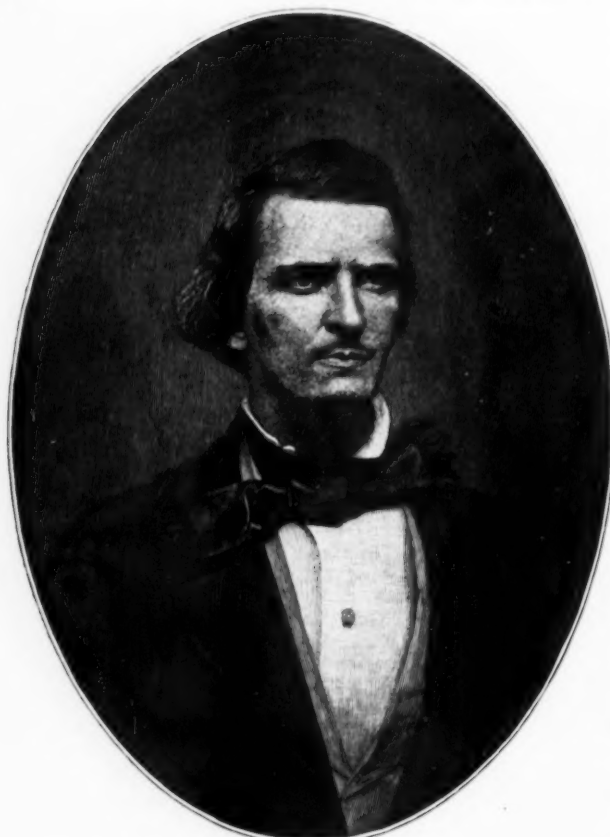


CHARLES SUMNER.

power in the premises, except to report the occurrence to the House. In the House the usual committee from the three parties was raised, resulting in two reports. The minority, sustained by the vote of sixty members, pleaded a want of jurisdiction. The majority recommended the expulsion of Brooks, and expressed disapprobation by the House of the course of his colleague Edmundson in coun-

members made to disguise their motives, their actions, either of condemnation or of excuse, arose in the main clearly enough from their party relations. Under the forms of parliamentary debate, the South and the North were breathing mutual recrimination and defiance.

The public of both sections took up the affair with equal party zeal. From the North



PRESTON S. BROOKS.

came resolutions of legislatures, outbursts of indignation in meetings and addresses, and the denunciation of Brooks and his deed in the newspapers. In the South the exactly opposite sentiment predominated. Brooks was defended and eulogized, and presented with canes and pitchers as testimonials to his valor. When the resolution of censure had been passed, he at once resigned his seat in the House, and, going home to his constituents, was immediately reelected. Within three weeks he reappeared at the bar of the House, with a new commission from his governor, and was sworn in and continued his service as before. The somewhat arrogant address which preceded his resignation contained the remarkable intimation that much more serious results might have grown out of the incident. "No act of mine," he said, "on my personal account shall inaugurate revolution; but when you, Mr. Speaker, return to your own home, and hear the people of the

great North—and they are a great people—speak of me as a bad man, you will do me the justice to say that a blow struck by me at this time would be followed by a revolution, and this I know."

Under the state of public sentiment then prevailing at the South, it would have been strange if the extraordinary event and the following debate had not provoked other similar affairs. Mr. Sumner's colleague, Senator Wilson of Massachusetts, in his speech characterized the assault as "brutal, murderous, and cowardly." For this language Brooks sent him a challenge. Wilson wrote a reply declining the encounter, but in the same letter announcing that "I religiously believe in the right of self-defense, in its broadest sense."

One of the sharpest denunciations of the assault was made by Burlingame, a Massachusetts Representative. "I denounce it," he said, "in the name of the Constitution it violates. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow. I denounce it in the name of humanity. I denounce it in the name of civilization, which it outraged. I denounce it in the name of that fair play which bullies and prize-fighters respect." For this, after some efforts had been made by mutual friends to patch up an amicable understanding, Brooks sent him also a challenge. Mr. Burlingame accepted the challenge, and his second designated Clifton House in Canada as the rendezvous and rifles as weapons. Burlingame at once started on the journey; but Brooks declined to go, on the excuse that his life would not be safe on such a trip through the North.

Broadened into national significance by all these attendant circumstances, the Sumner assault became a leading event in the great slavery contest which was being fought out between the South and the North. It might well rank as one of the episodes of the civil

war then raging in Kansas, out of which it had in reality grown, and with which it was intertwined in motive, act, and comment. In result the incident was extremely damaging to the South, for it tended, much more than any single Border-Ruffian crime in Kansas, to unite hesitating and wavering opinion in the North against the alarming flood of lawlessness and violence, which as a rule found its origin and its defense in the ranks of the pro-slavery party. Certainly no phase of the transaction was received by the North with such popular favor as some of the bolder avowals by Northern Representatives of their readiness to fight, and especially by Burlingame's actual acceptance of the challenge of Brooks.

Readers of a later generation will naturally wish to know what further befell Senator Sumner. The shock of the attack, and the serious wounds he received, produced a spinal malady, from which he rallied with great difficulty, and only after severe medical treatment and years of enforced abstinence from work. As the constituents of Brooks sent him back to the House, so also the legislature of Massachusetts, in January, 1857, with but a few dissenting votes, reelected Sumner to a new sen-



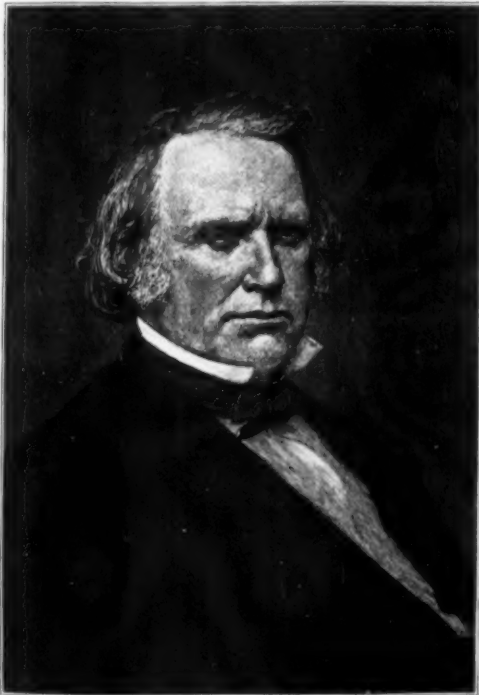
ANSON BURLINGAME. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHAW.)

atorial term, beginning the 4th of March. He came to Washington and was sworn in, but within a few days sailed for Europe, and during the greater part of the long interim between that time and the succeeding presidential campaign his seat in the Senate stood vacant.

It was on the 4th of June, 1860, that he again raised his voice in debate. Some changes had occurred; both Butler and Brooks were dead;* the Senate was assembled in its new hall in the north wing of the Capitol extension. But in the main the personnel and the spirit of the pro-slavery party still confronted him. "Time has passed," he said, "but the question remains." A little more than four years before, he had essayed to describe "The Crime against Kansas"; now, in an address free from offensive personalities but more unsparing in rhetoric and stronger in historical arraignment, he delineated what he named the "Barbarism of Slavery." Picturing to ourselves the orator, the circumstances, and the theme, we can comprehend the exaltation with which he exclaimed in his exordium:

"Slavery must be resisted not only on political grounds, but on all other grounds, whether social, economical, or moral. Ours is no holiday contest; nor is it any strife of rival factions — of White and Red Roses; of theatric Neri and Bianchi; but it is a solemn battle between Right and Wrong, between Good and Evil. . . . Grander debate has not occurred in our history, rarely in any history; nor can this debate close or subside except with the triumph of Freedom."

* P. S. Brooks died January 27th, 1857; A. P. Butler died May 25th, 1857.



HENRY WILSON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HOYT.)

With this speech Sumner resumes his place as a conspicuous figure and an indefatigable energy in national politics and legislation, tireless in attacking and pursuing slavery until its final overthrow.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

DEEP and widespread as hitherto had been the slavery agitation created by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and by the consequent civil war in Kansas, an event entirely unexpected to the public at large now suddenly doubled its intensity. This was the an-

suit they now claimed freedom, because during the time of residence with their master at these military posts slavery was there prohibited by positive law; namely, at Rock Island by the ordinance of 1787, and later by the Constitution of Illinois; at Fort Snelling by the Missouri Compromise act of 1820, and sundry other acts of Congress relating to Wisconsin Territory.

The local court at St. Louis before which this action was brought appears to have made short work of the case. It had become settled legal doctrine by Lord Mansfield's decision in the *Somerset* case, rendered four years before



DRED SCOTT.



HARRIET, WIFE OF DRED SCOTT.

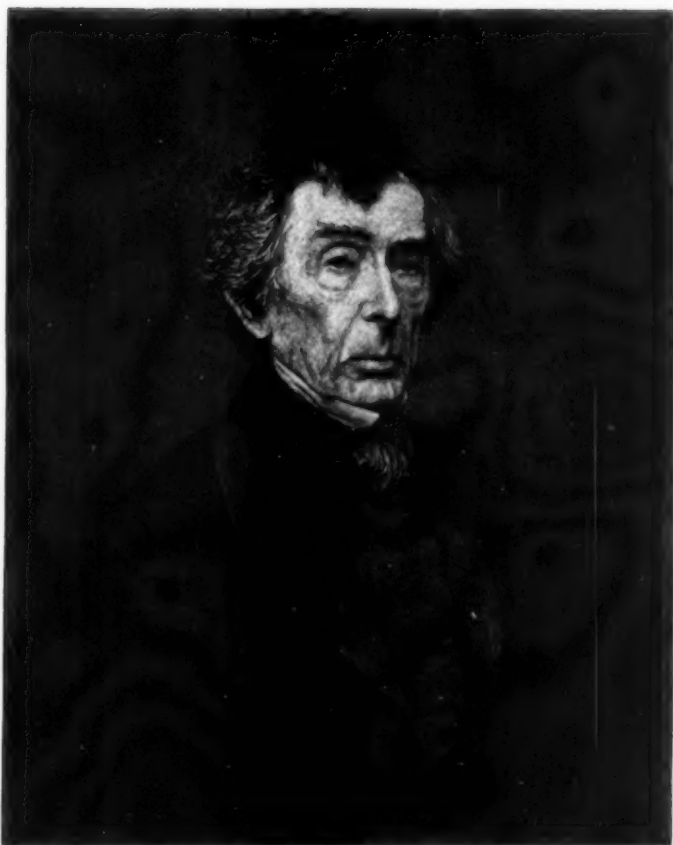
nouncement, two days after Buchanan's inauguration, of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the *Dred Scott* case. This celebrated case had arisen as follows:

Two or three years before the Nebraska Bill was thought of, a suit was begun by a negro named Dred Scott, in a local court at St. Louis, Missouri, to recover his and his family's freedom from slavery. He alleged that his master, one Dr. Emerson, an army surgeon, living in Missouri, had taken him as his slave to the military post at Rock Island in the State of Illinois, and afterwards to Fort Snelling, situated in what was originally Upper Louisiana, but was at that time part of Wisconsin Territory, and now forms part of the State of Minnesota. While at this latter post Dred Scott, with his master's consent, married a colored woman, also brought as a slave from Missouri, and of this marriage two children were born. All this happened between the years 1834 and 1838. Afterwards Dr. Emerson brought Dred Scott and his family back to Missouri. In this

our Declaration of Independence, that "the state of slavery is of such a nature that it is incapable of being introduced on any reasons, moral or political, but only positive law. . . . It is so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law." The learned chief-justice therefore ordered that *Somerset*, being claimed as a Virginia slave brought by his master into England, and attempted to be carried away against his will, should be discharged from custody or restraint, because there was no positive law in England to support slavery. The doctrine was subsequently modified by another English chief-justice, Lord Stowell, in 1827, to the effect that absence of positive law to support slavery in England only operates to suspend the master's authority, which is revived if the slave voluntarily returns into an English colony where slavery does exist by positive law.

The States of the Union naturally inherited and retained the common law of England, and the principles and maxims of English jurispru-

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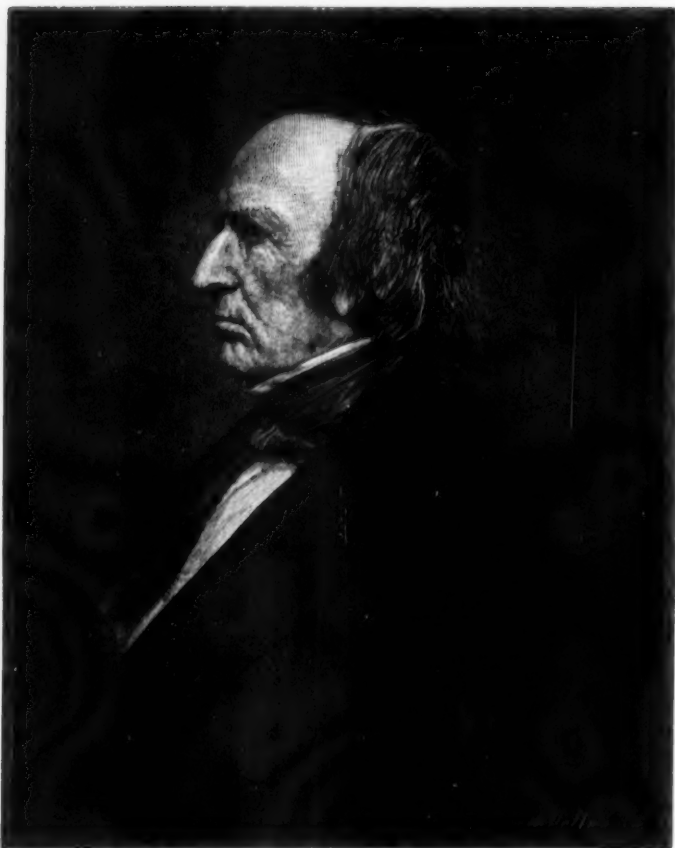


ROGER B. TANEY, CHIEF-JUSTICE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

dence not necessarily abrogated by the change of government, and among others this doctrine of Lord Mansfield. Unlike England, however, where there was no slavery and no law for or against it, some of the American States had positive laws establishing slavery, others positive laws prohibiting it. Lord Mansfield's doctrine, therefore, enlarged and strengthened by American statutes and decisions, had come to be substantially this: Slavery, being contrary to natural right, exists only by virtue of local law; if the master takes his slave for permanent residence into a jurisdiction where slavery is prohibited, the slave thereby acquires a right to his freedom everywhere. On the other hand, Lord Stowell's doctrine was similarly enlarged and strengthened so as to allow the master right of transit and temporary sojourn in free States and territories without suspension or forfeiture of his authority over his slave. Under the somewhat complex American system of

government, in which the Federal Union and the several States each claim sovereignty and independent action within certain limitations, it became the theory and practice that toward each other the several States occupied the attitude of foreign nations, which relation was governed by international law, and that the principle of comity alone controlled the recognition and enforcement by any State of the law of any other State. Under this theory, the courts of slave States had generally accorded freedom to slaves, even when acquired by the laws of a free State, and reciprocally the courts of free States had enforced the master's right to his slave where that right depended on the laws of a slave State. In this spirit, and conforming to this established usage, the local court of Missouri declared Dred Scott and his family free.

The claimant, loath to lose these four human "chattels," carried the case to the Supreme Court of the State of Missouri, where at its



JOHN McLEAN, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

March term, 1852, it was reversed, and a decree rendered that these negroes were not entitled to freedom. Three judges formed the court, and two of them joined in an opinion bearing internal evidence that it was prompted, not by considerations of law and justice, but by a spirit of retaliation growing out of the ineradicable antagonism of freedom and slavery.

"Every State," says the opinion, "has the right of determining how far, in a spirit of comity, it will respect the laws of other States. Those laws have no intrinsic right to be enforced beyond the limits of the State for which they were enacted. The respect allowed them will depend altogether on their conformity to the policy of our institutions. No State is bound to carry into effect enactments conceived in a spirit hostile to that which pervades her own laws. . . . It is a humiliating spectacle to see the courts of a State confiscating the property of her own citizens by the command of a foreign law. . . . Times now are not as they were when the former decisions on this subject were made. Since then not only individuals but States have been possessed with a dark and fell spirit in relation to slavery, whose gratification is sought in the pursuit of

measures whose inevitable consequence must be the overthrow and destruction of our Government. Under such circumstances it does not behoove the State of Missouri to show the least countenance to any measure which might gratify this spirit. She is willing to assume her full responsibility for the existence of slavery within her limits, nor does she seek to share or divide it with others."*

To this partisan bravado the third judge replied with a dignified rebuke:

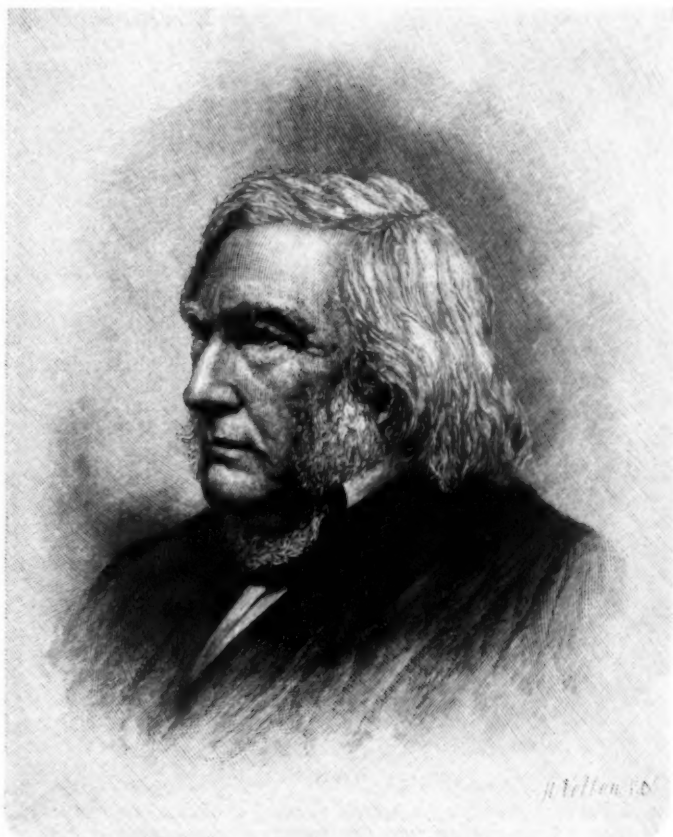
"As citizens of a slave-holding State," said he in his dissenting opinion, "we have no right to complain of our neighbors of Illinois, because they introduce into their State Constitution a prohibition of slavery; nor has any citizen of Missouri who removes with his slave to Illinois a right to complain that the fundamental law of the State to which he removes, and in which he makes his residence, dissolves the relation between him and his slave. It is as much his own voluntary act as if he had executed a deed of emancipation. . . . There is with me nothing in the law relating to slavery which distinguishes it from the law on any other subject, or allows any more accommodation to the temporary public excitements which are gath-

* Scott, J., 15 Mo. R., pp. 582-6.

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SAMUEL NELSON, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

ered around it. . . . In this State it has been recognized from the beginning of the government, as a correct position in law, that a master who takes his slave to reside in a State or territory where slavery is prohibited thereby emancipates his slave. [Citing cases.] . . .

"But the Supreme Court of Missouri, so far from standing alone on this question, is supported by the decisions of other slave States, including those in which it may be supposed there was the least disposition to favor emancipation. [Citing cases.] . . . Times may have changed, public feeling may have changed, but principles have not and do not change; and in my judgment there can be no safe basis for judicial decision but in those principles which are immutable."*

These utterances, it must be remembered, occurred in the year 1852, when all slavery agitation was supposed to have been forever settled. They show conclusively that the calm was superficial and delusive, and that this

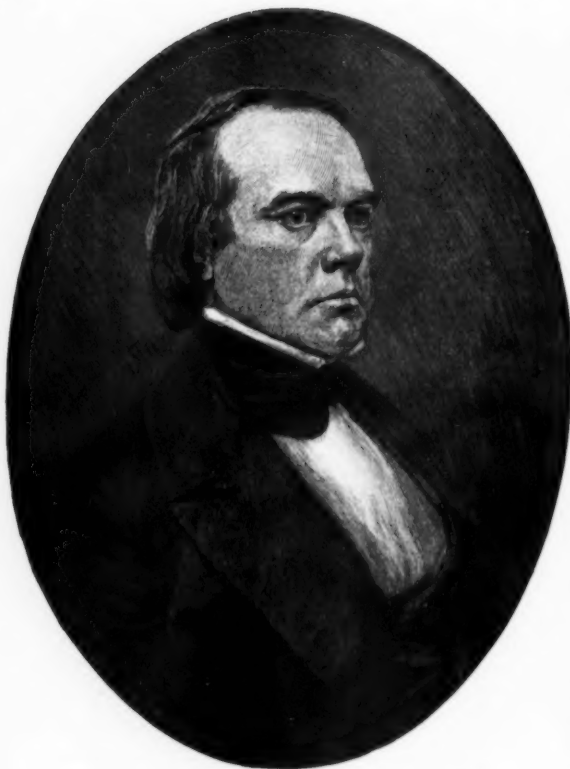
* Gamble, J. 15 Mo. R., pp. 589-92.

† The declaration in the case of Dred Scott vs. John F. A. Sandford was filed in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of

deep-reaching contest was still, as before the adjustment of 1850, actually transforming the various institutions of society. Gradually, and as yet unnoticed by the public, the motives disclosed in these opinions were beginning to control courts of justice, and popular discussion and excitement were not only shaping legislation, but changing the tenor of legal decisions throughout the country.

Not long after the judgment by the Supreme Court of Missouri, Dred Scott and his family were sold to a man named Sandford, who was a citizen of New York. This circumstance afforded a ground for bringing a similar action in a Federal tribunal, and accordingly Dred Scott once more sued for freedom, in the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis.†

Missouri on the second day of November, 1853. The trespass complained of is alleged to have occurred on the first day of January, 1853. [Records Supreme Court United States.]



BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

The case was tried in May, 1854, and a decree rendered that they "were negro slaves, the lawful property" of Sandford. As a final effort to obtain justice, they appealed by writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States, the highest judicial tribunal of the nation.

Before this court of last resort the case was argued a first time in the spring of 1856. The country had been for two years in a blaze of political excitement. Civil war was raging in Kansas; Congress was in a turmoil of partisan discussion; a presidential election was impending, and the whole people were anxiously noting the varying phases of party politics. But few persons knew there was such a thing as the Dred Scott case on the docket of the

* At the first hearing Mr. Montgomery Blair argued the case for Dred Scott, and Senator Geyer of Missouri and ex-Attorney-General Reverdy Johnson of Maryland for the claimant. At the second hearing Mr. Blair and Mr. George T. Curtis of Boston argued the case on behalf of Dred Scott, and Mr. Geyer and Mr. Johnson again made the argument for the claimant. All of them performed the service without compensation.

† The court will not decide the question of the

Supreme Court; but those few appreciated the importance of the points it involved, and several distinguished lawyers volunteered to take part in the argument.* Two questions were presented to the court: First, Is Dred Scott a citizen entitled to sue? Secondly, did his residence at Rock Island and at Fort Snelling, under the various prohibitions of slavery existing there, work his freedom?

The Supreme Court was composed of nine justices; namely, Chief-Justice Taney and Associate Justices McLean, Wayne, Catron, Daniel, Nelson, Grier, Curtis, and Campbell. There was at once manifested among the judges not only a lively interest in the questions presented, but a wide difference of views as to the manner of treating them. Consultations of the Supreme Court are always shrouded in inviolable secrecy, but the opinions afterwards published indicate that the political aspects of slavery which were then convulsing the country from the very first found a certain sympathy and reflection in these grave judicial deliberations.

The discussions yet turned upon certain merely technical rules to be applied to the pleadings under review; and ostensibly to give time for further examination, the case was postponed and a re-argument ordered for the next term. It may, however, be suspected that the nearness of the presidential election had more to do with this postponement than did the exigencies of the law.†

The presidential election came, and Mr. Buchanan was chosen. Soon after, the court again met to begin its long winter term; and about the middle of December, 1856, the Dred Scott case was once more elaborately argued. Again occupying the attention of the court for four successive days, as had also been done in the first hearing, the eminent counsel, after

Missouri Compromise line,—a majority of the judges being of opinion that it is not necessary to do so. (This is confidential.) The one engrossing subject in both houses of Congress and with all the members is the presidency; and upon this everything done and omitted, except the most ordinary necessities of the country, depends." [Judge Curtis to Mr. Ticknor, April 8th, 1856. Curtis, "Life of B. R. Curtis," Vol. I., p. 180.]

passing lightly over mere technical subtleties, discussed very fully what was acknowledged to be the leading point in the controversy; namely, whether Congress had power under the Constitution to prohibit slavery in the Federal territories, as it had done by the Missouri Compromise act and various other laws. It was precisely the policy, or impolicy, of this and similar prohibitions which formed the bone of contention in party politics. The question of their constitutional validity was certain to take even a higher rank in public interest.

When after the second argument the judges took up the case in conference for decision the majority held that the judgment of the Missouri Federal tribunal should simply be affirmed on its merits. In conformity to this view, Mr. Justice Nelson was instructed to prepare an opinion to be read as the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States. Such a paper was thereupon duly written by him, of the following import: It was a question, he thought, whether a temporary residence in a free State or territory could work the emancipation of a slave. It was the exclusive province of each State, by its legislature or courts of justice, to determine this question for itself. This determined, the Federal courts are bound to follow the State's decision. The Supreme Court of Missouri had decided *Dred Scott* to be a slave. In two cases tried since, the same judgment had been given. Though former decisions had been otherwise, this must now be admitted as "the settled law of the State," which, he said, "is conclusive of the case in this court."

This very narrow treatment of the points at issue, having to do with the mere lifeless machinery of the law, was strikingly criticised in the dissenting opinion afterwards read by Mr. Justice McLean, whose reply, by way of anticipation, may properly be quoted here. He denied that it was exclusively a Missouri question.

"It involves a right claimed under an act of Congress and the Constitution of Illinois, and which cannot be decided without the consideration and construction of those laws. . . .

"Rights sanctioned for twenty-eight years ought not and cannot be repudiated, with any semblance of justice, by one or two decisions, influenced, as declared, by a determination to counteract the excitement against slavery in the free States. . . . Having the same rights of sovereignty as the State of Missouri in adopting a constitution, I can perceive no reason why the institutions of Illinois should not receive the same consideration as those of Missouri. . . . The Missouri court disregards the express provisions of an act of Congress and the Constitution of a sovereign State, both of which laws for twenty-eight years it had not only regarded, but carried into effect. If a State court may do this, on a question involving the liberty of a human being, what protection do the laws afford?"

Had the majority of the judges carried out their original intention, and announced their

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decision in the form in which Mr. Justice Nelson under their instruction wrote it,* the case of *Dred Scott* would, after a passing notice, have gone to a quiet sleep under the dust of the law libraries. A far different fate was in store for it. The nation was then being stirred to its very foundation by the slavery agitation. The party of pro-slavery reaction was for the moment in the ascendant; and as by an irresistible impulse, the Supreme Court of the United States was now swept from its hitherto impartial judicial moorings into the dangerous seas of politics.

Before Judge Nelson's opinion was submitted to the judges in conference for final adoption as the judgment of the court, a movement seems to have taken place among the members, not only to change the ground of the decision, but also to greatly enlarge the field of inquiry. It is stated by one of the participants in that memorable transaction (Mr. Justice Campbell) that this occurred:

"Upon a motion of Mr. Justice Wayne, who stated that the case had created public interest and expectation, that it had been twice argued, and that an impression existed that the questions argued would be considered in the opinion of the court."†

He further says that

"The apprehension had been expressed by others of the court, that the court would not fulfill public expectation or discharge its duties by maintaining silence upon these questions; and my impression is, that several opinions had already been begun among the members of the court, in which a full discussion of the case was made, before Justice Wayne made this proposal."‡

The exact time when this movement was begun cannot now be ascertained. The motives which prompted it can be inferred by recalling contemporaneous political events. A great controversy divided public opinion whether slavery might be extended or should be restricted. The Missouri Compromise had been repealed to make such an extension possible. The terms of that repeal were purposely couched in ambiguous language. Kansas and Nebraska were left "perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." Whether under the Constitution slavery could be excluded from the Federal territories was affirmed by Northern and denied by Southern Democrats. Northern and Southern Democrats, acting together in the Cincinnati National Convention, had ingeniously avoided any solution of this difference.

A twofold interpretation had enabled that party to elect Mr. Buchanan, not by its own

* Campbell to Tyler, "Life of Taney," pp. 383-4.

† Ibid. p. 384.

‡ Ibid. p. 384.

popular strength, but by the division of its opponents. Notwithstanding its momentary success, unless it could develop new sources of strength the party had only a precarious hold upon power. Its majority in the Senate was waning. In Kansas free-State emigration was outstripping the South in numbers and checkmating her in border strife. According to present relative growth in sectional representation and sectional sentiment, the balance of power was slowly but steadily passing to the North.

Out of this doubt and difficulty there was one pathway that seemed easy and certain. All the individual utterances from the Democratic party agreed that the meaning of the words "subject to the Constitution" was a question for the courts. This was the original compact between Northern and Southern Democrats in caucus when Douglas consented to repeal. Douglas, shorn of his prestige by his defeat for presidential nomination, must accept conditions from his successful rival. The Dred Scott case afforded the occasion for a decision. Of the nine judges on the Supreme Bench seven were Democrats, and of these five were appointed from slave States. A better opportunity for the South to obtain a favorable dictum could never be expected to arise. A declaration by the Supreme Court of the United States that under the Constitution Congress possessed no power to prohibit slavery in the Federal territories would by a single breath end the old and begin a new political era. Congress was in session and the political leaders were assembled at Washington. Political topics excluded all other conversation or thought. Politics reddened the plains of Kansas; politics had recently desecrated the Senate chamber with a murderous personal assault; politics contended greedily for the spoils of a new administration; politics nursed a tacit conspiracy to nationalize slavery. The slavery sentiment ruled society, ruled the Senate, ruled the Executive Mansion. It is not surprising that this universal influence flowed in at the open door of the national hall of justice,—that it filtered through the very walls which surrounded the consulting-room of the Supreme Court.

The judges were, after all, but men. They dined, they talked, they exchanged daily per-

* A striking example may be found in the utterance of Attorney-General Cushing of the retiring Pierce administration, in a little parting address to the Supreme Court, March 4th, 1857:

"Yours is not the gauntleted hand of the soldier, nor yours the voice which commands armies, rules cabinets, or leads senates; but though you are none of these, yet you are backed by all of them. Theirs is the external power which sustains your moral authority; you are the incarnate mind of the political body of the nation. In the complex institutions of our country

sonal and social courtesies with the political world. Curiosity, friendship, patriotism, led them to the floors of Congress to listen to the great debates. Official ceremony called them into the presence of the President, of legislators, of diplomats. They were feasted, flattered, questioned, reminded of their great opportunity, tempted with the suggestion of their supreme authority.* They could render their names illustrious. They could honor their States. They could do justice to the South. They could perpetuate their party. They could settle the slavery question. They could end sectional hatred, extinguish civil war, preserve the Union, save their country. Advanced age, physical feebleness, party bias, the political ardor of the youngest and the political satiety of the eldest, all conspired to draw them under the insidious influence of such considerations. One of the judges in official language frankly avows the motive and object of the majority of the court. "The case," he wrote, "involves private rights of value, and constitutional principles of the highest importance, about which there had become such a difference of opinion that the peace and harmony of the country required the settlement of them by judicial decision."† This language betrays the confusion of ideas and misconception of authority which tempted the judges beyond their proper duty. Required only to decide a question of private rights, they thrust themselves forward to sit as umpires in a quarrel of parties and factions.

In an evil hour they yielded to the demands of "public interest," and resolved to "fulfill public expectation." Mr. Justice Wayne "proposed that the Chief-Justice should write an opinion on all of the questions as the opinion of the court. This was assented to, some reserving to themselves to qualify their assent as the opinion might require. Others of the court proposed to have no question, save one, discussed."‡ The extraordinary proceeding was calculated to touch the pride of Mr. Justice Nelson. He appears to have given it a kind of sullen acquiescence. "I was not present," he writes, "when the majority decided to change the ground of the decision, and assigned the preparation of the opinion to the Chief-Justice; and when advised of the change I simply gave notice that I should read the

you are the pivot point upon which the rights and liberties of all, government and people alike, turn; or, rather, you are the central light of constitutional wisdom around which they perpetually revolve. Long may this court retain the confidence of our country as the great conservators, not of the private peace only, but of the sanctity and integrity of the Constitution."—[Nat. Int., March 5th, 1857.]

† Wayne, J., Opinion in the Dred Scott case, 19 Howard, pp. 454-5.

‡ Campbell to Tyler, "Life of Taney," p. 384.

opinion I had prepared as my own, and which is the one on file."* From this time the pens of the other judges were busy, and in the inner political circles of Washington the case of *Dred Scott* gradually became a shadowy and portentous *cause célèbre*.

The first intimation which the public at large had of the coming new dictum was given in Mr. Buchanan's inaugural. The fact that he did not contemplate such an announcement until after his arrival in Washington † leads to the inference that it was prompted from high quarters. In congressional and popular discussions the question of the moment was at what period in the growth of a territory its voters might exclude or establish slavery. Referring to this Mr. Buchanan said: "It is a judicial question, which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit, whatever this may be."

The popular acquiescence being thus invoked by the presidential voice and example, the court announced its decision two days afterwards,—March 6th, 1857. The essential character of the transaction impressed itself upon the very form of the judgment, if indeed it may be called at all by that name. Chief-Justice Taney read the opinion of the court. Justices Nelson, Wayne, Daniel, Grier, Catron, and Campbell each read a separate and individual opinion, agreeing with the Chief-Justice on some points, and omitting or disagreeing on others, or arriving at the same result by different reasoning, and in the same manner differing from one another. The two remaining associate justices, McLean and Curtis, read emphatic dissenting opinions. Thus the collective utterance of the bench resembled the speeches of a town meeting rather than the decision of a court, and employed two hundred and forty printed pages of learned legal disquisition to order the simple dismissal of a suit. Compared with the prodigious effort the result is a ridiculous anti-climax, revealing the motive and animus of the whole affair. The opinion read by Chief-Justice Taney was long and elaborate, and the following were among its leading conclusions :

* Nelson to Tyler, "Life of Taney," p. 385.

† "Mr. Buchanan was also preparing his inaugural address with his usual care and painstaking, and I copied his drafts and recopied them until he had prepared it to his satisfaction. It underwent no alteration after he went to the National Hotel in Washington, except that he there inserted a clause in regard to the question then pending in the Supreme Court, as one that would dispose of a vexed and dangerous topic by the highest judicial authority of the land."—[Statement of James Buchanan Henry (President Buchanan's private

secretary) in Curtis's "Life of Buchanan," Vol. II., p. 187.]

That the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States do not include or refer to negroes otherwise than as property; that they cannot become citizens of the United States nor sue in the Federal courts. That *Dred Scott's* claim to freedom by reason of his residence in Illinois was a Missouri question, which Missouri law had decided against him. That the Constitution of the United States recognizes slaves as property, and pledges the Federal government to protect it; and that the Missouri Compromise act and like prohibitory laws are unconstitutional. That the Circuit Court of the United States had no jurisdiction in the case and could give no judgment in it, and must be directed to dismiss the suit.

This remarkable decision challenged the attention of the whole people to a degree never before excited by any act of their courts of law. Multiplied editions were at once printed, ‡ scattered broadcast over the land, read with the greatest avidity, and earnestly criticised.

The public sentiment regarding it immediately divided, generally on existing party lines—the South and the Democrats accepting and commending, the North and the Republicans spurning and condemning it. The great anti-slavery public was not slow in making a practical application of its dogmas: that a sweeping and revolutionary exposition of the Constitution had been attempted when confessedly the case and question had no right to be in court; that an evident partisan dictum of national judges had been built on an avowed partisan decision of State judges; that both the legislative and judicial authority of the nation had been trifled with; that the settler's "sovereignty" in Kansas consisted only of a Southern planter's right to bring his slaves there; and that if under the "property" theory the Constitution carries slavery to the territories, it would by the same inevitable logic carry it into free States.

But much more offensive to the Northern mind than his conclusions of law were the language and historical assertions by which Chief-Justice Taney strove to justify them.

"In the opinion of the court," said he, "the legislation and histories of the times, and the language used in the Declaration of Independence, show, that neither

vate secretary) in Curtis's "Life of Buchanan," Vol. II., p. 187.]

‡ "It may not be improper for me here to add that so great an interest did I take in that decision, and in its principles being sustained and understood in the commonwealth of Kentucky, that I took the trouble at my own cost to print or have printed a large edition of that decision to scatter it over the State; and unless the mails have miscarried, there is scarcely a member elected to the Legislature who has not received a copy with my frank."—[Vice-President Breckinridge, Frankfort speech, December, 1859.]

the class of persons who had been imported as slaves, nor their descendants, whether they had become free or not, were then acknowledged as a part of the people, nor intended to be included in the general words used in that memorable instrument. It is difficult at this day to realize the state of public opinion in relation to that unfortunate race which prevailed in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence and when the Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted. But the public history of every European nation displays it in a manner too plain to be mistaken. They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior, that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit. He was bought and sold, and treated as an ordinary article of merchandise and traffic, whenever a profit could be made by it."

Quoting the provisions of several early slave codes, he continues:

"They show that a perpetual and impassable barrier was intended to be erected between the white race and the one which they had reduced to slavery and governed as subjects with absolute and despotic power, and which they then looked upon as so far below them in the scale of created beings that intermarriages between white persons and negroes or mulattoes were regarded as unnatural and immoral, and punished as crimes, not only in the parties, but in the person who joined them in marriage. And no distinction in this respect was made between the free negro or mulatto and the slave, but this stigma, of the deepest degradation, was fixed upon the whole race."

Referring to the Declaration, which asserts that all men are created equal, he remarks:

"The general words above quoted would seem to embrace the whole human family, and if they were used in a similar instrument at this day would be so understood. But it is too clear for dispute, that the enslaved African race were not intended to be included, and formed no part of the people who framed and adopted this declaration; for if the language, as understood in that day, would embrace them, the conduct of the distinguished men who framed the Declaration of Independence would have been utterly and flagrantly inconsistent with the principles they asserted, and instead of the sympathy of mankind, to which they so confidently appealed, they would have deserved and received universal rebuke and reprobation."

He then applies the facts thus assumed, as follows:

"The only two provisions which point to them and include them treat them as property, and make it the duty of the Government to protect it; no other power in relation to this race is to be found in the Constitution. . . . No one, we presume, supposes that any change in public opinion or feeling in relation to this unfortunate race, in the civilized nations of Europe or in this country, should induce the court to give to the words of the Constitution a more liberal construction in their favor than they were intended to bear when the instrument was framed and adopted. . . . It is not only the same in words, but the same in meaning, and delegates the same powers to the Government, and reserves and secures the same rights and privileges to the citizen; and as long as it continues to exist in its present form, it speaks not only in the same words but with the same meaning and intent with which it

spoke when it came from the hands of its framers and was voted on and adopted by the people of the United States."

* This cold and pitiless historical delineation of the bondage, ignorance, and degradation of the unfortunate kidnapped Africans and their descendants in a by-gone century, as an immutable basis of constitutional interpretation, was met by loud and indignant protest from the North. The people and press of that section seized upon the salient phrase of the statement, and applying it in the present tense, accused the Chief-Justice with saying that "a negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect." This was certainly a distortion of his exact words and meaning; yet the exaggeration was more than half excusable, in view of the literal and unbending rigor with which he proclaimed the constitutional disability of the entire African race in the United States, and denied their birthright in the Declaration of Independence. His unmerciful logic made the black before the law less than a slave; it reduced him to the status of a horse or dog, a bale of dry-goods or a block of stone. Against such a debasement of any living image of the Divine Maker the resentment of the public conscience of the North was quick and unsparing.

Had Chief-Justice Taney's delineation been historically correct, it would have been nevertheless unwise and unchristian to embody it in the form of a disqualifying legal sentence and an indelible political brand. But its manifest untruth was clearly shown by Mr. Justice Curtis in his dissenting opinion. He reminded the Chief-Justice that at the adoption of the Constitution:

"In five of the thirteen original States colored persons then possessed the elective franchise, and were among those by whom the Constitution was ordained and established. If so, it is not true in point of fact that the Constitution was made exclusively by the white race, and that it was made exclusively for the white race is in my opinion not only an assumption not warranted by anything in the Constitution, but contradicted by its opening declaration that it was ordained and established by the people of the United States for themselves and their posterity; and as free colored persons were then citizens of at least five States, and so in every sense part of the people of the United States, they were among those for whom and whose posterity the Constitution was ordained and established."

Elsewhere in the same opinion he says:

"I shall not enter into an examination of the existing opinions of that period respecting the African race, nor into any discussion concerning the meaning of those who asserted in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. My own opinion is, that a calm comparison of these assertions of universal abstract truths, and of their own individual opinions and acts, would

not leave these men under any reproach of inconsistency; that the great truths they asserted on that solemn occasion they were ready and anxious to make effectual, wherever a necessary regard to circumstances, which no statesman can disregard without producing more evil than good, would allow; and that it would not be just to them, nor true in itself, to allege that they intended to say that the Creator of all men had endowed the white race exclusively with the great natural rights which the Declaration of Independence asserts."

Mr. Justice McLean, in his dissenting opinion, completes the outline of the true historical picture in accurate language:

"I prefer the lights of Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, as a means of construing the Constitution in all its bearings, rather than to look behind that period into a traffic which is now declared to be piracy, and punished with death by Christian nations. I do not like to draw the sources of our domestic relations from so dark a ground. Our independence was a great epoch in the history of freedom; and while I admit the Government was not made especially for the colored race, yet many of them were citizens of the New England States, and exercised the rights of suffrage when the Constitution was adopted, and it was not doubted by any intelligent person that its tendencies would greatly ameliorate their condition.

"Many of the States on the adoption of the Constitution, or shortly afterward, took measures to abolish slavery within their respective jurisdictions; and it is a well-known fact that a belief was cherished by the leading men, South as well as North, that the institution of slavery would gradually decline until it would become extinct. The increased value of slave labor, in the culture of cotton and sugar, prevented the realization of this expectation. Like all other communities and States, the South were influenced by what they considered to be their own interests. But if we are to turn our attention to the dark ages of the world, why confine our view to colored slavery? On the same principles white men were made slaves. All slavery has its origin in power and is against right."

To the constitutional theory advanced by the Chief-Justice, that Congress cannot exercise sovereign powers over Federal territories, and hence cannot exclude slave property from them, Justices McLean and Curtis also opposed a vigorous and exhaustive argument, which the most eminent lawyers and statesmen of that day deemed conclusive. The historical precedents alone ought to have determined the issue.

"The judicial mind of this country, State and Federal," says McLean, "has agreed on no subject within its legitimate action with equal unanimity as on the power of Congress to establish territorial governments. No court, State or Federal, no judge or statesman, is known to have had any doubts on this question for nearly sixty years after the power was exercised."

And Curtis adds:

"Here are eight distinct instances, beginning with the first Congress, and coming down to the year 1848, in

* The ownership of Dred Scott and his family passed by inheritance to the family of a Massachusetts Republican member of Congress. The following telegram, copied from the "Providence Post" into the "Washington Union," shows the action of the new owner:

which Congress has excluded slavery from the territory of the United States; and six distinct instances in which Congress organized governments of territories by which slavery was recognized and continued, beginning also with the first Congress, and coming down to the year 1822. These acts were severally signed by seven Presidents of the United States, beginning with General Washington, and coming regularly down as far as Mr. John Quincy Adams, thus including all who were in public life when the Constitution was adopted. If the practical construction of the Constitution, contemporaneously with its going into effect, by men intimately acquainted with its history from their personal participation in framing and adopting it, and continued by them through a long series of acts of the gravest importance, be entitled to weight in the judicial mind on a question of construction, it would seem to be difficult to resist the force of the acts above adverted to."

DOUGLAS AND LINCOLN ON DRED SCOTT.

MANIFESTLY, when the trained and informed intellects of the learned judges differed so radically concerning the principles of law and the facts of history applicable to the Dred Scott question, the public at large could hardly be expected to receive the new dogmas without similar divergence of opinion. So far from exercising a healing influence, the decision widened immensely the already serious breach between the North and the South. The persons immediately involved in the litigation were quickly lost sight of; * but the constitutional principle affirmed by the court was defended by the South and denounced by the North with zeal and acrimony. The Republican party did not further question or propose to disturb the final judgment in the case; but it declared that the Dred Scott doctrines of the Supreme Court should not be made a rule of political action, and precisely this the South, together with the bulk of the Northern Democrats, insisted should be done.

A single phase of the controversy will serve to illustrate the general drift of the discussion throughout the Union. Some three months after the delivery of the opinion of the court, Senator Douglas found himself again among his constituents in Illinois, and although there was no political campaign in progress, current events and the roused state of public feeling seemed to require that he should define his views in a public speech. It marks his acuteness as a politician that he already realized what a fatal stab the Dred Scott decision had given his vaunted principle of "Popular Sovereignty," with which he justified his famous repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He had ever since argued that congressional prohibition of slavery was obsolete and useless, and

"St. Louis, May 26 [1857]. Dred Scott with his wife and two daughters were emancipated to-day by Taylor Blow, Esq. They had been conveyed to him by Mr. Chaffee for that purpose."

that the choice of slavery or freedom ought to be confided to the local territorial laws, just as it was confided to local State constitutions. But the Dred Scott decision announced that slaves were property which Congress could not exclude from the territories, adding also the inevitable conclusion that what Congress could not do a territorial legislature could not.*

Difficult as this made his task of reconciling his pet hobby with the Dred Scott decision, such was his political boldness, and such had been his skill and success in sophistry, that he undertook even this hopeless effort. Douglas therefore made a speech at Springfield, Illinois, on the 12th of June, 1857, in which he broadly and fully indorsed and commended the opinion of Chief-Justice Taney and his concurring associates, declaring that

"Their judicial decisions will stand in all future time, a proud monument to their greatness, the admiration of the good and wise, and a rebuke to the partisans of faction and lawless violence. If unfortunately any considerable portion of the people of the United States shall so far forget their obligations to society as to allow the partisan leaders to array them in violent resistance to the final decision of the highest judicial tribunal on earth, it will become the duty of all the friends of order and constitutional government, without reference to past political differences, to organize themselves and marshal their forces under the glorious banner of the Union, in vindication of the Constitution and supremacy of the laws over the advocates of faction and the champions of violence."

Proceeding then with a statement of the case, he continued:

"The material and controlling points in the case, those which have been made the subject of unmeasured abuse and denunciation, may be thus stated: 1st. The court decided that under the Constitution of the United States, a negro descended from slave parents is not and can not be a citizen of the United States. 2d. That the act of March 6th, 1820, commonly called the Missouri Compromise act, was unconstitutional and void before it was repealed by the Nebraska act, and consequently did not and could not have the legal effect of extinguishing a master's right to his slave in that territory. While the right continues in full force under the guarantees of the Constitution, and cannot be divested or alienated by an act of Congress, it necessarily remains a barren and a worthless right, unless sustained, protected, and enforced by appropriate police regulations and local legislation, prescribing adequate remedies for its violation. These regulations and remedies must necessarily depend entirely upon the will and wishes of the people of the territory, as they can only be prescribed by the local legislatures. Hence the great principle of popular sovereignty and self-government is sustained and firmly established by the authority of this decision."

It is scarcely possible that Douglas convinced himself by such a glaring *non sequitur*; but he had no other alternative. It was a desperate expedient to shield himself as well as he might from the damaging recoil of his own

temporizing statesmanship. The declaration made thus early is worthy of historical notice as being the substance and groundwork of the speaker's somewhat famous "Freeport doctrine," or theory of "unfriendly legislation," to which Lincoln's searching interrogatories drove him in the great Lincoln-Douglas debates of the following year. Repeated and amplified at that time, it became in the eyes of the South the unpardonable political heresy which lost him the presidential nomination and caused the rupture of the Democratic National Convention at Charleston in the summer of 1860. For the moment, however, the sophism doubtless satisfied his many warm partisans. He did not dwell on the dangerous point, but trusted for oratorical effect rather to his renewed appeals to the popular prejudice against the blacks, so strong in central Illinois, indorsing and emphasizing Chief-Justice Taney's assertion that negroes were not included in the words of the Declaration of Independence, and arguing that if the principle of equality were admitted and carried out to its logical results, it would necessarily lead not only to the abolition of slavery in the slave States, but to the general amalgamation of the two races.

The Republican party of Illinois had been greatly encouraged and strengthened by its success in electing the State officers in the previous autumn; and as their recognized leader and champion, Lincoln made a reply to this speech some two weeks later, June 26th, 1857, also at Springfield. Though embracing other topics, the question of the hour, the Dred Scott decision, was nevertheless its chief subject. The extracts here presented from it will give the reader some idea of its power of statement and eloquence:

"And now," said Mr. Lincoln, "as to the Dred Scott decision. That decision declares two propositions—first, that a negro cannot sue in the United States courts; and secondly, that Congress cannot prohibit slavery in the territories. It was made by a divided court—dividing differently on the different points. Judge Douglas does not discuss the merits of the decision, and in that respect I shall follow his example, believing I could no more improve on McLean and Curtis, than he could on Taney. He denounces all who question the correctness of that decision, as offering violent resistance to it. But who resists it? Who has, in spite of the decision, declared Dred Scott free, and resisted the authority of his master over him? Judicial decisions have two uses—first, to absolutely determine the case decided, and, secondly, to indicate to the public how other similar cases will be decided when they arise. For the latter use they are called 'precedents' and 'authorities.' We believe as much as Judge Douglas (perhaps more) in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government. We think its decisions on constitutional questions, when fully settled, should control, not only the particular cases decided, but the general policy of the country, subject to be disturbed only by amendments of the Constitution as provided in that instrument itself. More than this would be revolution. But we

* 19 Howard, pp. 450-1.

think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this. We offer no resistance to it. Judicial decisions are of greater or less authority as precedents according to circumstances. That this should be so, accords both with common sense and the customary understanding of the legal profession. If this important decision had been made by the unanimous concurrence of the judges, and without any apparent partisan bias, and in accordance with legal public expectation, and with the steady practice of the departments throughout our history, and had been in no part based on assumed historical facts which are not really true; or, if wanting in some of these, it had been before the court more than once, and had there been affirmed and reaffirmed through a course of years, it then might be, perhaps would be, factious, nay, even revolutionary, not to acquiesce in it as a precedent. But when, as is true, we find it wanting in all these claims to the public confidence, it is not resistance, it is not factious, it is not even disrespectful, to treat it as not having yet quite established a settled doctrine for the country."

Rising above all questions of technical construction to the broad and universal aspects of the issue, Mr. Lincoln continued:

"The Chief-Justice does not directly assert, but plainly assumes as a fact, that the public estimate of the black man is more favorable now than it was in the days of the Revolution. This assumption is a mistake. In some trifling particulars the condition of that race has been ameliorated; but as a whole, in this country, the change between then and now is decidedly the other way; and their ultimate destiny has never appeared so hopeless as in the last three or four years. In two of the five States—New Jersey and North Carolina—that then gave the free negro the right of voting, the right has since been taken away; and in a third—New York—it has been greatly abridged; while it has not been extended, so far as I know, to a single additional State, though the number of the States has more than doubled. In those days, as I understand, masters could, at their own pleasure, emancipate their slaves; but since then such legal restraints have been made upon emancipation as to amount almost to prohibition. In those days, legislatures held the unquestioned power to abolish slavery in their respective States; but now it is becoming quite fashionable for State constitutions to withhold that power from the legislatures. In those days, by common consent, the spread of the black man's bondage to the new countries was prohibited; but now Congress decides that it will not continue the prohibition, and the Supreme Court decides that it could not if it would. In those days, our Declaration of Independence was held sacred by all, and thought to include all; but now, to aid in making the bondage of the negro universal and eternal, it is assailed, and sneered at, and construed and hawked at, and torn, till if its framers could rise from their graves they could not at all recognize it. All the powers of earth seem rapidly combining against him. Mammon is after him, ambition follows, philosophy follows, and the theology of the day is fast joining the cry. They have him in his prison house, they have searched his person and left no prying instrument with him. One after another they have closed the heavy iron doors upon him; and now they have him, as it were, bolted in with a lock of a hundred keys, which can never be unlocked without the concurrence of every key; the keys in the hands of a hundred different men, and they scattered to a hundred different and distant places; and they stand musing as to what invention, in all the dominions of

mind and matter can be produced to make the impossibility of his escape more complete than it is. . . .

"There is a natural disgust in the minds of nearly all white people at the idea of an indiscriminate amalgamation of the white and black races; and Judge Douglas evidently is basing his chief hope upon the chances of his being able to appropriate the benefit of this disgust to himself. If he can by much drumming and repeating fasten the odium of that idea upon his adversaries, he thinks he can struggle through the storm. He therefore clings to this hope as a drowning man to the last plank. He makes an occasion for lugging it in, from the opposition to the Dred Scott decision. He finds the Republicans insisting that the Declaration of Independence includes *all* men, black as well as white, and forthwith he boldly denies that it includes negroes at all, and proceeds to argue gravely that all who contend it does, do so only because they want to vote, and eat, and sleep, and marry with negroes. He will have it that they cannot be consistent else. Now I protest against the counterfeit logic which concludes that because I do not want a black woman for a slave I must necessarily want her for a wife. I need not have her for either. I can just leave her alone. In some respects she certainly is not my equal; but in her natural right to eat the bread she earns with her own hands, without asking leave of any one else, she is my equal and the equal of all others."

"Chief-Justice Taney, in his opinion in the Dred Scott case, admits that the language of the Declaration is broad enough to include the whole human family; but he and Judge Douglas argue that the authors of that instrument did not intend to include negroes, by the fact that they did not at once actually place them on an equality with the whites. Now this grave argument comes to just nothing at all by the other fact that they did not at once or ever afterwards actually place all white people on an equality with one another. And this is the staple argument of both the Chief-Justice and the senator, for doing this obvious violence to the plain, unmistakable language of the Declaration."

"I think the authors of that notable instrument intended to include all men; but they did not intend to declare all men equal in all respects. They did not mean to say all were equal in color, size, intellect, moral development, or social capacity. They defined with tolerable distinctness in what respects they did consider all men created equal—equal with 'certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' This they said, and this they meant. They did not mean to assert the obvious untruth that all were then actually enjoying that equality, nor yet that they were about to confer it immediately upon them. In fact they had no power to confer such a boon. They meant simply to declare the right, so that the enforcement of it might follow as fast as circumstances should permit. They meant to set up a standard maxim for free society, which should be familiar to all, and revered by all; constantly looked to, constantly labored for, and even though never perfectly attained, constantly approximated, and thereby constantly spreading and deepening its influence and augmenting the happiness and value of life to all people of all colors everywhere. The assertion that 'all men are created equal' was of no practical use in effecting our separation from Great Britain; and it was placed in the Declaration, not for that but for future use. Its authors meant it to be, as, thank God, it is now proving itself, a stumbling-block to all those who in after times might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism. They knew the proneness of prosperity to breed tyrants, and they meant when such should reappear in this fair land and commence their vocation, they should find left for them at least one hard nut to crack."

JACK.

By the author of "The Gates Ajar," "The Madonna of the Tubs," etc.

JACK was a Fairharbor boy. This might be to say any of several things; but it is at least sure to say one,—he was a fisherman, and the son of a fisherman.

When people of another sort than Jack's have told their earthly story through, the biography, the memorial, the obituary remains. Our poet, preacher, healer, politician, and the rest pass on to this polite sequel which society has ordained for human existence. When Jack dies, he stops. We find the fisherman squeezed into some corner of the accident column: "Washed overboard," or "Lost in the fog," and that is the whole of it. He ends just there. There is no more Jack. No fellow-members in the Society for Something-or-Nothing pass resolutions to his credit and the consolation of his family. No funeral discourse is preached over him and privately printed at the request of the parishioners. The columns of the religious weekly to which he did not subscribe contain no obituary sketches signed by the initials of friends not thought to be too afflicted to speak a good word for a dead man. From the press of the neighboring city no thin memorial volume sacred to his virtues and stone-blind to his defects shall ever issue. Jack needs a biographer. Such the writer of this sketch would fain aspire to be.

Jack was born at sea. His father was bringing his mother home from a visit at a half-sister's in Nova Scotia, for Jack's mother was one of those homesick, clannish people who pine without their relations as much as some of us pine with them; and even a half-sister was worth more to her in her fanciful and feeble condition than a whole one is apt to be to bolder souls.

She had made her visit at her half-sister's, and they had talked over receipts, and compared yeast, and cut out baby things, and turned dresses, and dyed flannel, and gone to prayer meetings together; and Jack's mother was coming home, partly because Jack's father came for her, and partly because he happened to come sober, which was a great point, and partly because the schooner had to sail, which was another,—she was coming home, at all events, when a gale struck them. It was an ugly blow. The little two-masted vessel swamped, in short, at midnight

of a moonlit night, off the coast, just the other side of seeing Cape Ann light. The crew were picked up by a three-master, and taken home. Aboard the three-master, in fright and chill and storm, the little boy was born. They always put it that he was born in Fairharbor. In fact, he was born rounding Eastern Point. "The toughest place to be borned in, this side o' Torment," Jack's father said. But Jack's mother said nothing at all.

Jack's father kept sober till he got the mother and the child safely into the little crumbling, gray cottage in half of whose meager dimensions the family kept up the illusion which they called home. Then, for truth compels me, I must state that Jack's father went straightway out upon what, in even less obscure circles than his, it is customary to call "a tear." There seems to be something in the savage, incisive fitness of this word which has overriden all mere distinctions of class or culture, and must ultimately make it a classic in the language. "I've stood it long as I ken stand, and I'm goin' on a tear,—I'm a-goin' on a *netarnal* tear," said Jack's father to his oldest dory-mate, a fellow he had a feeling for, much as you would for an oar you had handled a good many years; or perhaps a sail that you were used to, and had patched and watched, and knew the cracks in it, and the color of it, and when it was likely to give way, and whereabouts it would hold.

In fact, that proved to be, in deed and truth, an eternal tear for Jack's father. Drunk as a fisherman could be,—and that is saying a good deal,—he reshipped that night, knowing not whither nor why, nor indeed knowing that the deed was done; and when he came to himself he was twelve hours out, on his way to the Banks of Newfoundland; and the young mother, with the baby on her arms, looked out of the frosty window over the foot of her old bedstead, and watched for him to come, and did not like to tell the neighbors that she was short of fuel.

She was used to waiting—women are; Fairharbor women always are. But she had never waited so long before. And when, at the end of her waiting, the old dory-mate came in one night and told her that it happened falling from the mast because he was not sober enough to be up there, Jack's mother said she had always expected it. But

she had not expected it, all the same. We never expect trouble, we only fear it. And she had put the baby on the edge of the bed, and got upon her knees upon the floor, and laid her face on the baby, and tried to say her prayers,—for she was a pious little woman, not knowing any better,—but found she could not pray, she cried so. And the old dory-mate told her not to try, but to cry as hard as she could. And she told him he was very kind; and so she did. For she was fond of her husband although he got drunk; because he got drunk, one is tempted to say. Her heart had gone the way of the hearts of drunkards' wives; she loved in proportion to her misery, and gave on equation with what she lost. All the woman in her mothered her husband when she could no longer wifely worship him. When he died she felt as if she had lost her eldest child. So, as I say, she kneeled with her face on the baby, and cried as if she had been the blessedest of wives. Afterward she thought of this with self-reproach. She said one day to the old dory-mate:

"When my trouble came, I did not pray to God. I'd ought to have. But I only cried at Him."

Jack had come into the world in a storm, and he began it stormily. He was a big, roaring baby, and he became a restless boy. His mother's gentle and unmodified femininity was helpless before the problem of this wholly masculine little being. She said Jack needed a man to manage him. He smoked at six; he lived in the stables and on the wharves at eight; he came when he got ready, and went when he pleased; he obeyed when he felt like it, and when he was punished, he kicked. Once, in an imaginative moment, he bit her.

She sent him to pack mackerel, for they were put to it to keep soul and body together, and he brought home such habits of speech as even the Fairharbor woman had never heard. From her little boy, her baby,—not yet old enough to be out of short trousers, and scarcely out of little sacks, had he been *yours*, my Lady; at the pretty age when one still fastens lace collars round their necks, and has them under shelter by dark, and hears their prayers, and challenges the breath of heaven lest it blow too rudely on some delicate forming fiber of soul or body—from her little boy, at eight years old, the mother first learned the abysses of vulgarity in a seaport town.

It must be admitted that her education in this respect had been defective. She had always been one of the women in whose presence her neighbor did not speak too carelessly.

But Jack's mother had the kind of eyes which do not see mire,—the meek, religious, deep-blue eye which even growing sons re-

spect while they strike the tears from it. At his worst Jack regarded her as a species of sacred fact, much like heaven or a hymn. Sometimes on Sunday nights he staid at home with her; he liked to hear her sing. She sang Rock of Ages, in her best black alpaca with her work-worn hands crossed upon the gingham apron which she put on to save the dress.

But ah, she said, Jack needed a man to manage him. And one day when she said this, in spite of her gentle unconsciousness, or because of it, the old dory-mate to whom she said it said he thought so too, and said if she had no objection he would like to be that man.

And the Fairharbor widow, who had never thought of such a thing, said she didn't know as she had; for nobody knew, she said, how near to starving they had come; and it was something to have a sober man. So, on this reasonable basis, Jack acquired a step-father, and his step-father sent him straightway to the Grand Banks.

He meant it well enough, and perhaps it made no difference in the end. But Jack was a little fellow to go fishing,—only ten. His first voyage was hard; it was a March voyage; he got badly frostbitten, and the skipper was rough. He was knocked about a good deal, and had the measles by himself in his berth; and the men said they didn't know they had brought a baby to the Banks, for they were very busy; and Jack lay and cried a little, and thought about his mother, and wished he hadn't kicked her, but forgot it when he got well. So he swaggered about among the men, as a boy does when he is the only one in a crew, and aped their talk, and shared their grog, and did their hard work, and learned their songs, and came home with the early stages of moral ossification as well set in upon his little heart as a ten-year-old heart allows.

The next voyage did not mend the matter; nor the next. And though the old dory-mate was an honest fellow, he had been more successful as a dory-mate than he was as a step-father. He and Jack did not "get on." Sometimes Jack's mother wondered if he had needed a man to manage him; but she never said so. She was a good wife, and she had fuel enough, now; she only kissed Jack and said she meant it for the best, and then she went away and sang Rock of Ages to the tune of Martyn, very slow, and quite on the wrong key. It seemed to make her feel better, poor thing. Jack sometimes wondered why.

When he was twelve years old he came home from a winter voyage one night, and got his pay for his share,—boy's pay, yet, for a boy's share; but bigger than it used to be,—and did not go home first, but went rollicking off with a crowd of Portuguese. It was a Sun-

day night, and his mother was expecting him, for she knew the boat was in. His step-father expected him too,—and his money; and Jack knew that. His mother had been sick, but Jack did not know that; she had been very sick, and had asked for him a great deal. There had been a baby,—born dead while its father was off-shore after cod,—and it had been very cold weather; and something had gone wrong.

At midnight of that night some one knocked at the door of the crumbling cottage. The step-father opened it; he looked pale and agitated. Some boys were there in a confused group; they bore what seemed to be a lifeless body on a drag, or bob-sled; it was Jack, dead drunk.

It was the first time,—he was only twelve,—and one of the Fairharbor boys took the pipe from his mouth to explain:

"He was trapped by a Portygee, and they've stole every cent of him, 'n kicked him out 'n lef' him, stranded like a monk-fish, so me and the other fellers we borried a sled and brung him home, for we thought his mother'd rather. He ain't dead, but he's jest as drunk as if he was sixty!"

The Fairharbor boy mentioned this circumstance with a kind of abnormal pride, as if such superior maturity were a point for a comrade to make note of. But Jack's step-father went out softly and shut the door, and said:

"Look here, boys,—help me in with him, will you? Not *that* way. His mother's in there. She died an hour ago."

AND so the curse of his heredity came upon him. She never knew, thank Heaven. Her knowledge would have been a kind of terrible fore-omniscience, if she had. She would have had no hope of him from that hour. Her experience would have left her no illusions. The drunkard's wife would have educated the drunkard's mother too "liberally" for that. She would have taken in the whole scope and detail of the future in one midnight moment's breadth, as a problem in the higher mathematics may rest upon the width of a geometrical point. But she did not know. We say—I mean, it was our fashion of saying—that she did not know. God was merciful. She had asked for Jack, it seemed, over and over, but did not complain of him for not coming; she never complained of Jack. She said the poor boy must have staid somewhere to have a pleasant time; and she said they were to give her love to him, if he came in while she was asleep. And then she asked her husband to sing Rock of Ages for her, because she did not feel very strong. He couldn't sing,—more than a halibut, poor fellow; but he did not like to disappoint her, for he thought she looked what he

called "miser'ble"; so he sat down by the bed and raised his hoarse, weather-beaten voice to the tune of Martyn, as best he could, and mixed up two verses inextricably with a line from "Billy's on the Bright Blue Sea," which he added because he saw he must have something to fill out, and it was all he could think of,—but she thanked him very gently, and said he sang quite well; and said once more that he was to give her love to Jack; and went to sleep afterward; and, by and by, they could not wake her to see her boy of twelve brought to her drunk.

The curse of his heredity was upon him. We may blame, we may loathe, we may wonder, we may despair; but we must not forget. There were enough to blame without remembering. Jack, like all drunkards, soon learned this. In fact, he did not remember it very well himself,—not having been acquainted with his father; and never sentimentalized over himself nor whined for his bad luck,—but owned up to his sins, with the bluntness of an honest, bad fellow. He was rather an honest fellow, in spite of it all. He never lied when he was sober.

If the curse of his ancestry had come upon him, its compensatory temperament came too. Jack had the merry heart of the easy drinker.

Born with his father's alcoholized brain-cells, poor baby, endowed with the narcotined conscience which this species of parentage bequeaths, he fell heir to the kind of attractiveness that goes with the legacy.

He was a happy-go-lucky fellow. Life sat airily on him. He had his mother's handsome eyes dashed with his father's fun (for she couldn't take a joke, to save her); he told a good story; he did a kind deed; he was generous with his money when he had any, and never in the least disturbed when he hadn't. He was popular to the dangerous extent that makes one's vices seem a kind of social introduction, and not in Jack's circle alone, be it said. Every crew wanted him. Drunk or sober, as a shipmate he was at par. It was usually easy for him to borrow. The fellows made up his fines for him, there was always somebody to go bail for him when he got before the police court. Arrested perhaps a half dozen times a year in his maddest years, he never was sent to the House in his life. There were always people enough who thought it a pity to let such a good fellow go to prison. He had—I was going to say as a matter of course he had—curly hair. One should not omit to notice that he was splendidly tattooed. He was proud, as seamen are, of his brawny arms, dashed from wrist to shoulder with the decorative ingenuity of his class. Jack had aesthetic views of his own, indeed, about his personal allowance of indigo. He

had objected to the customary medley of anchors, stars, and crescents, and exhibited a certain reserve of taste, which was rather interesting. On his left arm he bore a very crooked lighthouse rising from a heavy sea; he was, in fact, quite flooded along the bicipital muscle with waves and billows, but nothing else interfered with the massive proportions of the effect. This was considered a masterly design, and Jack was often called upon to push up his sleeve and explain how he came by the inspiration.

Upon the other arm he wore a crucifix, ten inches long; this was touched with blood-red ink; the dead Christ hung upon it, lean and pitiful. Jack said he took the crucifix against his drowning. It was an uncommonly large and ornate crucifix.

Jack was a steady drinker at nineteen. At twenty-five he was what either an inexperienced or a deeply experienced temperance missionary would have called incurable. The intermediate grades would have confidently expected to save him.

Of course he reformed. He would not have been interesting if he had not. The unmitigated sot has few attractions even for seafaring society. It is the foil and flash, the by-play and side-light of character that "lead us on." Jack was always reforming. After that night when he was brought home on the bob-sled, the little boy was as steady and as miserable as he knew how to be for a long time; he drew the unfortunate inference that the one involved the other. By the time his mother's grave was green with the scanty Fairharbor church-yard grass,—for even the sea-wind seems to have a grudge against the very dead for choosing dry graves in Fairharbor, and scants them in their natural covering,—by that time rank weeds had overgrown the sorrow of the homeless boy. He and his step-father "got on" less than ever now, as was to be expected; and when one day Jack announced with characteristic candor that he was going to get drunk, if he went to Torment for it, the two parted company; and the crumbling cottage knew Jack no more. By and by, when his step-father was drowned at Georges', Jack borrowed the money for some black gloves and a hat-band. He had the reputation of being a polite fellow; the fisherman spelled it t-o-n-y. Truth to tell, the old dory-mate had wondered sometimes on Sunday afternoons if he *had* been the man to manage Jack; and felt that the main object of his second marriage had been defeated.

Jack, as I say, was always reforming. Every temperance society in the city had a hand at him. They were of the old-fashioned, easy type which took their responsibilities comfort-

ably. They held him out on a pair of moral tongs and tried to toast his misdemeanors out of him, before a quick fire of pledges and badges; and when he tumbled out of the tongs, and asked the president and treasurer why they didn't bow to him in the street when he was drunk, or why, if he was good enough for them at the lodge-room, he wasn't good enough to shake hands with before folks on the post-office steps, or propounded any of those ingenious posers with which his kind are in the habit of disturbing the benevolent spirit, they snapped the tongs to, and turned him over to the churches.

These touched him gingerly. They invited him into the free pews,—a dismal little row in the gallery,—sent him a tract or two, and asked him a few well-meant and very confusing religious questions to which Jack's replies were far from satisfactory. One ardent person, a recent convert, coaxed him into a weekly prayer-meeting. It was a very good, honest, uninteresting prayer-meeting, and there were people sitting there beside him with clean lives and clear faces whose motives Jack was not worthy to understand, and he knew enough to know it. But it happened to be a foreign mission prayer-meeting, devoted to the Burmese field; which was, therefore, be it said, not so much an argument against foreign missions, as a deficient means of grace to the fisherman. Jack was terribly bored. He ran his hands through his curls, and felt for his tobacco, and whispered to the young convert to know if there weren't any waits in the play so a man could get out without hurting anybody's feelings. But just then the young convert struck up a hymn, and Jack staid.

He liked the singing. His restless, handsome face took on a change such as a windy day takes on toward dusk, when the breeze dies down. When he found they were singing Rock of Ages, he tried to sing it too,—for he was a famous tenor on deck. But when he had sung a line or two,—flash! down in one of the empty pews in front, he saw a thin old lady with blue eyes, sitting in a black alpaca dress with her hands clasped on her gingham apron.

"That's my mother. Have I got the jim-jams?" asked this unaccustomed worshiper of himself. But then he remembered that he was sober. He could sing no longer after this, but bowed his head and looked into his old felt hat, and wondered if he were going to cry, or get religion. In point of fact, he did neither of these things, because a very old church-member arose just then, and said he saw a poor castaway in our midst to night, and he besought the prayers of the meeting for his soul. Jack stopped crying. He looked hard at the old church-member. He knew him; had

always known him. The fisherman waited till that prayer was through,—it was rather a long prayer,—and then he too sprang to his feet. He looked all around the decorous place; his face was white with the swift passion of the drinking man.

"I never spoke in meetin' in my life," said Jack in an unsteady voice. "I ain't religious. I drink. But I'm sober to-night, and I've got something to say to you. I heard what that man said. I know him. He's sold Jim Crownoby. I've always know'd Jim Crownoby. He owns a sight of property in this town. He's a rich man. He owns that block on Black street. You know he does. You can't deny it. Nor he can't neither. All I want to say is, I've got drunk in one of them places of his, time again; and if there ain't anybody but *him* to pray for my soul, I'd rather go to the devil."

Jack stopped short, jammed on his hat, and left the meeting. In the shocked rustle that followed, some one had the tact to start "Rescue the Perishing," as the fisherman strode down the broad aisle. He did not go again. The poor young convert followed him up for a week or two, and gave him an expensive Testament, bought out of an almost invisible personal income, in vain.

"I've no objections to you," said Jack candidly; "I'm much obliged to ye for yer politeness, sir. But them churches that sub-leases to a rum-seller, I don't think they understand a drinkin' man. Hey? Well, ain't he their biggest rooster, now? Don't he do the heft of the prayin', and the tallest of their crowin', consequent? Thought so. Better leave me go, sir. I ain't a pious man; I'm a fisherman."

"FISHES," said Jack, "is no fools."

He gave voice to this remark one day in Boston, when he was twenty-five years old. He was trying to entertain a Boston girl; she was not familiar with Fairharbor or with the scenery of his calling; he wanted to interest her; he liked the girl. He had liked a good many girls, it goes without saying; but this one had laid upon the fisherman—she knew not how, he knew not why, and what man or woman of us could have told him?—the power that comes not of reason, or of time, or of trying, or of wisdom, or of rightness, but of the mystery to which, when we are not speaking of Jack, we give the name of love. It seems a sacrilege, admit, to write it here, and of these two. But then, again, it would be easy to be wrong. The study of the relativity of human feeling is a delicate science; it calls for a fine moral equipment. If this were the high-water mark of nature for Jack—and who shall say?—the tide shall have its sacred due, even down among those weeds and in that mud.

He liked that girl, among them all, and her he thought of gently. He had known her a long time; as much as three months. When the vessel came into Boston to sell halibut, he had a few days there, drifting about as fishermen do, homeless and reckless; dashing out the wages just paid off, in ways that sometimes he remembered and sometimes he forgot, and that usually left him without a dollar toward his next fine when he should be welcomed by the police court of his native city on returning home.

Jack thought, I say, gravely of this girl. He never once took her name in vain among the fellows, and she had not been a very good girl either. But Jack reflected that he was not very good himself, if you came to that. His downright, honest nature stood him in stead in this moral distinction; there was always a broad streak of generosity in him at his worst; it goes with the temperament, we say, and perhaps we say it too often to give him half the credit of it.

She was a pretty girl, and she was very young. She had told Jack her story, as they strolled about the bright Boston streets on comfortable winter evenings; when he took her to the variety show, or to the oyster-shop, and they talked together. Jack pitied her. Perhaps she deserved it; it was a sad little story—and she was so very young! She had a gentle way, with Jack; for some reason, God knows why, she had trusted him from the first, and he had never once been known to disturb her trust. That was the pleasant part of it.

On this evening that we speak of, Jack was sober. He was often sober when he had an evening to spend with the Boston girl; not always—no; truth must be told. She looked as pretty as was in her that night; she had black eyes and a kind of yellow hair that Jack had never seen crinkled low on the forehead above black eyes before; he thought her as fine to look at as any actress he ever saw; for the stage was Jack's standard of the magnificent, as it is to so many of his sort. The girl's name was Teen. Probably she had been called Christine once, in her country home; she even told Jack that she had been baptized.

"I wasn't myself," said Jack; "I roared so, they darsen't do it. My mother got me to church, for she was a pious woman, and I pummeled the parson in the face with both fists, and she said she come away, for she was ashamed of me. She always said that christenin' wasn't never legal. It disappointed her, too. I was an awful baby."

"I should think likely," said Teen with candor. "Do you set much by your mother?"

"She's dead," said Jack in a subdued voice.



"I AIN'T RELIGIOUS, I DRINK."

Teen looked at him; she had never heard him speak like that.

"I 'most wished mine was," said the girl; "she'd 'a' b'en better off—along of me."

"That's so," said Jack.

The two took a turn in silence, up and down the brightly lighted street; their thoughts looked out strangely from their marred young faces; they felt as if they were in a foreign country. Jack had meant to ask her to take a drink, but he gave it up; he couldn't, somehow.

"Was you always a fisherman?" asked Teen, feeling, with a woman's tact, that somebody must change the current of the subject.

"I was a fisherman three generations back," Jack answered her; "borned a fisherman, you bet! I couldn't 'a' b'en nothin' else if I'd drown'd for it. It's a smart business. You hev to keep your wits about you. Fishes is no fools."

"Ain't they?" asked the girl listlessly. She was conscious of failing in conversational brilliancy; but the truth was, she couldn't get over what they had been saying: it was always unfortunate when she remembered her mother. Jack began to talk to her about his business again, but Teen did not reply; and when he looked down at her to see what ailed her, there were real tears rolling over her pretty cheeks.

"Why, Teen!" said Jack.

"Leave go of me, Jack," said Teen, "and let me get off; I ain't good company to-night. I've got the dumps. I can't entertain ye, Jack."

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And Jack—don't let's talk about mothers next time, will we? It spoils the evenin'. Leave go of me, and I'll go home by my own self. I'd rather."

"I won't leave go of you!" cried Jack with a sudden blazing purpose lighting up all the corners of his soul. It was a white light, not unholy; it seemed to shine through and through him with a soft glow like a candle on an altar. "I'll never leave go of you, Teen, if you'll say so. I'd rather marry you."

"Marry me?" said Teen.

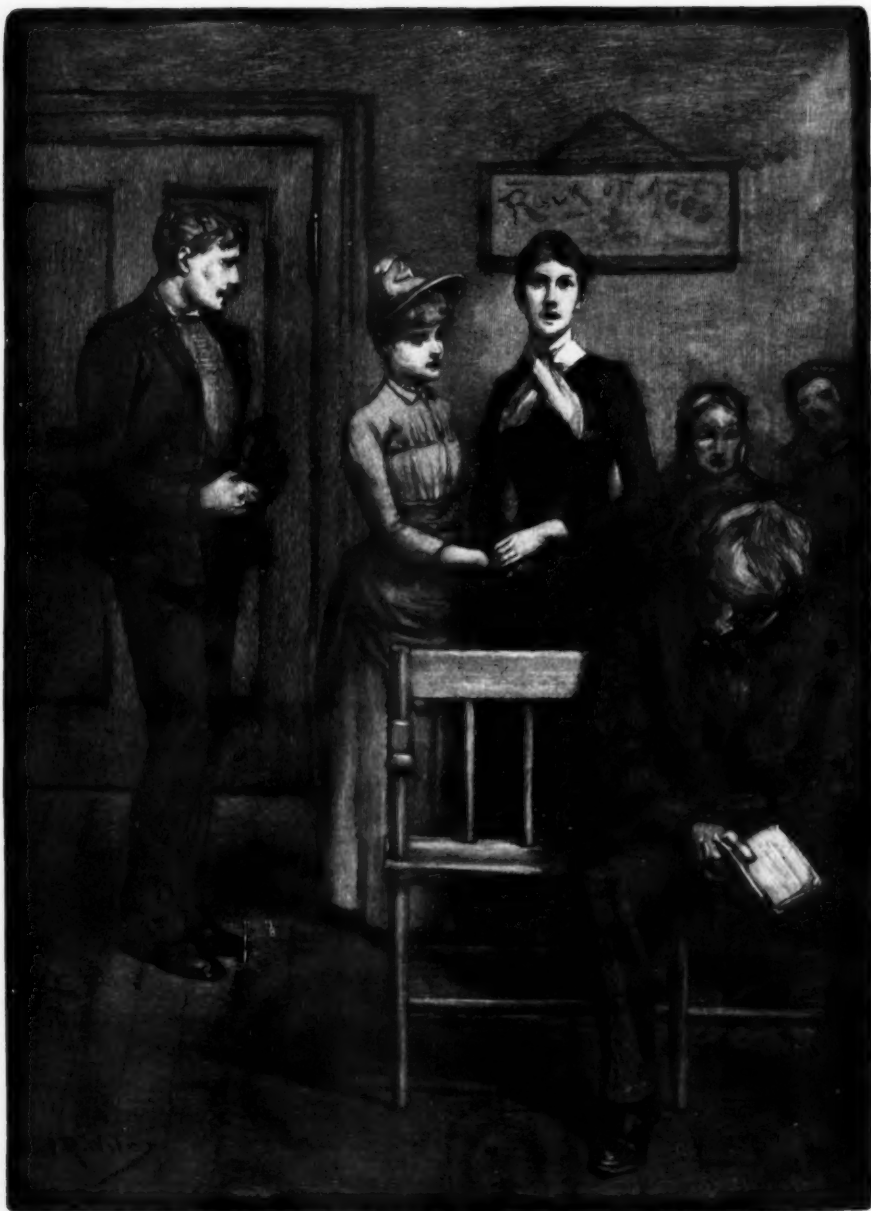
"Yes, marry you. I'd a sight rather. There, now! It's out with it. What do you say to that, Teen?"

Teen wiped away the tears that fell for her mother with one slow finger-tip. A ring on her finger glistened in the light as she did this. She saw the sparkle, tore off the ring and dashed it away; it fell into the mud, and was trodden out of sight instantly. Jack sprang gallantly to pick it up.

"Don't you touch it!" cried the girl. She put her bared hand back upon his arm; the ring had left a little mark upon her finger; she glanced at this, and up into Jack's handsome face; he looked very kind!

"Jack, dear," said Teen softly, "I ain't fit to marry ye."

"You're fitter'n I be," answered Jack manfully. Teen sighed; she did not speak at once; other tears came now, but these were



"ROCK OF AGES!"

tears for herself and for Jack. Jack felt this, after his fashion; they gave him singular confusion of mind.

"I wouldn't cry about it, Teen. you needn't have me if you don't want to."

"But I *do* want to, Jack."

"Honest?"

"Honest it is, Jack."

"Will ye make a good wife, Teen?" asked Jack, after some unprecedented thought.

"I'll try, Jack."

"You'll never go back on me, nohow?"

"I ain't that sort!" cried the girl, drawing herself up a little. A new dignity sat upon her with a certain grace which was beautiful to see.

"Will you swear it, Teen?"

"If you'd rather, Jack."

"What'll you swear by, now?" asked Jack.

"You must swear by all you hold holy."

"What *do* I hold holy?" mused Teen.

"Will you swear," continued Jack seriously, "will you swear to me by the Rock of Ages?"

"Who's that?" asked the girl.

"It's a hymn-tune. I want you to swear me by the Rock of Ages that you'll be that you say you will, to me. Will you do it, Teen?"

"Oh, yes," said Teen, "I'll do it. Where shall we come across one?"

"I guess I can find it," Jack replied. "I can find 'most anything I set out to."

So they started out at random, in their reckless fashion, in the great city, to find the Rock of Ages for the asking.

Jack led his companion hither and yon, peering into churches, and vestries, and missions, and wherever he saw signs of sacred things. Singing they heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad, and sad; but not the song for a girl to swear by, that she would be true wife to a man who trusted her.

Wandering thus, on the strange errand whose pathos was so far above their own dream or knowledge, they chanced at last upon the place, and the little group of people known in that part of Boston as Mother Mary's meeting.

The girl said she had been there once, but that Mother Mary was too good for her; she was one of the real kind. Everybody knew Mother Mary, and her husband; he was a parson. They were poor folks themselves, Teen said, and understood poor folks, and did for

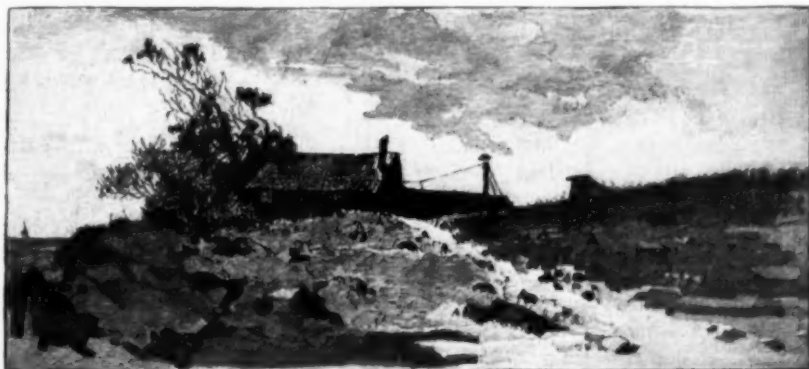
them all the year round, not clearing out like rich ones when it came hot weather, but stood by 'em, Teen said. They kept the little room open, and if you wanted a prayer you went in and got it, just as you'd call for a drink or a supper; it was always on hand for you, and a kind word sure to come with it, and you always knew where to go for 'em; and Mother Mary treated you like folks. She liked her, Teen said. If she'd been a different girl, she'd have gone there of a cold night all winter. But Teen said she felt ashamed.

"I guess she'll have what I'm after," said Jack. "She sounds like she would. Let's go in and see."

So they went into the quiet place, among the praying people, and stood staring, for they felt embarrassed. Mother Mary looked very white and peaceful; she was a tall, fair woman; she wore a black dress with white about the bosom; it was a plain, old dress, much mended. Mother Mary did not look rich, as Teen had said. The room was filled with poor creatures gathered about her, like her children, while she talked with them and taught them as she could. She crossed the room immediately to where the young man stood, with the girl beside him.

"We've come," said Jack, "to find the Rock of Ages." He drew Teen's hand through his arm, and held it for a minute; then, moved by some fine instinct mysterious to himself, he lifted and laid it in Mother Mary's own.

"Explain it to her, ma'am," he said; "tell her, won't you? I'm going to marry her if she'll have me. I want her to swear by something holy she'll be a true wife to me. She hadn't anything particularly holy herself, and the holiest thing I know of is the Rock of Ages. I've heard my mother sing it. She's dead. We've been huntin' Boston over to-night after the Rock of Ages."



THE CRUMBLING COTTAGE.



TEEN AND HER BABY.

Mother Mary was used to the pathos of her sober work, but the tears sprang now to her large and gentle eyes. She did not speak to Jack,—could not possibly, just then; but, delaying only for the moment till she could command herself, she flung her rich, maternal voice out upon the words of the old hymn. Her husband joined her, and all the people present swelled the chorus.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;

Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

They sang it all through,—the three verses that everybody knows,—and Jack and Teen stood listening. Jack tried to sing himself; but Teen hid her face, and cried upon his arm.

"Thou must save," sang the praying people; "Thou must save, and thou alone!"

The strain died solemnly; the room was quiet; the minister yonder began to pray, and all the people bowed their heads. But Mother Mary stood quite still with the girl's hand trembling in her own.

"Swear it, Teen?" Jack bent down his curly head and whispered; he would not

shame his promised wife before these people. "Swear by *that*, you'll be true wife to me?"

"I swear it, Jack," sobbed Teen. "If *that's* the Rock of Ages, I swear by it, though I was to die for it, I'll be an honest wife to you."

"COME back when you've got your license," said Mother Mary, smiling through her tears, "and my husband will marry you if you want him to."

"We'll come to-morrow," Jack answered gravely.

"Jack," said Teen in her pretty way,—for she had a very pretty way,— "if I'm an honest wife to you, will you be *kind* to me?" She did not ask him to swear it by the Rock of Ages. She took his word for it, poor thing. Women do.

MOTHER MARY's husband married them next day at the Mission meeting; and Mother Mary sat down at the melodeon in the corner of the pleasant place, and played and sang Toplady's great hymn for them, as Jack had asked her. It was his wedding march. He was very sober and gentle,—almost like a better man. Teen thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen.

"Oh, I say, Teen," he nodded to her as they walked away, "one thing I forgot to tell you,—I'm reformed."

"Are you, Jack?"

"If I ever drink a drop again, so help me —" But he stopped.

"So help you, Rock of Ages?" asked the new-made wife. But Jack winced; he was honest enough to hesitate at this.

"I don't know's I'd darst — *that*," he added ruefully. "But I'm reformed. I have lost all hanker for liquor. I shall never drink again. You'll see, Teen."

Teen did see, as was to be expected. She saw a great deal, poor thing. Jack did not drink,—for a long time; it was nearly five months, for they kept close count. He took her to Fairharbor, and rented the old half of the crumbling cottage where his mother used

to sit and watch for him on long, late evenings. The young wife did the watching now. They planted some cinnamon rose-bushes by the doorstep of the cottage, and fostered them affectionately. Jack was as happy and sober, as possible to begin with. He picked the cinnamon roses and brought them in for his wife to wear. He was proud to have a home of his own; he had not expected to; in fact he had never had one since that night when his mother said they were to give her love to him, if he came home while she was asleep. He had beaten about so, sleeping for the most part in his berth, and sailing again directly; he had never had any place, he said, to hang his winter clothes in; closets and bureaus seemed treasure-houses to him, and the kitchen-fire a luxury greater than a less good-looking man would have deserved. When he came home, drenched and chilly, from a winter voyage, and Teen took the covers off, and the fiery heat of the coals leaped out to greet him, and she stood in the rich color, with her yellow hair, young and fair and sweet as any man's wife could look, and said she had missed him, and called him her dear husband, Jack even went so far as to feel that Teen was the luxury. He treated her accordingly; that was at first. He came straight home to her; he kept her in flour and fuel; she had the little things and the gentle words that women need. Teen was very fond of him. This was the first of it,—I was going to say this was the worst of it. All there was of Teen seemed to have gone into her love for Jack. A part of Jack had gone into his love for Teen. Teen was very happy, to begin with. The respectable neighbors came to see her, and said, "We're happy to make your acquaintance." Nobody knew that it had not always been so that Teen's acquaintance would have been a source of social happiness. And she wrote to her mother that she was married; and her mother came on to make her a little visit; and Teen cried her soul out for joy. She was very modest and home-keeping and loving; no wife in the land was truer than this girl he had chosen was to the fisherman who chose her. Jack knew that. He believed in her. She made him happy; and therefore she kept him right.

All this was at first. It did not last. Why should we expect that, when we see how little there is in the relation of man and woman which lasts? If happy birth and gentle rearing, and the forces of what we call education, and the silken webs of spun refinements, are so strained in the tie which requires two who cannot get away from each other to make each other happy, how should we ask, of the law of chances, the miracle for Teen and Jack?

There was no miracle. No transubstantiation of the common bread to holy flesh was wrought upon that poor altar. Their lot went the way of other lots, with the facts of their history dead against them. Trouble came, and poverty, and children, and care, and distaste. Jack took to his old ways and his wife to the tears that they bring. The children died; they were poor sickly babies who wailed a little while in her arms, and slipped out because there wasn't enough to them to stay. And the gray house was damp. Some said it was diphtheria; but their mother said it was the will of God. She added, Might his will be done! On the whole she was not sorry. Their father struck her when he was in liquor. She thought if the babies lived they might get hurt. A month before the last one was born she showed to Jack's biographer a bruise across her shoulder, long and livid. She buttoned her dress over it with hasty repentance:

"Maybe I'd oughtn't to have told," she said. "But he said he'd be *kind* to me."

Jack was very sorry about this when he was sober. He kissed his wife, and bought a pair of pink kid shoes for the baby; which it never grew large enough to wear.

I am not writing a temperance story, only the biography of a fisherman, and a few words will say better than many how it was. Alcoholized brain-cells being one of the few bequests left to society which the heirs do not dispute, Jack went back to his habits with the ferocity that follows abstinence. Hard luck came. Teen was never much of a house-keeper; she had left her mother too early; had never been taught. Things were soggy, and not always clean; and she was so busy in being struck and scolded, and in bearing and burying babies, that it grew comfortless beside the kitchen fire. The last of the illusion which had taken the name of home within the walls of the crumbling half-cottage withered out of it, just as the cinnamon roses did the summer Jack watered them with whisky by a little emotional mistake.

A worse thing had happened too. Some shipmate had "told" in the course of time; and Teen's pre-matrimonial story got set adrift upon the current — one of the cruellest currents of its kind — of Fairharbor gossip. The respectable neighbors made her feel it, as only respectable neighbors do such things. Jack, raging, overheard her name upon the wharves. Teen had been "that she said she would" to him. He knew it. No matron in the town had kept her life or heart more true. In all her sickness and trouble and slackness, and in going cold or hungry, and in her vivid beauty that none or all of these things could quench, Teen had carried a sweet dignity of

her own as the racer in the old Promethean festival carried the torch while he ran against the wind. Jack knew,—oh, yes, he knew. But he grew sullen, suspicious. When he was drunk he was always jealous; it began to take that form. When he was sober he still admired his wife; sometimes he went so far as to remember that he loved her. When this happened, Teen dried her eyes, and brushed her yellow hair, and washed up the kitchen floor, and made the coffee, and said to the grocer when she paid for the sugar:

"My husband has reformed."

One night Jack came home unexpectedly; a strange mood sat upon him, which his wife did not find herself able to classify by any of the instant and exquisite perceptions which grow, like new faculties, in wives. He had been drinking heavily when he left her, and she had not looked for him for days; if he sailed as he was, it would be a matter of weeks. Teen went straight to him; she thought he might be hurt; she held out her arms as she would to one of her children; but he met her with a gesture of indifference, and she shrank back.

"She's here," said Jack. "Mother Mary's in this d—— town. I see her."

"I wish she'd talk to you," said Teen, saying precisely the wrong thing by the fatal instinct which so often possesses drunkards' wives.

"You do, do you?" quoth Jack. "Well, I don't. I haven't give her the chance." He crushed on his hat and stole out of the house again.

But his mood was on him yet; the difference being that his wife was out of it. He sulked and skulked about the streets alone for a while; he did not go back to the boys just then, but wandered with the apparent aimlessness in which the most tenacious aims are hidden. Mother Mary and her husband were holding sailors' meetings in the roughest quarter of the town. There was need enough of Mother Mary in Fairharbor. A crowd had gathered to hear the novelty. Fairharbor seamen were none too used to being objects of consideration; it was a matter of mark that a parson and a lady should hire a room from a rich fish-firm, pay for it out of their own scanty pockets, and invite one in from deck or wharf, in one's oil-clothes or jumper, to hear what a messmate of Jack's called "a high-toned prayer." He meant perhaps to convey the idea that the petition treated the audience politely.

Jack followed the crowd in the dark, shrinking in its wake, for he was now sober enough not to feel like himself. He waited till the last of the fellows he knew had gone into the

place and then crept up on tiptoe, and put his face against the window of the salt-cod warehouse where the little congregation was gathered, and looked in. The room was full and bright. It wore that same look of peace and shelter which he remembered. Mother Mary stood as she had stood before, tall and pale in her black dress with the white covering on her bosom. Her husband had been speaking to the fishermen, and she, as Jack put his gnarled hand to his excited eyes, and his eyes to the window-glass, turned her face full about, to start the singing. She seemed to Jack to look at him. Her look was sad. He felt ashamed, and cowered down below the window-sill. But he wanted to hear her sing,—he had never heard anybody sing like Mother Mary,—and so he staid there for a little while, curled against the fish-house. It began to rain and he was pretty wet; but Jack was in his jumper, and a ragged old jumper at that; he knew he was not so handsome as he used to be; he felt that he cut a poor figure even for a drunken fisherman; all the self-respect that life had left him shrank from letting Mother Mary see him. Jack would not go in. A confused notion came to him, as he crouched against the warehouse, in the showers, that it was just as well it should rain on him; it might wash him. He pushed up his sleeves, and let the rain fall on his arms. He found an old Cape Ann turkey box there was lying about, turned it edge-wise so that one ragged knee might rest upon it, and thus bring his eye to a level with the window-sill, while yet he could not be seen from within. So he crouched listening. The glimmer from the prayer-room came across the fisherman's bared right arm, and struck the crucifix. Jack had the unconscious attitude of one sinking, who had thrown up his arms to be saved. The Christ on the crucifix looked starved and sickly. Jack did not notice the crucifix.

At this moment, Mother Mary's yearning voice rang out above the hoarse chorus of the fishermen, whose weather-ragged and reverent faces lifted themselves mistily before her, as if they had been the countenance of one helpless man:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

"Oh, my God!" cried Jack.

It was the next day that some one told Mother Mary, at the poor boarding-house where she staid, that a woman wanted a few words with her. The visitor was Teen. She was worn and wan and sobbing with excitement. Her baby was soon to be born. She did not look as if she had enough to eat. She had come, she said, just to see Mother Mary,

just to tell her, for Jack never would tell himself, but she was sure her husband had reformed; he would never drink again; he meant to be a sober man; and Mother Mary ought to know she did it, for she did, God bless her!

"I've walked all this way to bless you for myself," said Teen. "I ain't very fit for walkin' nor I can't afford a ferry-ticket, for he didn't leave me nothin' on this trip, but I've come to bless you. My husband come to your meetin', Mother Mary, by himself, Jack did. He never goes to no meetin's,—nobody couldn't drove him; but he come to yours, because he says you treat a man like folks, and he wouldn't go inside, for he'd b'en drinkin' and he felt ashamed. So he set outside upon a box behind the winder and he peeked in. And he said it rained on him while he set peekin', for he wanted to get a look at you. And he come home and told me, for we'd had some words beforehand, and I was glad to see him. I was settin' there and cryin' when he come. 'I wouldn't, Teen,' says he, 'for I've seen Mother Mary, and I'm reformed,' says he. So he told me how he set upon the box and peeked. He says you looked straight at him. He says you stood up very tall and kind of white. He says you read something out of a book, and then you sang to him. He says the song you sang was Rock of Ages, and it made him feel so bad I had to cry to see him. He come in and he got down on the lounge against our window, and he put his hand across his eyes and groaned like he was hurt in an accident. And he says, 'Teen, I wished I was a better man.' And I says, 'Jack, I wished you was.' And he says, 'I lost the hanker when I heard her sing the Rock of Ages, and if I lost the hanker, I could swear off.' So I didn't answer him, for if I says 'do swear off,' he'd just swear on,—they won't, you know, for wives. But I made him a cup of coffee, for I didn't know what else to do, and I brought it to him on the lounge, and he thanked me. 'Teen,' he says, 'I'll never drink a drop again, so help me, Mother Mary!' And then he kissed me, for they don't, you know, after you've been married. And he's gone out haddockin', but we parted very kind. And so I come to tell you, for it mayn't be many days that I could walk it, and I've been that to him as I said I should, and I thought you'd better know."

"You've had no breakfast," answered Mother Mary, "and you've walked too far. Here, stop at the Holly Tree as you go home; get a bowl of soup; and take the ferry back. There, there! don't cry quite so hard. I'll try to stay a little longer. I won't leave town till Jack comes in. It takes the Rock of Ages to cure the hanker, Teen. But I've seen old-

er men than he is stop as if they had been stopped by a lasso thrown from heaven. If there's any save in him," added Mother Mary below her breath, "he shall have his chance, this time."

He went aboard sober, and sober he staid. He kept a good deal by himself and thought of many things. His face paled out and refined, as their faces do, from abstinence; the ghost of his good looks hovered about him; he mended up his clothes; he did a kind turn to a messmate now and then; he told some excellent clean stories, and raised the spirits of the crew; he lent a dollar to a fellow with the rheumatism who had an indebtedness to liquidate for medicine. When he had done this, he remembered that he had left his wife without money, and said aloud: "That's a — mean trick to play on a woman."

He had bad luck, however, that trip; his share was small; he made seven dollars and twenty-seven cents in three weeks. This was conceded by the crew of the fishing-schooner (her name was the *Destiny*) to be because Jack had, "sworn off." It is a superstition among them. One unfamiliar with the lives of these men will hammer cold iron if he thinks to persuade them that rum and luck do not go together; or that to "reform" does not imply a reduction of personal income. You might as well try to put the fisherman's fist into a Honiton lace jumper, as the fisherman's mind into proportion upon this point.

Therefore Jack took his poor trip carelessly; it was to be expected; he would explain it to Mother Mary when he got in. He drank nothing at all; and they weighed for home.

When Jack stepped off the *Destiny*, at Zephaniah Salt & Co.'s wharf at Fairharbor, after that voyage, clean, pale, good-natured, and sober, thinking that he would get shaved before he hurried home to Teen, and wishing he could pay the grocer's bill upon the way, and thinking that, in default of this, he would start an account at the market, and carry her a chop or a sausage, in fact thinking about her with an absorption which resembled consideration if not affection,—suddenly he caught her name upon the wharves.

It may have been said of accident, or of the devil,—God knew; they may have been too drunk to notice Jack at the first, or they may have seen and scented from afar the bad blood they stirred, like the hounds they were. It will never be told. The scandal of these places is incredibly barbarous; but it is less than the barbarity of drinking men to a man who strikes out from among themselves, and fights for his respectability.

The words were few,—they are not for us,—but they were enough to do the deed. Jack

was quite sober. He understood. They assailed the honor of his home, the truth of his wife; they hurled her past at her and at himself; they derided the trust which he had in her in absence; they sneered at the "reformed man" whose domestic prospects were—as they were; they exulted over him with the exultation in the sight of the havoc wrought, which is the most inexplicable impulse of evil.

Everybody knew how hot-blooded Jack was; and when the fury rushed red over his face painted gray by abstinence, there was a smart scattering upon the wharves.

His hand clapped to his pockets; but his was an old, cheap, rusty pistol (he had swapped a Bible and his trawls for it once, upon a spree, and got cheated); it held but one cartridge, and his wrist shook. The shot went sputtering into the water, and no harm came of it. Jack jammed the pistol back into his pocket; he glared about him madly, but had his glare for his pains; the men were afraid of him; he was alone upon the wharf.

It can hardly be said that he hesitated. Would that it could. Raving to himself,—head down, hands clenched, feet stumbling like a blind man's,—the fisherman sank into the first open door he staggered by, as a seiner pierced by an invisible swordfish sinks into the sea. He had fifteen such places to pass before he reached his house. His chances were—as they were—at best.

He drank for half an hour—an hour—a half more—came out, and went straight home.

It was now night of a February day. It had not been a very cold day; a light, clean snow had fallen, which was thawing gently. Jack, looking dimly on through his craze, saw the light of his half of the gray cottage shining ahead; he perceived that the frost was melted from the windows. The warm color came quietly down to meet him across the fresh snow; it had to him in his delirium the look of a woman's eyes when they are true, and lean out of her love to greet a man. He did not put this to himself in these words, but only said:

"Them lamps look like she used to,—curse her!" and so went hurtling on.

He dashed up against the house, as a bow-sprit dashes on the rocks, took one mad look through the unfrosted window, below the half-drawn curtain, and flung himself against the door, and in.

His wife sat there in the great rocking-chair, leaning back; she had a pillow behind her and her feet on the salt-fish box which he had covered once to make a cricket for her, when they were first married. She looked pale and pretty,—very pretty. She was talking to a visitor

who sat upon the lounge beside her. It was a man. Now, Jack knew this man well; it was an old mess-mate; he had sworn off, a year ago, and they had gone different ways; he used to be a rough fellow; but people said now you wouldn't know him.

"I ain't so drunk but I see who you be, Jim," began the husband darkly; "I'll settle with you another day. I've got that to say to my wife I'd say better if we missed your company. Leave us by ourselves!"

"Look here, Jack," Jim flashed good-humoredly, "you're drunk, you know. She'll tell you what I come for. You ask her. Seein' she wasn't right smart,—and there's them as says she lacked for victuals,—my wife sent me over here with a bowl of cranberry sass, so help me Heaven."

"I'll kill you some other evenin'. Leave us be!" cried Jack.

"We was settin' and talkin' about the Reform Club when you come in," objected Jim, with the patience of an old friend. "We was wonderin' if we couldn't get you to sign, Jack. Ask her if we wasn't. Come, now! I wouldn't make a fool of myself if I was you, Jack. See there. You've set her to cryin' already. And she ain't right smart."

"Clear out of my house!"* thundered Jack. "Leave us be by ourselves!"

"I don't know's I'd ought to," hesitated Jim.

"Leave us be! or I won't leave you be a d— minute longer! Ain't it my house? Get out of it!"

"It is, that's a fact," admitted the visitor, looking perplexed; "but I declare to Jupiter I don't know's I'd oughter leave it, the way things look. Have your senses, Jack, my boy! Have your senses! She ain't right smart."

But with this Jack sprang upon him, and the wife cried out between them, for the love of mercy, that murder would be done.

"Leave us be!" she pleaded, sobbing. "Nothin' else won't pacify him. Go, Jim, go, and shut the door, and thank her, for the cranberry sarse was very kind of her, and for my husband's sake don't tell nobody he wasn't kind to me. There. That's right. There."

She sank back into the rocking-chair, for she was feeble still; and looked gently up into her husband's face. All the tones of her agitated voice had changed.

She spoke very low, and calmly; as if she gathered her breath for the first stage of a struggle whose nature she solemnly understood. She had grown exceedingly pale.

"Jack, dear?" softly.

* Such peculiarities of Jack's pronunciation as were attributable to his condition will not be reproduced here.

"I'll give ye time," he answered with an ominous quiet. "Tell yer story first. Out with it!"

"I haven't got nothin' to tell, Jack. He brought the cranberry sarse, for his wife took care of me, and she was very kind. And he set a little and we was talkin' about the club, just as he says we was. It's Mother Mary's club, Jack. She's made Jim secretary, and she wanted you to join, for I told her you'd reformed. Oh, Jack, I told her you'd reformed!—Jack, Jack! Oh, Jack! What are you goin' to do to me! What makes you look like that?—Jack, Jack, *Jack!*"

"Stand up here!" he raved. He was past reason, and she saw it; he tore off his coat and pushed up his sleeves from his tattooed arms.

"You've played me false, I say; I trusted ye, and you've tricked me. I'll teach ye to be the talk upon the wharves another time when I get in from Georges'!"

She stood as he bade her, tottered and sank back; crawled up again, holding by the wooden arm of the rocking-chair, and stretched one hand out to him, feebly. She did not dare to touch him; if she had clung to him, he would have throttled her. When she saw him rolling up his sleeves, her heart stood still. But Teen thought:

"I will not show him I'm afraid of him. It's the only chance I've got."

The poor girl looked up once into his face, and thought she smiled.

"Jack? *Dear Jack!*"

"I'll teach ye! I'll teach ye!"

"Oh, wait a moment, Jack. For the love of Heaven,—stop a minute! I've been that I said I'd be to you, since we was married. I've been an honest wife to you, my boy, and there's none on earth nor heaven as can look me in the eye and darst to say I haven't. I swore to ye upon the Rock of Ages, Mother Mary witnessin',—why, Jack!" her voice sank to infinite sweetness, "have ye forgotten? You ain't yourself, poor boy. You'll be so sorry. I ain't very strong, yet,—you'd feel bad if you should hit me,—again. I'd hate to have you feel so bad. Jack dear, don't. Go look in the other room, before you strike again. Ye hain't seen it yet. Jack, for the love of mercy!—Jack! Jack!"

"Say you've played me false, and I'll stop. Own up, and I'll quit. Own up to me, I say!"

"I can't own up to you, for I swore you by the Rock of Ages; I swore ye I would be an honest wife. You may pummel me to death, but I'll not lie away them words I swore to ye . . . by that, . . . Jack, for the love of Heaven, don't ye, Jack! For the way you used to feel to me, dear, dear Jack! For the sake of the babies we had, . . . and you walked beside of me, to bury 'em! Oh, for

God's sake. . . . *Jack!* . . . Oh, you said you'd be *kind* to me. . . . Oh, ye'll be so sorry! For the love of pity! For the love of God! Not the *pistol!* Oh, for the Rock of—"

But there he struck her down. The butt end of the weapon was heavy enough to do the deed. He struck, and then flung it away.

Upon his bared arm, as it came crashing, the crucifix was spattered red.

He stood up stupidly and looked about the room. The covers were off the kitchen stove, and the heart of the coals blazed out. Her yellow hair had loosened as she fell, and shone upon the floor.

He remembered that she spoke about the other room, and said of something yonder, that he hadn't seen it yet. Confusedly he wondered what it was. He stumbled in and stared about the bedroom. It was not very light there, and it was some moments before he perceived the cradle, standing straight across his way. The child waked as he hit the cradle, and began to cry, stretching out its hands.

He had forgotten all about the baby. There had been so many.

"You'd better get up, Teen," he said as he went out; "it's cryin' after you."

He shut the door and staggered down the steps. He hesitated once, and thought he would go back and say to her:

"What's the use of layin' there?"

But he thought better, or worse, of it, and went his way. He went out and reshipped at once, lingering only long enough to drink madly on the way, at a place he knew where he was sure to be let alone. The men were afraid of Jack, when he was so far gone under as this. Nobody spoke to him. He went down to Salt Brothers' wharf, opposite Salt & Co.'s, and found the *Daredevil*, just about to weigh. She was short by one hand, and took him as he was.

He was surprised to find himself aboard when the next sun went down; he had turned in his bunk and was overheard to call for Teen, ordering her to do some service for him, testily enough.

"Oh," he muttered, "she ain't here, is she? Be blasted if I ain't on the *Daredevil*."

He was good for nothing, for a matter of days, and silent or sullen for the trip. It had been a very heavy spree. He fell to, when he came to himself, and fished desperately; his luck turned, and he made money; he made seventy-five dollars. They were gone three weeks. They had a bitter voyage, for it was March. They struck a gale at Georges', and another coming home. It snowed a great deal, and the rigging froze. The crew were

uncommonly cold. They kept the steward cooking briskly, and four or five hot meals a day were not enough to keep one's courage up. They were particular about their cooking, as fishermen are, and the steward of the *Daredevil* was famous in his calling. But it was conceded to be unusually cold, even for March, at Georges'. One must keep the blood racing, somehow, for life's sake.

Whisky flowed fast between meals. Jack was observed not to limit himself. "It was for luck," he said. Take it through, it was a hard trip. The sober men — there were some — looked grim and pinched; the drinkers ugly.

"It's a hound's life," said a dory-mate of Jack's one day. His name was Rowe — Rowe Salt; he was a half-brother of Jim's. But Jim was at home. And Teen, of course, was at home. Jack had not spoken of her; he had thought of her, — he had thought of nothing else. God knows what those thoughts had been. When Rowe spoke to him in this fashion, Jack looked hard at him.

"I've been thinkin' ef it disobliterated a fellow," he said.

"Hey?" asked Rowe.

"If you was treated like folks; but you ain't. You're froze. You're soaked. You're wrecked. Your nets is stole. You're drove off in the fog. You're drowned, and you lose your trawls. If you swear off, you miss your luck. It's dirty aboard. Folks don't like the looks of you. There's alwers a hanker in the pit o' your stomick. When you get upon a tear you don't know what you — do to — folks."

Jack stopped himself abruptly, and leaned upon his oar; they were trawling, and the weather grew thick.

"Rowe," he said, staring off into the fog, "did ye ever think we was like fishes, us Fair-harbor folks?"

"I don't know's I hev," said the dory-mate, staring too.

"Well, we be, I think. We live in it and we're drowned in it, and we can't get out on't, — we can't *get* out. We look like 'em too. I've thought about that. Some of us look like haddock. You've got the halibut look yourself. Skipper, he's got the jib of a monk-fish, — you ken see it for yourself. There's a man I messed with, once, reminded me of a sculpin. I guess I'd pass for a lobster, myself, — for color, anyhow. We take it out someways, each on us. Don't ye know the look the women folks have when they get old and have gone hungry? You can tell by the build of a boy which way he'll turn out, — halibut way, or hake, or mebbe mackerel if he's sleek and little. It's a kind of a birth-mark. I shouldn't wonder. There's no gettin' out on't, no more'n it out of you. Sometimes I used to think —

"Good Lord!" cried Jack. He laid down his oar again, and the dory wheeled to starboard sharply.

"Rowe Salt, you look there! you tell me if you see a woman yonder on the water!"

"You've got the jim-jams, Jack. Women folks don't walk at Georges. I can't see nothin' nowhere, but it's thick as —"

"It's thick as hell," interrupted Jack, "and there's a woman walkin' on the water, — Lord! don't you see her? Lord! her hair is yeller hair, and it's streamin' over her, — don't *you* see her? She's walkin' on this devilish fog towards the dory, — Teen? Teen! There! Lord save me, Rowe, if I didn't see my wife come walkin' towards us, us settin' in this dory. — Hi-i-igh! I'll swear off when I get home. I'll tell her so. I hate to see such things.

"You see, Rowe," Jack added presently, — for he had not spoken after that, but had fallen grimly to work. It was ten below and the wind was taking the backward spring for a bitter blow; both men, tugging at their trawls through the high and icy sea, were suffering too much to talk, — "ye see we had some words before I come aboard, and she warn't right smart. The baby can't be very old. I don't know how old it is. I was uncommon drunk; I don't remember what I did to her. I'm afraid I hit her, — for I had some words with her. I wished I was at home. She won't tell nobody. She never does. But I'm set to be at home and tell her I've sworn off. I've got money for her this trip too; I'm afraid she's in a hurry for it."

After this outburst of confidence, Jack seemed to cling to his dory-mate; he followed him about deck, and looked wistfully at him. Jack had begun to take on the haggard look of the abstainer once again. The crew thought he did not seem like himself. He had stopped drinking, abruptly, after that day in the fog, and suffered heavily from the weather and from exposure.

"I say, Rowe," he asked one day, "if anything was to happen, would you jest step in and tell my wife I didn't believe that yarn about her? She'll know."

Now it befell, that when they were rounding Eastern Point, and not till then, they bespoke the *Destiny*, which was outward bound, and signaled them. She drew to speaking distance, and her skipper had a word with the master of the *Daredevil*, but he spoke none too loud, and made his errand quickly, and veered to his own course, and the two boats parted company, and the *Daredevil* came bustling in. They were almost home.

It was remembered afterward that Jack was badly frosted upon that voyage; he looked badly; he had strange ways; the men did not

know exactly how to take him. He was overheard to say:

"I ain't a-goin' to go to Georges' again."

Rowe Salt overheard this, after the skipper of the *Destiny* had signaled and tacked. Jack was sitting aft alone, when he said it, looking seaward. He had paid little or no attention to the incident of the *Destiny*, but sat staring, plunged in some mood of his own which seemed as solitary, as removed from his kind and from their comprehension, as the moods of mental disorder are from the sane.

So then, with such dexterity as the ignorant man could muster, Salt got his friend below, on some pretext, and stood looking at him helplessly.

"You don't look well, Rowe," Jack suggested pleasantly.

"Jack," said his dory-mate, turning white enough, "I'll make no bones of it, nor mince nothin', for somebody's got to tell ye, and they said it must be me. There's a warrant after ye. The sheriff's on the tug betwixt us and the wharf. She's layin' off of the island, him aboard of her."

"I never was in prison," faltered Jack. "The boys have always bailed me."

"Tain't a bailin' matter, Jack, this time."

"What did you say?"

"I said it wasn't a bailin' business. Somebody's got to tell you."

Jack gazed confidently up into his friend's face.

"What was it that I done, old boy? Can't ye tell me?"

"Let the sheriff tell you. Ask the sheriff. I'd rather it was the sheriff told you, Jack."

"Tell me what it is I done, Rowe Salt; I'd tell you." He looked puzzled.

"The sheriff knows more about it nor I do," begged the fisherman; "don't make an old messmate tell you."

"All right," said Jack, turning away. He had now grown very quiet. He pleaded no more, only to mutter once:

"I'd rather heard it from a messmate."

Rowe Salt took a step or two, turned, stopped, stirred, and turned again.

"You killed somebody, then, if you will know."

"Killed somebody?"

"Yes."

"I was drunk and killed somebody?"

"Lord help you, yes."

"I hope," hoarsely — "Look here, Salt, I hope Teen won't know."

"I say, Rowe," after a long pause, "who was it that I killed?"

"Ask the sheriff."

"Who was it that I killed?"

"The skipper'll tell you, mebbly. I won't.

No, I vow I won't. Let me go. I've done my share of this. Let me up on deck! I want the air!"

"I won't let you up on deck — so help me! — till you tell!"

"Let me off, Jack, let me off!"

"Tell me who it was, I say!"

"Lord in heaven, the poor devil don't know, — he really don't."

"I thought you would ha' told me, Rowe," said Jack with a smile, — his old winning smile, that had captivated his messmates all his life.

"I will tell you!" cried Rowe Salt with an oath of agony. "You killed your wife. You murdered her. She's dead. Teen ain't to home. She's dead."

THEY made way for him at this side and at that, for he sprang up the gangway, and dashed among them. When he saw them all together, and how they looked at him, he stopped. A change seemed to strike his purpose, be it what it might.

"Boys," said Jack, looking all about, "ye won't have to go no bail for me. I'll bide my account, this time."

He parted from them, for they let him do the thing he would, and got himself alone into the bows, and there he sank down, crouching, and no one spoke to him. The *Daredevil* rounded Eastern Point, and down the shining harbor, all sails set, came gayly in. They were almost home.

Straightway there started out upon the winter sea a strong, sweet tenor, like a cry. It was Jack's voice, — everybody knew it. He stood by himself in the bows, back to them, singing like an angel or a madman, — some said this; some said the other, —

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!

Let me hide myself in thee; . . .

Thou must save, and thou alone. . . .

When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,"

sang Jack.

With the ceasing of his voice, they divined how it was, by one instinct, and every man sprang to him. But he had leaped and gained on them.

The waters of Fairharbor seemed themselves to leap to greet him as he went down. These that had borne him and ruined him buried him as if they loved him. He had pushed up his sleeves for the spring, hard to the shoulder, like a man who would wrestle at odds.

As he sank, one bared arm thrust above the crest of the long wave, lifted itself toward the sky. It was his right arm, on which the crucifix was stamped.

WHITE and gold as the lips and heart of a lily, the day blossomed at Fairharbor one June Sunday, when these things were as a tale that is told. It was a warm day, sweet and still. There was no wind, no fog. The harbor wore her innocent face. She has one; who can help believing in it, to see it? The waves stretched themselves upon the beach as if they had been hands laid out in benediction; and the colors of the sky were like the expression of a strong and solemn countenance.

So thought Mother Mary, standing by her husband's side that day, and looking off from the little creature in her arms to the faces of the fishermen gathered there about her for the service. It was an open-air service, held upon the beach, where the people she had served and loved could freely come to her—and would. They had sought the scene in large numbers. The summer people, too, strolled down, distant and different, and hung upon the edges of the group. They had a civil welcome, but no more. This was a fisherman's affair; nobody needed them; Mother Mary did not belong to them.

"The meetin's ours," said Rowe Salt. "It's us she's after. The boarders ain't of no account to her."

His brother Jim was there with Rowe, and Jim's wife, and some of the respectable women neighbors. The skipper of the *Daredevil* was there, and so were many of Jack's old messmates. When it was understood that Mother Mary had adopted Jack's baby, the news had run like rising tide, from wharf to wharf, from deck to deck,—everybody knew it, by this time. Almost everybody was there, to see the baptism. The Fairharbor fishermen were alert to the honor of their guild. They turned out in force to explain matters, sensitive to show their best. They would have it understood that one may have one's faults, but one does not, therefore, murder one's wife.

The scene in the annals and the legends of Fairharbor was memorable, and will be long. It was as strange to the seamen as a leaf thrown over from the pages of the Book of Life, inscribed in an unknown tongue of which they only knew that it was the tongue of love. Whether it spoke as of men or of angels, they would have been perplexed to say.

Into her childless life, its poverty, its struggles, its sacrifices, and its blessed hope, Mother Mary's great heart took the baby as she took a man's own better nature for him; that which lay so puny and so orphaned in those wild lives of theirs, an infant in her hands.

Jack's baby, *Jack's* baby and Teen's, as if it had been anybody's else baby, was to be

baptized "like folks." Jack's baby, poor little devil, was to have his chance.

The men talked it over gravely; it affected them with a respect one would not anticipate, who did not know them. They had their Sunday clothes on. They were all clean. They had a quiet look. One fellow who had taken a little too much ventured down upon the beach, but he was hustled away from the christening and ducked in the cove, and hung upon the rocks to dry. One must be sober who helped to baptize that baby.

This was quite understood.

They sang the hymn, Jack's hymn and Teen's: of course they sang the Rock of Ages, and Mother Mary's husband read "the chapter" to them, as he was used, and spoke with them; and it was so still among them that they could hear each wave of the placid sea beat evenly as if they listened to the beating of a near and mighty peaceful heart. Mother Mary spoke with them herself a little. She told them how she took the child, in despair of the past, in hope of the future; in pain and in pity, and in love; yearning over him, and his, and those who were of their inheritance, and fate, their chances, and their sorrows, and their sins. She told them of the child's pure heart within us all, which needs only to be mothered to be saved; which needs only that we foster it, to form it; which needs that we treat it as we do other weak and helpless things, whether in ourselves or in another. What was noble in them all, she said, was to them like this little thing, to her. It was a trust. She gave it to them, so she said, as she took the baby, here before their witnessing, to spare him from their miseries, if she might.

They were touched by this, or they seemed to be; for they listened from their souls.

"We'd oughter take off our hats," somebody whispered. So they stood uncovered before the minister, and Mother Mary; and Jack's poor baby. The sacred drops flashed in the white air. Dreamily the fishermen heard the sacred words:

"In the name of the Father: And of the Son: And of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

But no one heard the other words, said by Mother Mary close and low, when she received the child into her arms again, and bowed her face above it:

"My son, I take thee for the sake and for the love of thy father, and of thy mother. Be thou their holy ghost."

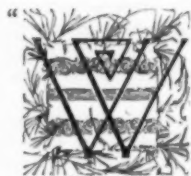
But the fishermen, used not to understand her, but only to her understanding them, perceiving that she was at prayer, they knew not why, asking of Heaven they knew not what, the fishermen said: *Amen. Amen.*

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

HOW FOOD NOURISHES THE BODY.

THE CHEMISTRY OF FOODS AND NUTRITION. II.

"These problems, which are of such great importance for physiology, for medicine, and for social economy, cannot be solved without untiring patience and very considerable means."—*Voit*.



"Eat to live." The eating of bread and meat is a simple matter, but the ways in which the different constituents of the food perform their offices in the maintenance of life are problems as profound as any with which physical science has to deal. The works of nature culminate in man. In his organism her operations are most complex and recondite. The laws which regulate our physical being are discovered but slowly and by the most ingenious and profound research. Those which govern the nutrition of our bodies have been shrouded in mystery which only the investigation of later time has begun to unveil. But, here as elsewhere, the crude and often fantastic theories of the past are being gradually replaced by the more certain knowledge of the present.

In the previous article we noticed the chemical composition of the human body and of the

food by which it is nourished. It appeared that our bodies and our food both are composed of the same chemical elements, and that the compounds of these elements which chemical analysis reveals in the food are likewise very similar to the compounds of which our bodies are composed. This, indeed, we should expect from the very fact that the body is made of the food.

The reproduction below of a chart from the previous article of this series describes the principal constituents of our foods. The proportions of the several ingredients in a number of food-materials are shown in Diagram III. of the previous article.

But the food does more than to furnish the material of which the body is built up. As our tissues, muscle and tendon, bone and brain, are continually worn out with work and thought and worry, it is with the ingredients of food that they are repaired, and it is our food that supplies the fuel by whose consumption the heat and strength of the body are maintained.

INGREDIENTS OF FOOD-MATERIALS.

NUTRIENTS AND NON-NUTRIENTS.

Our ordinary food-materials, such as meat, fish, eggs, potatoes, wheat, etc., consist of:

REFUSE: *E. g.*, the bones of meat and fish, shells of eggs, skin of potatoes, and bran of wheat.

EDIBLE PORTION: *E. g.*, the flesh of meat and fish, whites and yolk of eggs, wheat flour.

The edible substance consists of:

WATER,
NUTRITIVE INGREDIENTS OR NUTRIENTS.

The principal kinds of nutrients are:

1. PROTEIN, 3. CARBOHYDRATES,
2. FATS, 4. MINERAL MATTERS.

The water and refuse are called non-nutrients. The water contained in foods and beverages has the same composition and properties as other water, and it is, of course, indispensable for nourishment, but is not a nutrient in the sense in which the word is here used.

CLASSES OF NUTRIENTS.

The following are familiar examples of compounds of each of the four principal classes of nutrients:

- | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|
| PROTEIN | { | a ALBUMINOIDS: Albumen (white) of eggs; casein (curd) of milk; myosin, the basis of muscle (lean meat); gluten of wheat, etc. |
| | | b GELATINOIDS: Collagen of tendons; ossein of bones; which yield gelatin or glue. |
| FATS | { | <i>E. g.</i> , fat of meat; fat (butter) of milk; olive oil; oil of corn, wheat, etc. |
| CARBOHYDRATES | { | <i>E. g.</i> , sugar, starch, cellulose (woody fiber). |
| MINERAL MATTERS | { | <i>E. g.</i> , calcium phosphate, or phosphate of lime; sodium chloride (common salt). |

It is to be especially noted that the protein compounds contain nitrogen, while the fats and carbohydrates have none. Meats and fish contain very small quantities of a class of compounds called "extractives" (the chief ingredients of beef tea and meat extract), which contain nitrogen, and hence are commonly classed with protein. The albuminoids and gelatinoids are sometimes called proteids.

The physiological chemistry of to-day looks upon the body as a sort of machine. Food is the raw material; heat, muscular strength, and other forms of energy are the products. But this does not exactly express the idea; for both the machine and its products come from the transformation of the food, and furthermore, the body is continually consuming not only food but its own substance also, in order to generate heat to keep itself warm, and muscular and intellectual energy to do its own work.

The particular question I wish to speak of now is this: What parts do the several classes of nutrients of food, the protein, fats, carbohydrates, etc., play in the nutrition of the body? Or, to put it in another way, of what constituents of the food are flesh and fat made up, what ones supply us with warmth and muscular strength, and what are the chemical transformations which our nutriment continually undergoes in supplying our bodily wants? These transformations belong to what the physiologists are teaching us to call metabolism. It is a part of this subject of metabolism that we have now to consider.

When we know what are the kinds and amounts of nutritive substances our bodies need and our food-materials contain, then and not till then shall we be able to adjust our diet to the demands of health and purse.

The ways in which the body makes use of its food are found out by experiments made with living animals, with pigeons, geese, rabbits, dogs, sheep, goats, oxen, horses and many others, including men. The experimenting of the last few years, particularly, has been very extensive, and has brought extremely important results. To give a brief account of some of these researches and their principal results as applied to the nutrition of man is the object of this article. Will the reader first permit a few technical statements which seem necessary by way of introduction?

If we could follow the course of a molecule of the protein of the meat we eat from the time when, after being digested, it is taken into the blood, and carried and stored in the arm as muscle and afterwards consumed; if we were gifted with vision acute enough to trace the journeyings and transformations of a particle of the fat of the same meat or of the starch of the bread eaten with it, until it is deposited as fat in the muscle or in adipose tissue, or is disintegrated and united with the oxygen of the inhaled air, yielding warmth or strength, the answer to our questions as to how the different nutrients do their work might be made very plain. But vitally important as these processes are, near as they are to us, parts as they are of us, they have been almost entirely beyond our ken until late experimental re-

search has found a practicable way for learning about them. This way of finding how food is used consists in the comparison of the income with the outgo of the body.

The body creates nothing for itself, either of material or energy; all must come to it from without. Every atom of carbon, hydrogen, phosphorus, or other elements; every molecule of protein, carbohydrates or other compounds of these elements, is brought to the body with the food and drink it consumes and the air it breathes. Like the steam-engine, it simply uses the material supplied to it. Its chemical compounds and its energy are the compounds and the energy of the food transformed.

The science of nutrition as it is taught to-day has this marked peculiarity, that it is a matter of definite quantities of income and expenditure, measured in terms of chemical elements and compounds, and of heat and mechanical energy. It is based upon a kind of chemical book-keeping, and the accuracy of its teaching is, in a certain sense, proportional to the accuracy with which the accounts are kept. The items of the account are obtained from experiments with living organisms, with animals fed upon different food-materials, under circumstances and with appliances which render feasible the accurate measurement of income and outgo.

DAILY INCOME AND EXPENDITURE OF THE BODY.—METABOLISM.

Food, drink, and oxygen of inhaled air constitute the income of the body. Part of this material is transformed into blood, muscle, fat, bone, and other tissues. The rest, together with the materials worn out with use, undergo still further chemical transformations. The compounds thus formed are finally given off from the body and constitute its outgo, or expenditure of material.

A small part of the food passes through the alimentary canal undigested and is excreted by the intestine. The larger part is digested, taken into the blood, and distributed through the body. Some of it is used to build up tissues, as in the case of the growing child; some is used to repair the tissues that are being continually disintegrated; but ultimately the oxygen brought from the air through the lungs unites with the carbon and hydrogen of the food or of the tissues consumed, forming carbonic acid and water, while the nitrogen with part of the carbon and hydrogen forms urea and similar products. The urea and allied compounds escape by way of the kidneys, the carbonic acid is given off by the lungs and skin, and the water by the lungs, skin, and

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kidneys. So, since tissues are made up of the food, practically all of the digested protein, fats, and carbohydrates finally leave the body as urea, carbonic acid, and water.

Let us take, for instance, the case of an ordinary man, say a mechanic or a day-laborer, doing a fair amount of manual work. Let us suppose him to have a diet of beefsteak, bread, potatoes, butter, and water. To simplify the calculations, we will leave out the tea, coffee, salt, etc., and take enough of the bread and potatoes to make up for the milk, sugar, and other materials which he would ordinarily consume. Such quantities as the following would supply the necessary nutrients for a day:

Beefsteak (lean and free from bone)	8 ounces.
Bread	20 "
Potatoes	30 "
Butter	1 "
Water	37 "

Total food and drink . . (6 pounds) 96 ounces.

With these six pounds of food and drink he would consume about 30 ounces of oxygen from the air inhaled during the twenty-four hours, making a total income not far from 126 ounces, or 7½ pounds.

But in our chemical balancing of income and expenditure the calculations are made, not in terms of meat and bread and butter, but of protein, fats, carbohydrates, etc. It may be drawn up as below: I give weights in grams as well as in ounces, since we shall find the grams convenient in subsequent calculations.

The experiments I am about to describe are based upon the principle involved in this supposed case. A large number of most important ones have been performed in Germany, in nu-

merous agricultural experiment stations with animals and, in Munich, with men as well.

EXPERIMENTS FOR STUDYING THE LAWS OF NUTRITION.

The hurried visitor in Munich, after seeing the treasures of painting and sculpture in the Old and the New Pinakothek and the Glyptothek, is apt to drive to the statue of Bavaria, outside the town. In doing so he will very likely pass a house—it is a square, gray, and somewhat gloomy building just across the street from the Crystal Palace—which to the chemist, the physiologist, the agriculturist, and the student of political and social science is of no little interest, for here lived and labored for many years the great philosopher Liebig, who is, more than any other man, the father of the science we are studying. Going on across the Marien Platz with its quaint Renaissance buildings and out through the Sendlinger gate, he passes along the Findling Strasse. On the right, just beyond the gate, is a brick building which the artistic traveler will not be apt to notice, but which to those interested in our present subject is full of attraction. It is the Physiological Institute of the university. In it are the laboratory and respiration apparatus where Pettenkofer, Voit, and others have conducted some of the most important researches in this department of science. If the reader wished to see how some of the facts of modern science are found out, I should hardly know of a more interesting place to which to take him than this.

Coming in through the hallway, we have, on the right, the apartments of the *Hausmeister*, who is at once the chief janitor and the mechanic of the establishment, and on the left,

ASSUMED DAILY INCOME AND EXPENDITURE OF THE BODY OF AN AVERAGE MAN DOING A MODERATE AMOUNT OF MUSCULAR LABOR.							
INCOME.				OUTGO.			
Materials.		Weights.		Materials.		Weights.	
		Expressed in ounces.	Expressed in grams.*			Expressed in ounces.	Expressed in grams.*
Nutrients of food	{ Protein.....	4.2	118	From digested food and inhaled oxygen { Respiratory products excreted through lungs and skin ... { Carbonic acid.....	38.8	1100	
	{ Fats.....	3.0	86		23.7	669	
	{ Carbohydrates.....	17.6	500		{ Water.....	1.2	34
	{ Mineral matters.....	0.8	24		{ Urea, etc.....	0.7	20
Water of food and drink	71.4	2024	{ Excreted by kidneys { Mineral matters.....		71.4	2024	
Oxygen of inhaled air.....	30.8	855	Water otherwise excreted.....		1.4	38	
Total.....		126.9	3577	Total.....		126.9	3577

* One pound, avoirdupois, 453.6 grams; one ounce, 28.35 grams.

rooms for the assistants and for some of the laboratory work, while a stairway leads to the lecture and apparatus rooms above. A door in front opens into the main working-room, which is fitted up like an ordinary chemical laboratory. At different desks assistants and students are at work, and we perhaps see the burly form of the *Diener*, the laboratory servant, with whom a large number of experiments have been made.

At the left is a room supplied with a number of curious-looking cages. In one may be a dog, in another a goose, and in a third a number of rats, all being used for feeding-trials of one kind or another. In the rear are the balance-room, the study of Professor Voit, director of the establishment, and, what is most interesting of all to us, the respiration apparatus.

Before explaining the respiration experiments, which are somewhat complicated, let me describe a simpler experiment, taking one actually made to study the effect of protein in the form of lean meat, *i. e.*, muscle.

The question was this: From a given quantity of the protein of muscular tissue, how much will be digested by a healthy man, and will the quantity digested suffice to maintain the supply of protein in his body? In other words, will the man gain or lose protein, or will he simply hold his own on this diet?

The subject was a medical student. The experiment lasted three days. For protein he ate very lean beefsteak. This contained, along with the protein, a little fat (the fat was trimmed out as carefully as practicable, but nevertheless minute particles remained about and within the muscular fibers of the meat), and mineral matters, besides, of course, considerable water. The diet consisted of the beefsteak cooked with butter, seasoned with pepper, salt, and Worcestershire sauce, and taken with water, beer, and wine.

Leaving the other materials out of account, as they did not essentially affect the results, the food contained 1200 grams, about 2 pounds 10 ounces, of the lean meat, and 30 grams, or a little over an ounce, of butter per day. The total quantity of nitrogen in the food was about 38 grams daily, of which over 37 grams were digested. It is mainly upon this nitrogen that the experiment hinges.

One of the hard-fought questions of physiological chemistry has been whether or not all of the nitrogen given off from the body (aside from that which is undigested) is excreted by the kidneys. But it is now pretty well settled that this is the only way by which any considerable quantity leaves the body. If then we know how much nitrogen is digested and taken into the circulation and how much is withdrawn in this way, we have an easy

means of determining whether the stock of nitrogen in the body is gaining or losing. If I put more money in the bank than I draw out, my balance on the books shows an increased amount to my credit; but if I take out more than I put in, my deposit grows smaller. In like manner the balance of income and outgo of nitrogen shows whether the body is gaining or losing nitrogen.

Now for this purpose we may regard the compounds of the body, exclusive of water and mineral matters, as belonging to two classes — protein compounds and fats. And numerous as the protein compounds are, the proportion of nitrogen is nearly the same in all, and we may take the protein of muscle as representing the whole class. For every gram of nitrogen there will be just about $6\frac{1}{4}$ grams of protein, and for every gram of protein there will be about $4\frac{1}{2}$ grams of muscle, tendon, and the like in meat. Accordingly, for every gram of nitrogen there will be ($6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$) about 27 grams of muscle, exclusive of fat.

The question, then, may be put thus: On the diet of 2 pounds and 10 ounces of lean meat and an ounce of butter per day, was the store of protein in this man's body increased or decreased? In other words, so far as muscular tissue was concerned did he gain or lose or hold his own? Here are the figures:

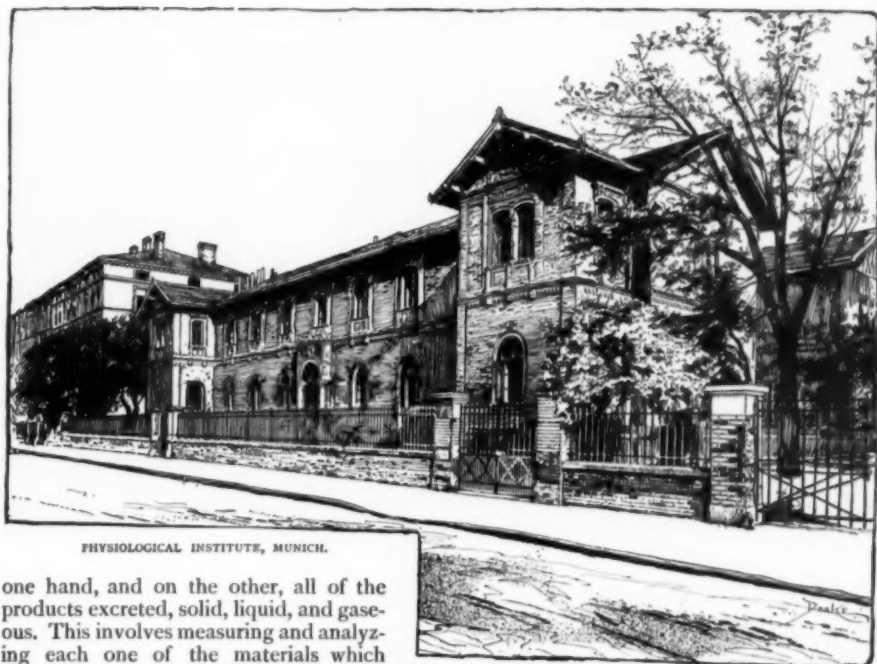
INCOME AND OUTGO OF DIGESTED NITROGEN IN EXPERIMENT WITH A MAN ON DIET OF LEAN MEAT.

Total nitrogen.....	per day	38.5 grams.
Nitrogen.....	kidneys " "	37.2 " "
Balance, stored in the body " "		1.3 grams.

That is to say, this young, vigorous man, a student, at his ordinary occupations, studying in his room, listening to lectures at the university, working several hours each day in the laboratory, walking a little for exercise, and living on a diet of protein with a very little fat, gained nitrogen at the rate of 1.3 grams per day. These 1.3 grams of nitrogen represented about 8.2 grams of protein or 35 grams ($1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces) of muscle gained per day during the three days of the experiment. In other words, so far as the lean flesh in his body was concerned he just a little more than held his own.

But what about the fat of his body—did he gain or lose? Did the protein and fat of the meat and butter suffice still further to supply him with heat and muscular energy, or did he consume some of the fat previously stored in his body?

The only way to answer the question is to measure exactly all of the income and the outgo of the body — the food and drink on the



PHYSIOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, MUNICH.

one hand, and on the other, all of the products excreted, solid, liquid, and gaseous. This involves measuring and analyzing each one of the materials which made up the food and drink, and at the same time all of the products excreted by the intestines, kidneys, lungs, and skin. In brief, we must, with the rest, measure the compounds given off as vapor or gas. With them, the account of income and outgo will be complete.

But this means that we must measure and analyze the inhaled and exhaled air.

THE RESPIRATION APPARATUS.

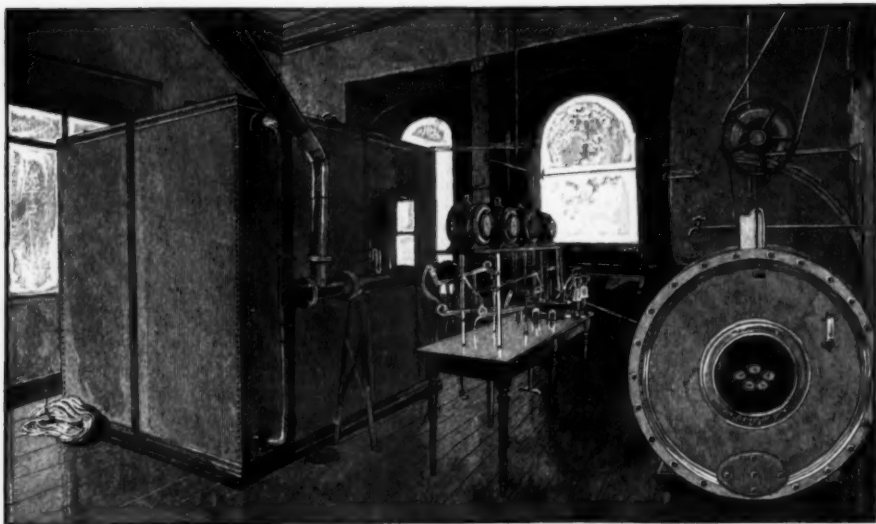
THE respiration apparatus is a device for measuring the respiratory products. Many forms have been devised, from one in which the products of respiration of a piece of muscle taken from a just-killed animal can be measured, the respiratory process being maintained by artificial circulation of blood through the muscle, to one in which an ox may be kept for days or weeks, and the composition of the inhaled and exhaled air likewise determined.

A very interesting form is that used by the French experimenters, Regnault and Reiset. This is a small chamber of glass, inside of which the animal is placed, some rather complicated appliances being used to continually renew the supply of oxygen and remove the carbonic acid and other products of respiration. But from insufficient ventilation and other minor difficulties, this form of apparatus has not quite sufficed for satisfactory experiments, especially with the larger animals and with man.

By far the most satisfactory apparatus is that invented by Professor Pettenkofer of Munich. This, to my notion, is one of the most interesting devices of modern experi-



PROFESSOR PETTENKOFER.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. MULLER.)



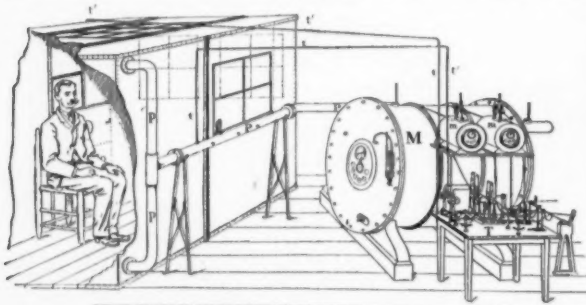
PETTENKOFER'S RESPIRATION APPARATUS.

mental science. The first one was built through the munificence of the King of Bavaria.

The peculiar features of this apparatus are that the subject of experiment, be it a dog, an ox, or a man, is in a comfortable, well-ventilated room, and that the air, which passes through it in a continuous current, is measured and is analyzed both before it goes in and after it comes out. We can thus tell just what the animal has added to it, in other words, what material has been given off as gas or vapor from the body. The arrangements do not provide for estimating all the respiratory products with absolute exactness, but they suffice for reasonably accurate results. The form used for experiments with man consists of a chamber — a *salon*, it is called; as a matter of fact it is an iron box — through which a cur-

rent of air is drawn by a large pump, the latter being worked by an engine.

The *salon* of the large apparatus at Munich is made of plates of iron, similar to boiler-iron, and is in the form of a cube about eight feet each way. It has glass windows, and a door large enough to admit a man. The large engraving herewith shows the apparatus as it is now arranged. On the left is the chamber in which the man under experiment stays; near are a table holding apparatus for analyzing the air before and after it passes through the chamber, and a large meter for measuring the quantity of air which passes through. In an adjoining room is the machinery by which the current of air is pumped through the apparatus. The smaller sketch explains the working in more detail. The air enters the chamber at its left side and passes out on the right through the large pipe P P, into the large meter M, in which it is measured. A small tube, t t, takes from the pipe P P a portion of the air which has been passed through the chamber and contains the products of respiration into two small meters, m m, where it is measured, and through the apparatus on the table T, where it is analyzed. A similar small tube, t' t', brings air for analysis from the outside of the apparatus, taking it from the left of the chamber



DETAIL DRAWING OF ABOVE.

where it enters the latter and carrying it into two other small meters (not shown in this sketch), where it is measured, and through apparatus, also not shown here, by which it is analyzed. In the larger engraving the four small meters and apparatus for analyzing the air are shown on the table between the chamber and the large meter. Comparisons of the quantity and composition of the air which has passed through the chamber with the outside air show what the man has imparted to the air in breathing, and thus tell the amounts of the products of respiration. The food and drink and the solid and the liquid products of its consumption in the body are at the same time measured, weighed, and analyzed, and thus all of the items of income and outgo of the body are determined.

The first man to enter the respiration apparatus for experiments upon himself, I believe, was Professor Ranke of Munich, who has described his experiences in his book on "The Nutrition of Man" (*"Die Ernährung des Menschen"*), as well as in special memoirs. He tells us that in trials in which he took no food the fasting was somewhat disagreeable, but far less painful than many would think. "I found myself at the end of the first 24 hours entirely well; at the end of the second 24 hours without food or drink, during which sleep had been disturbed, the head was somewhat heavy and there was an oppressiveness in the stomach and considerable weakness; but the sensation of hunger, . . . which was strongest about 30 hours after the last food was taken, . . . did not appear any more."

In the greater number of Professor Ranke's experiments he took a reasonable amount of food. The diet was simple, and consisted of such materials as lean meat, bread, white of egg, starch, sugar, butter, etc., and was found to serve the purpose very well. After some experience a ration was arranged which corresponded very well in composition with that used by ordinary working people, and was at the same time not at all unacceptable. When a number of experiments with Professor Ranke had been completed, several series were made with other persons. One of these latter series I will briefly describe.

The subject was a strong, healthy mechanic, a watchmaker, 28 years old and weighing about 156 pounds. Three experiments were made, each occupying 24 hours. In the first,

the man took nothing but a little meat extract, salt, and water, and did no work. In the second, he had a liberal allowance of palatable food, but still remained at rest. In the third, he had the same diet as in the second, but worked hard at turning a lathe for nine hours, so that he was thoroughly tired at night. During the daytime of the first two experiments, I should say, he read, cleaned a



PROFESSOR VOIT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. MULLER.)

watch, and otherwise occupied himself to while away the time, making, however, very little muscular effort.

The three experiments, then, show the effects of fasting and rest, food and rest, and food and muscular exercise upon the income and outgo of this man's body. We will note only very briefly some of the details of the experiments, the full accounts of which fill many pages.

The diet of the first experiment consisted of:

Meat extract, 12.5 grams (a little less than one-half ounce).
Salt, 15.1 grams (a little over one-half ounce).
Water, 1027.2 grams (about a quart).

The day's ration of the second trial included a third of a pound of lean meat, a pound of bread, a little over a pint of milk, and about a quart of beer, and other materials as follows:

DAY'S FOOD IN SECOND EXPERIMENT.

Meat, lean beef.....	140 grams.
Egg albumen (white of egg)	42 "
Bread.....	450 "
Milk.....	500 "
Beer.....	1025 "
Lard.....	70 "
Butter.....	30 "
Starch.....	70 "
Sugar.....	17 "
Salt.....	4 "
Water.....	286 "

The diet of the third experiment was essentially the same as that of the second, except that the man drank a little more water.

The income included, besides the food and drink, the oxygen consumed from the inhaled air. The estimated quantities were :

Oxygen used in 24 Hours.

First experiment, fasting and at rest,
779 grams.

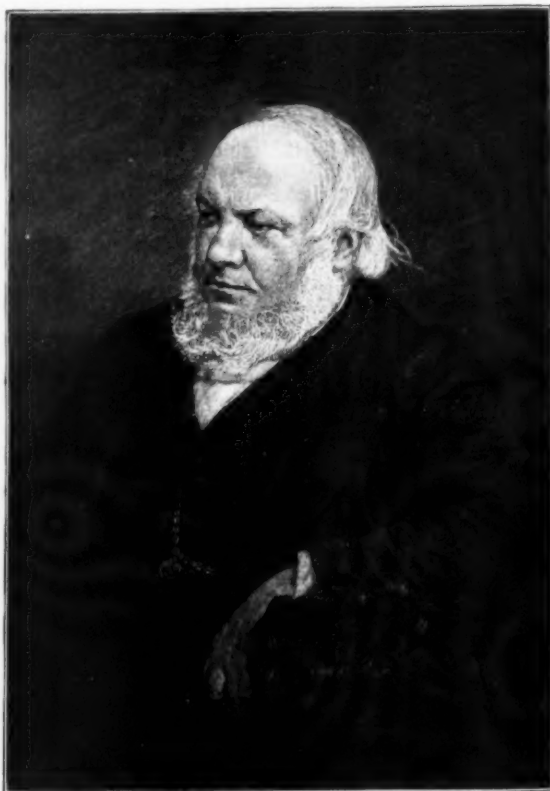
Second experiment, liberal ration
and at rest, 709 grams.

Third experiment, liberal ration
and at work, 1006 grams.

The final balance-sheets of the experiments, which show the details of income and outgo in terms of the chemical elements, carbon, nitrogen, etc., are too extensive to be reported here. That for each experiment would nearly fill one of these pages, but as some readers may be curious to see what they are, I give the principal data in abbreviated form.*

DAILY INCOME AND EXPENDITURE OF CHEMICAL ELEMENTS.

	Carbon.	Hydrogen.	Nitrogen.	Oxygen.
	Grams.	Grams.	Grams.	Grams.
Experiment with no food (except meat extract) and no work:				
Income.....	2.4	115.1	1.2	1698.4
Outgo.....	209.5	221.6	19.5	2301.4
Loss.....	207.1	106.5	18.3	603.0
Experiment with liberal ration of meat, milk, bread, etc., and no work:				
Income.....	315.5	270.9	19.5	2712.9
Outgo.....	275.7	248.2	19.5	2630.2
Gain.....	39.8	22.7	0.0	82.7
Experiment with liberal ration, as in preceding experiment, and hard work:				
Income.....	309.2	297.7	19.5	3232.5
Outgo.....	336.3	304.9	19.5	3246.5
Loss.....	27.1	7.2	0.0	14.0



PROFESSOR MOLESCHOTT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. LE LIEURE.)

But we wish to know what quantities of flesh and fat the man gained or lost under these different conditions of food and fasting, labor and rest. The figures just cited are for the chemical elements of which the protein and fats are composed. Knowing the propor-

* The accuracy of these experiments has been occasionally called in question, especially on the ground that with the possible sources of error, so complete an accuracy in the balance-sheet is in itself suspicious.

That some of the chemical work involved in the researches of which these form a part might have been performed by more nearly perfect methods is doubtless true, but I believe that experience in the Munich laboratory and careful examination of the published details of the researches must convince the most exacting physiological chemist that such criticisms are without foundation. As regards the chief subject of criticism, which is connected with the question of "nitrogen balance," it will suffice to say that the tendency of the latest investigations has been to very decidedly confirm the correctness of the assumption on which the Munich results are based, *i. e.*, that practically all the digested nitrogen is excreted by the kidneys. And certainly all the men I have known among those who have worked in the Munich laboratory regard the complete accuracy above alluded to as the result of careful and thoroughly reliable work.

tions of the elements in each compound, it is easy, from the figures for the elements, to estimate the quantities of the compounds. Omitting details of the calculations* the results are given in the balance-sheet of compounds herewith. Regarding the carbohydrates, however, I should explain that since the body has extremely little of its own, and those of the food are consumed, they are left out of account in the experiment without food, and the amounts received and consumed in the experiments with food are taken as balancing one another.

work, with the same amount of food, he likewise held his own so far as lean flesh was concerned, but lost two ounces of fat. The body used for its support protein and fats, in each case, and carbohydrates when it had them. When the nutrients were not supplied in food, it consumed a little protein and a good deal more fat from its own store. With a ration which sufficed to exactly maintain its protein without gain or loss, the body gained fat when it had only a little more than its own muscular work to perform (that in-

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE OF CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS BY BODY OF MAN.

	<i>Fasting. No work.</i>			<i>Liberal ration. No work.</i>			<i>Liberal ration. Hard work.</i>		
	<i>Protein.</i>	<i>Fats.</i>	<i>Carbo-hydrates.</i>	<i>Protein.</i>	<i>Fats.</i>	<i>Carbo-hydrates.</i>	<i>Protein.</i>	<i>Fats.</i>	<i>Carbo-hydrates.</i>
	<i>Grams.</i>	<i>Grams.</i>	<i>Grams.</i>	<i>Grams.</i>	<i>Grams.</i>	<i>Grams.</i>	<i>Grams.</i>	<i>Grams.</i>	<i>Grams.</i>
Income	7	0	none	122	117	332	122	117	352
Outgo.....	70	216	none	122	52	332	122	173	352
Gain, + or loss —	-63	-216	none	0	+65	0	0	-56	0

The protein gained or lost was mainly from the muscles and similar tissues, or what we may call flesh as distinguished from fat. Taking the figures for protein and fats gained and lost as shown in the last line of the balance-sheet of income and expenditure of compounds, changing grams to ounces, and assuming that with each ounce of protein would be water, etc., enough to make the equivalent of $4\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of lean flesh, *i. e.*, muscle, tendon, etc., we have this final result of the trials; the quantities, as before, are those gained or lost in one day:

OUTCOME OF THE EXPERIMENTS AS REGARDS INCREASE OR DECREASE OF LEAN FLESH AND FAT WITHIN THE BODY.

	<i>Lean flesh (muscle, etc.).</i>	<i>Fats.</i>
No food, no work, loss.....	21 ounces	$7\frac{1}{2}$ ounces
Liberal diet, no work, gain.....	none	$2\frac{1}{2}$ "
Liberal diet, hard work, loss.....	none	2 "

That is to say, fasting, and without muscular labor, the man lived upon the tissues of his body, and consumed daily a trifle less than three-quarters of a pound of muscle, and with this nearly half a pound of the fat previously stored in his body. With plenty of food, and still resting, he neither gained nor lost lean flesh, but gained $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of fat in a day. And when he set himself to hard muscular

work, with the same amount of food, he likewise held his own so far as lean flesh was concerned, but lost two ounces of fat.

If we had only these experiments to judge from, we might infer that muscular energy comes from consumption of fat, and that the special work of the protein of the food is to repair the wastes and make up for the wear and tear of the protein of the body; and this would be true as far as it goes. But, of course, many other experiments and of many different kinds are needed to settle these questions. The majority of the most useful ones, thus far, have been made with other animals than man. For experiments with dogs, geese, and other small animals a small respiration apparatus on the plan of Professor Pettenkofer's has been devised by Professor Voit.

In studying the laws of animal nutrition the most convenient organism, for many purposes, is that of the dog. The dog thrives upon both animal and vegetable foods, utilizes large quantities of food to advantage or endures long fasting with patience, and makes ready responses by changes of bodily condition to changes in the food. In reading the accounts of the famous feeding-trials conducted by Bischoff and Voit, one is surprised to see what control they obtained of the organisms of the dogs experimented with. By altering the kinds and quantities of food constituents, Voit was able either to reduce both the flesh (protein) and the fat of the animal's body or to increase

* The calculations, based upon accepted principles of physiological chemistry, are too complex for this place. They are to be explained in detail in a book on

this general subject now in preparation. Students may find them in the original (German) memoirs in which the experiments are described.

both flesh and fat, or to reduce the one or to increase the other. Indeed, the manipulations effected in this way seemed almost equivalent to getting into the tissues and directly removing or adding flesh, or fat, at will. The principles thus learned from experiments with the dog and other animals apply in the main, though not in all the details, to the nutrition of man.

But I must beware of burdening the reader with details, a danger he will appreciate when I say that the experiments of the last twenty years are numbered by hundreds and even thousands, and that the literature of the subject is so voluminous that few specialists even are able to handle it. I will endeavor to very briefly summarize a few of the main results. I do not know how to do this better than in the following chart, which was prepared for the Food Collection of the National Museum.

USES OF FOOD IN THE BODY.

Food supplies the wants of the body in several ways.

Food furnishes:

1. The material of which the body is made.
2. The material to repair the wastes of the body, and to protect its tissues from being unduly consumed.

Food is consumed as fuel in the body to:

3. Produce heat to keep it warm.
4. Produce muscular and intellectual energy for the work it has to do.

The body is built up and its wastes are repaired by the nutrients. The nutrients also serve as fuel to warm the body and supply it with strength.

WAYS IN WHICH THE NUTRIENTS ARE USED IN THE BODY.

The Protein of food $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{forms the nitrogenous basis of} \\ \text{blood, muscle, sinew, bone,} \\ \text{skin, etc.} \\ \text{is changed into fats and carbo-} \\ \text{hydrates.} \\ \text{is consumed for fuel.} \end{array} \right.$

The Fats of food $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{are stored in the body as fat.} \\ \text{are consumed for fuel.} \end{array} \right.$

The Carbohydrates of food $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{are changed into fat.} \\ \text{are consumed for fuel.} \end{array} \right.$

The Mineral matters of food $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{are transformed into} \\ \text{the mineral matters} \\ \text{of bone and other} \\ \text{tissues.} \\ \text{are used in various} \\ \text{other ways.} \end{array} \right.$

Like all attempts to tell a long story in a few words, it omits many important details and gives incomplete expression to the facts which it states. Thus, regarding the use of the nutrients as "fuel," although their elements combine with oxygen as those of the coal and wood do in the stove, the process, as it actually goes on in the body, is far more complex and less completely understood. In saying

that food yields muscular and intellectual energy the statements do not explain how this is done, nor has science yet given an at all complete explanation of these wonderful phenomena. Nor do these statements include the important fact that the fats, protein, and other substances stored in the body are used like those of the food. But the chart includes what it is most important for our present purpose to remember, and we shall have occasion to make further explanations in another place.

Translating the statements of this chart into ordinary language, it means that, when we eat meat and bread and potatoes and other kinds of food, our bodies use the nutritive ingredients in different ways. Thus the myosin, which is the principal nutritive ingredient of muscle (lean meat), the casein (curd) of milk, the albumen (white) of egg, and the gluten of bread are all albuminoids or protein compounds, and are transformed into muscle, tendon, and other nitrogenous materials in our bodies. The protein compounds are sometimes called flesh-formers, which is all very well so far as it goes, but does not go far enough. They, and they alone, form flesh (*i. e.*, nitrogenous tissue), it is true, but they do a good deal more. They are also transformed into fat and carbohydrates in our bodies, and they are consumed as fuel to yield us heat and muscular strength.

But our meat always contains more or less fat. This may be taken up by the body and stored as fat within the muscle, bone, and adipose or other tissues, and so retained for a time as a part of the body-fat; but the bulk of the fat of the food serves as fuel, and that which has been stored in the body is consumed for the same purpose when occasion demands. Thus the man in the experiments above described lived on the fat previously stored in his body when he took no food; laid up fat when he had a liberal ration and did no work; and drew upon the accumulated store again when he did hard muscular work with the same ration. The fat of milk, of butter, and of the fatty and oily materials in bread, corn meal, and other foods is like that of meat, stored as body-fat and used for fuel.

Vegetable foods, such as flour, meal, potatoes, and the like, contain a great deal of starch, sugar, and other carbohydrates. When these are taken into the body they are to some extent converted into fats, but their main use seems to be to serve for fuel. In serving as fuel the carbohydrates protect the fats and protein from being consumed. In like manner the fats may protect protein from consumption.

In short, the nitrogenous compounds of muscle, tendon, bone, and other parts of the framework of the body and of the blood are

made of the protein of the food. We get the fat of our bodies not only from the fats but from the protein, and probably from the carbohydrates, starch, sugar, etc., of our food. Other animals, dogs, sheep, swine, and geese, transform carbohydrates into fats, and there is every reason to believe that man is endowed with the same faculty. We use all these classes of nutrients, protein, fats, and carbohydrates, as sources of warmth and muscular strength. Our bodies, when they are in a healthy condition, contain a reserve of protein and fat which is drawn upon if food is lacking, or if there is extra muscular work to be done or extra cold to be endured. And whether the food supply is rightly adapted to the demands of the body or not, its tissues are continually consumed to supply its wants and are as constantly rebuilt from the food. The old notion that the whole body is made over once in seven years is wrong, however. Some parts are used up and renewed very rapidly, others very slowly. Such, at any rate, are the teachings of the most careful research as they are understood by the investigators who seem best qualified to judge.

ADAPTATION OF THE DIET TO THE DEMANDS OF THE BODY.

THE further details of the ways in which food is used in nutrition will naturally come in with the explanations in succeeding articles. But there are one or two more points which perhaps I ought to speak of now. One is, that the body requires a proper supply of each of the different kinds of nutrients for healthful nourishment. The proper supply of neither can be cut off without injury.

The protein can, to be sure, do some of the work of the fats and the carbohydrates. In the lack of plenty of vegetable food to furnish starch and sugar, for instance, we may get on pretty well for a while with meat, which has no carbohydrates, the protein and fat of the meat taking their place as fuel. The Laplanders and Esquimaux have extremely little vegetable food and consume enormous quantities of meat, and especially of fat meat, blubber, and what not. But their diet is hardly adapted to either the wants or the digestive apparatus of people of temperate climates. Ordinary people need considerable carbohydrates, and no amount of protein can fully supply their place.

But while the protein can to some extent serve in place of the carbohydrates and fats, these latter cannot replace the protein. The Esquimaux can live on meat, but neither men nor other animals can long thrive upon a diet of fat, or sugar, or starch without protein. The reason is that protein has a kind of work to do in building up the muscle, tendon, and

other tissues which the fats and carbohydrates cannot perform. Hence, we must have a certain amount of protein in our food or our bodies will suffer for the lack of it, and the more work there is to do, the greater the wear and tear of muscle and tendon, the more liberal must be the supply of protein as well as of other nutrients.

The effect of one-sided diet is very well illustrated in some experiments by Professor Ranke. They were made in the respiration apparatus at Munich, and belonged to the series of which I have already spoken. After he had studied the changes that went on in his body when fasting, he proposed to himself these questions:

What will be the effect of a diet of protein with very little fat and no carbohydrates on the one hand, and of a diet of fats and carbohydrates without protein on the other? In other words, how will the composition of the body be affected by food rich in protein and containing little else, and how will the store of fat and protein be altered by leaving the protein out of the food and living on the other nutrients?

For the diet of protein, he took lean meat, with butter and a little salt, essentially the same diet as was used by the student in the experiment described above. He had found himself able to eat 2000 grams of the lean meat in the course of the day, but in this experiment, which lasted 24 hours, he ate only 1833 grams (about 4 pounds) of meat and with it 70 grams of fat, 30 grams of salt, and 3371 grams (nearly 3 quarts) of water. Without going into the details, suffice it to say, that, according to Professor Ranke's calculations, his body lost 15.1 grams of fat and at the same time gained 113 grams of protein during the day of the experiment. In the other experiment, which likewise continued for 24 hours, the food consisted of 150 grams of fat, 300 grams of starch, and 100 grams of sugar, an even less appetizing mixture perhaps than the lean meat and butter for an exclusive diet, but yet one which, if put together with proper culinary skill, makes a cake that can be swallowed. This time he lost 51 grams of protein and gained 91.5 grams of fat.

The results of these two experiments may be recapitulated thus:

On the diet consisting chiefly of	The body
Protein (lean meat, etc.),	gained protein (muscle, etc.) and lost fat.
Fats and carbohydrates (starch and sugar),	lost protein and gained fat.

This is just what we might expect. But it is interesting to have the facts and figures to

show exactly what did take place, and other experiments make it safe to say that if either the quantities of food or the condition of Professor Ranke's body had been different, the results would have been different also. Thus in the first experiment if he had eaten less meat he would have stored less protein; indeed, with a small enough ration he would have lost both protein and fat, and it seems probable that if he had not been a rather fat person he would not have lost fat so readily on the protein diet.

Experiments confirm and to some extent explain the fact so well attested by general experience, that a mixed diet is best for ordinary people in health. Professor Ranke found that when he did no muscular labor, his body neither gained nor lost; that, in other words, he just about "held his own" with food, containing per day:

<i>Protein.</i>	<i>Fats.</i>	<i>Carbohydrates.</i>
100 grams (3.5 oz.)	100 grams	240 grams (8.5 oz.)

Professor Voit estimates as a fair allowance for a laboring-man doing a moderate amount of muscular work:

<i>Protein.</i>	<i>Fats.</i>	<i>Carbohydrates.</i>
118 grams (4.2 oz.)	56 grams (2 oz.)	500 grams (17.6 oz.)

For reasons to be given later, I think that to fairly meet the demand of the average American laboring-man (I mean the man whose labor is done with his muscles; brain-workers who have little muscular exercise need less food, I suppose) a more liberal allowance than Voit makes for laboring-men in Germany is needed. The American "working-man" is better paid, has more and better food, and does more work than his European brother. I should be inclined to quantities more like the following for the nutrients in the daily food of an average man doing manual work:

	<i>Protein.</i>	<i>Fats.</i>	<i>Carbohydrates.</i>
For moderate work	125 grs. (4.4 oz.)	125 grs.	400 grs. (14.4 oz.)
For hard work	150 grs. (5.2 oz.)	150 grs.	400 grs.

Men at very severe work may often need much more than the most liberal of these rations allows, while men, and especially women, of sedentary habits and elderly people are believed to usually require considerably less than the smallest figures indicate.

Statistics collected in the United States imply that the quantity of food consumed by many people whose occupations involve only light muscular labor approaches very near to the largest of these standards, and often considerably exceeds it. Indeed, a large array of facts lately gathered very strongly support the teaching of physicians that the failure to fit the food to the demands of the body, and especially the excessive consumption of cer-

tain kinds of food, are the sources of untold injury to health and happiness. But I am getting ahead of my subject.

THE COST AND VALUE OF ABSTRACT RESEARCH.

ONE can hardly realize, until he has found out by personal experience, the amount of labor, care, and patience, as well as learning and skill, that are required for such investigations as these I have described.

Professor Voit tells us that he has often worked with a servant three or four hours each day during an experiment in simply preparing the meat to be used for the food, in freeing it from fat and connective tissues so as to have as nearly pure protein as possible. In describing a series of experiments he says, "We give only the more important observations, in order to enable the reader to judge of the correctness of our conclusions, and omit the details of the analyses, which would swell the article too much." The article fills 115 royal octavo pages and is only one of scores by this one experimenter and his immediate associates.

At the agricultural experiment station at Weende, Germany, where the celebrated feeding-trials by Henneberg, Stohmann, and others with domestic animals were conducted, one of the assistants once told me a bit of experience with the respiration apparatus. As the result of a long series of observations, it appeared that something was out of order. What the trouble was Professor Henneberg could not find out. One day he happened to hear some one speak of the loss of weight of coal when exposed to the air. It occurred to him that a little coal-tar or some similar material, I have forgotten exactly what it was, had been used in the interior of the apparatus, and that perhaps this, like coal, might undergo such chemical changes as to develop gases and cause the trouble. This proved to be the case. The gentleman who related the incident added, "We have been at work now six years with the respiration apparatus and think we have just got where we can obtain satisfactory results with it." There is a popular idea that the results of scientific discovery, at least such as are most useful to people at large, can be turned out like pig-iron or cotton cloth,—so much in a given time, and with no great labor. Nothing could be more contrary to the facts.

To many people, a large part of the research made in the lines of which I have been speaking would appear so abstract and theoretical as to have but very little "practical" use. But as a matter of fact, the very things that seem most abstruse are of fundamental importance in the solution of the weightiest

problems of chemistry, physiology, hygiene, and social science. In this practical, pushing country of ours, especially, the idea is current that the profoundest studies, whether in physical science or in other departments of human knowledge, are very appropriate and ornamental for philosophers and for institutions devoted to abstract research, but not of much account for ordinary use. Coupled with this is the notion that our higher educational institutions should be places for the teaching of things already known, and that it is not particularly necessary for them to engage in the discovery of new truth. The more rapidly these impressions are done away with, and the more generally and generously abstract research in all departments of knowledge is cultivated, the better it will be for our thought and for our morals, and the sooner shall we get the information that will most help common folks in the ordinary struggles of daily life.

Is it not a significant fact that when we come to the study of even so preëminently plain and practical a subject as the food question, one which affects as many people, and affects them as seriously in health and purse if not in morals, as any of the great problems that are agitating the thought of the time, we must seek the fundamental data of our studies in the learned and profound research of foreign universities?

THE SOURCES OF INTELLECTUAL ENERGY.—
PHOSPHORUS AND THOUGHT.—FISH AS
BRAIN-FOOD.

THAT the labor of the brain is just as dependent upon food and the substances formed from it in the body as the labor of the hands, there is hardly room for doubt, but just what chemical elements or compounds, if any, are more concerned than others in mental or nervous exercise is a problem yet unsolved.

A great many people have the idea that thought is especially dependent upon phosphorus, and coupled with this is the widespread belief that the flesh of fish is particularly rich in phosphorus, and is hence especially valuable for brain-food.

The theory that connects thought with phosphorus more than with other elements appears to rest upon the fact that certain compounds, *protagon*, *lecithin*, etc., which contain phosphorus and are called phosphorized fats, are more abundant in the brain and nerves than in other parts of the body. From this it has been inferred that mental effort and nervous excitement involve the using up of large amounts of these substances, and that hence phosphorus compounds ought to be especially good for people who have much intel-

lectual work to do or are subject to great nervous strain. In support of this it has been claimed that brain-work increases the amount of phosphorus used up in the body and given off by it, just as muscular work increases the quantity of carbon burned and excreted.

But the compounds that make up the brain and nerves consist of the same elements as those in other organs, though the proportions are different; the phosphorized fats occur in other parts of the body as well as in the brain; *cerebrin*, a compound especially characteristic of the brain, contains no phosphorus; and the most careful experimenting has thus far failed to establish any definite connection between the amounts of intellectual work done and phosphorus excreted.

The value of phosphorus as food for the brain and nerves is frequently and strongly advocated in advertisements of medicines and medicinal foods containing it, and these are largely prescribed by the most eminent members of the medical profession, whose wisdom in so doing I by no means presume to question. But the theory that phosphorus has more to do, or is more necessary than carbon or nitrogen or other elements, in the production of intellectual energy is one to which I have never heard a physiological chemist of repute express his adherence, and in the writings of the experimental physiologists whose opinions are most valued by their fellow-specialists it is conspicuous by its absence.

The history of the theories of the connection between phosphorus and thought and of the value of fish as food for the brain has some rather curious phases.

Few utterances of modern writers have had such a world-wide currency as the expression, "*Ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke*" ("Without phosphorus, no thought"). One meets it everywhere and with it the notion, though generally in very crude form, that thought is somehow produced by phosphorus. A German gentleman of great intelligence told me he had often seen people who supposed that thought was accompanied by something in the brain akin to phosphorescence, like the glow of a phosphorus match in the dark. I have been led to think that the phrase has done more than anything else to spread the idea, though the idea could hardly have become so prevalent if there were not something to nourish it. What that something is I do not know, unless it be the natural query in every mind which the theory seems to answer. The expression has been attributed to various authors. An article in the last edition of the "*Encyclopedia Britannica*" credits it to Büchner. It is due, I believe, to Moleschott, and occurs in his "*Lehre der Nahrungsmittel*" ("*Doctrine of Foods*").

Of the early leaders of the movement which is sometimes called Materialism and which has so greatly influenced the thought of our time, Moleschott, Vogt, and Büchner were among the most prominent. Forty years or so ago, Moleschott was a *privat docent*—tutor, we should call it—in the University of Heidelberg, and an aspirant for higher academical honors. He was a man of ability as an investigator and writer. His genius was manifested in a controversy with Liebig in which he gained no little repute, and in other writings in which his views were set forth not only with remarkable force, but in a way which was particularly irritating to the metaphysicians and especially to the theologians of the more orthodox way of thinking. Heidelberg at that time was not so liberal in its theology as it has since become, and — I give the account as it was given me by one of the professors now there — young Moleschott's heterodoxy sufficed to deprive him of the liberty of teaching in the university and, as a not unnatural consequence, obtained for him a call to a professorship in another university, that of Zurich in Switzerland. In course of time he was called to Italy, where, as Professor of Physiology in the University of Turin, and later in the University of Rome, he has achieved still greater fame in science, and has also played an important rôle in statesmanship, both as the holder of a ministerial portfolio and as senator of Italy.

I remember very well a remark regarding his famous expression just referred to, which was made to me by Professor Moleschott in the course of a conversation not many years ago. It accords so well with what he had said in print that I think it will be no breach of confidence to mention it here. Remembering the suggestion of another well-known physiologist, that he had used it simply to illustrate and give point to the doctrine that thought and other mental operations are a function of matter, and thus stir up his ultra-conservative opponents, excite discussion, and propagate his tenets, I asked him what led him to make the statement in that form. He replied that of course he did not mean that intellectual energy was specifically dependent upon the consumption of phosphorus (indeed, that was clearly set forth in his writings at the time), and added with a smile, "Did you ever read —?" referring to an Italian book on the use of language. I was forced to confess that I had not, to which he replied, "There is a great deal in the way of putting things."

The saying served its purpose wonderfully even if, in its circulation, a shade of meaning has been added to it which it was not intended to convey. Not every man can penetrate to

the depths of human sentiment and coin from the common thought that is gathered there a phrase which will pass current everywhere and carry a doctrine with it. Like Grant's "Let us have peace" and Napoleon's "Providence is on the side of the strongest battalions," Moleschott's "Ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke" was a scintillation of genius.

If a current story is true, the idea that fish is especially good for brain-food can be traced to the elder Agassiz, though, for aught I know, it may be older. The story is that, years ago, Agassiz, who was then in the zenith of his fame and whose persuasive skill was scarcely inferior to his scientific genius, made an address in Massachusetts in behalf of a fish commission, and, with other considerations in its favor, urged that fish was very valuable for brain-food and that fish culture was hence peculiarly demanded by the marked intellectual activity of the people of that State. It would be superfluous to add that since that time fish culture has not languished in Massachusetts.

A gentleman well known in American science tells me that he once asked Agassiz what led him to this idea about fish as food, and that he replied, "Dumas [the French chemist] once suggested to me that fish contained considerable phosphorus and might on that account be especially good for food, and you know the old saying, 'Without phosphorus, no thought.' I simply put the two together."

Later, Mark Twain took up the idea and expressed it as follows (in "The Galaxy"):

"Young Author.—'Yes, Agassiz *does* recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair, usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling-sized whales.'"

As a vehicle for carrying the idea everywhere and "keeping it before the people" the efficiency of Mark Twain's joke was superlative. And aside from the intrinsic self-propagating power of the combination of joke and theory there was the widespread notion that phosphorus is the thought-producing element to help it. It would be hard to find conditions more favorable for the spread of a theory than were thus provided for this one of fish as nutriment for the brain. Coupled with the notion that phosphorus is the specific thought-element, it has coursed around the world.

Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fish Commissioner of New York and, I understand, the largest dealer in fish on this side of the Atlantic, assures me

of his belief that the theory materially increases the demand for fish as food. I have heard the same from other fish dealers, who say, "Why, you know fish is good brain-food." Indeed, it is really amusing, if one takes the trouble to notice, how many people will use the same expression, or one very much like it, if the subject is suggested. The theory is squarely adopted by some very prominent writers on foods, and is sometimes taught in schools. The Rev. Ram Chandra Bose, well known in Europe and America as one of the most learned of the Hindu converts to Christianity, tells me that if one were to "visit any of the great colleges in Calcutta and put to its advanced pupils the question, 'Why are the Bengalees intellectually superior to the other races of India?' the reply would be, 'Because they eat fish.' The belief that fish is rich in phosphorus, and hence serves to strengthen the brain more than other kinds of food do, is current among educated natives and their English teachers."

Even if fish were richer in phosphorus than meats or other food-materials this would not establish its superiority for the nutrition of the brain or the production of intellectual energy. But there is no proof of any especial abundance of phosphorus in fish. On the contrary, an extended series of analyses in this laboratory have revealed proportions of phosphorus in the flesh of our ordinary food fishes differing in no important degree from those which have been found to occur in the flesh of the other animals used for the food of man.

Perhaps some of the readers of this will put me down for an iconoclast, as did a most highly esteemed friend, who bade me, and with all candor and seriousness, to beware of thus ruthlessly attempting to uproot an old and important belief. But possibly they will have the charity to leave me a humble place in their consideration if I add that there is, after all, a way in which fish may make a very useful part of the diet of brain-workers.

Physiologists tell us that the way to provide for the welfare of the brain is to see that the rest of the body is in good order, that, in other words, the old proverb of "a sound mind in a sound body" is sound doctrine. And they are getting to tell us further that one way in which brain-work is hindered is by bad dietary habits, as, for instance, overloading the digestive organs by taking too much food. Of the vice of overeating (a vice which we Americans by no means monopolize) a considerable part, in this country at least, and I think in England and among well-to-do people on the Continent of Europe also, is the vice of

fat-eating. We are a race of fat-eaters. If any one doubts this, I think the statistics to be shown in a succeeding article will convince him, unless he is ready to deny the practically unanimous testimony of such facts as I have been able to gather. It comes about very naturally and is really due to the fertility of our soil, the consequent abundance of food, and the toothsome-ness of food-materials rich in fatty matters. The result of this is that the quantity of fat in the average American's diet is very large indeed, mainly because of the large amounts of meats, butter, and lard consumed, and is far in excess of the demands of his body, unless he is engaged in very severe muscular work or exposed to extreme cold, or both. For people with sedentary occupations, including the majority of brain-workers, this simply means charging the organism with the burden of getting rid of an excess of material. This excess, the physiologists and physicians assure us, is detrimental.

If the reader will take the trouble to look at Diagram III. of the previous article of this series, he will see that the flesh of fish contains less fat than ordinary meats. Some kinds, like salmon, mackerel, white-fish, and shad, are quite fat, but the flesh of cod, haddock, bass, blue-fish, perch, flounder, indeed the majority of our most common food fishes, has extremely little of fatty and oily matters.

Now it seems to me very reasonable to assume that brain-workers and other people who do not have a great deal of muscular exercise may very advantageously substitute fish in the place of a portion of the meat which they would otherwise consume. I am very well aware that such hygienic advice might come more appropriately from a physician than from a chemist, and am therefore glad to be able to quote from no less an authority than Sir Henry Thompson, who urges "the value of fish to the brain-worker" on the ground that it "contains, in smaller proportion than meat, those materials which, taken abundantly, demand much physical labor for their complete consumption, and which, without this, produce an unhealthy condition of body, more or less incompatible with the easy and active exercise of the functions of the brain."

Perhaps I ought to add that the studies of the constitution of the flesh of fish in this laboratory, referred to above, as well as similar investigations elsewhere, show that, so far as the nutritive qualities are concerned, the only considerable difference between fish and ordinary meats is in the proportions of oily and fatty matters and water. The flesh of the fish has water where meats have fat.

A VISIT TO COUNT TOLSTOI.



THE visit to the Russian novelist Count Leo Tolstoi which forms the subject of the present paper was made in the latter part of the month of June, 1886; but it had been planned nearly a year before that time at one of the convict mines in Eastern Siberia, and was the result of a promise which I made to a number of Count Tolstoi's friends and acquaintances who were then, and are still, in penal servitude in the vast lonely wilderness of the Trans-Baikal. My first knowledge of the fact that there were friends and acquaintances of the Russian novelist among the political convicts at the Nertchinsk mines came to me in the shape of a request that I would carry a copy of his "Ispoved," or Confession, to one of his friends, a lady, who was serving out a sentence of twelve years' penal servitude at the mines of Kara. The book was under the ban of the ecclesiastical censor; its publication and circulation in Russia had been absolutely forbidden, and the copy which I was requested to deliver was in manuscript. How it had found its way in spite of censors, inquisitors, official package-openers, house-searchers, body-searchers, baggage-examiners, police-officers, and gendarmes to the remote East Siberian village where I was asked to take charge of it I do not know; but there it was, a silent but convincing proof of the futility of repressive measures when directed against human thought. It showed that the Government had not been able to keep a forbidden book even out of the hands of its own political convicts, living under strict guard in a penal settlement of the Trans-Baikal, five thousand miles from the fertile brain in which the proscribed ideas had their origin.

I consented, of course, to take charge of the manuscript, and in less than three months I had made the acquaintance not only of the lady for whom it was destined, but of many other political exiles in Eastern Siberia who had either known the great Russian author personally or had at some time been in correspondence with him. All of these exiles were very desirous that upon my return to European Russia I should see Count Tolstoi and describe to him the working of the exile sys-

tem and the life of political convicts at the mines and in the penal settlements of the Trans-Baikal. They seemed to have the impression that he was more or less in sympathy with their aims and hopes, if not with their methods, and that the information which I could give him would strengthen that sympathy, and perhaps change his attitude toward the Government from one of passive resistance to one of active and uncompromising hostility. This belief in the possibility of enrolling Count Tolstoi among the active enemies of the Government was founded, so far as I could judge, mainly upon the fact, known even to the exiles in Siberia, that most of his later writings had been prohibited by the censor. The conclusion drawn from that fact was that the author had attacked the Government, or at least had openly expressed his disapproval of its political methods. The conclusion, however, was erroneous. If these exiled revolutionists had been able to get and read Tolstoi's later books and articles, they would have seen at once that the suppressed literature was obnoxious to the ecclesiastical rather than to the civil power, and that the very corner-stone of Tolstoi's religious and social philosophy is non-resistance to evil. Most of these revolutionists, however, had been many years in prison or in exile; they had had no means of following closely the development of Tolstoi's ideas, and they were misled by a superficial resemblance between his views and theirs with regard to property and social organization, and by the attitude of hostility which the Government had taken toward his later writings. Believing, however, as they did, that he was wavering on the brink of open revolt, and that a little more provocation would cause him to throw the weight of his forceful personality and powerful influence against the despotism which they hated, they urged me to see him and tell him all that I knew about Russian administration in Siberia and about the treatment of the political exiles. They also turned over to me a ghastly narrative in manuscript of the "hunger strike"* of four educated women in the Irkoutsk prison, — one of them the sister of the well-known Russian publicist and political economist, V. V. Vorontsov, — and made me promise that I would give the document to Tolstoi to read. I took the manuscript and gave the promise, and un-

* A "hunger strike," in the language of Russian prisons, means organized voluntary self-starvation, undertaken by the prisoners as a last desperate protest against intolerable treatment, and continued until the

prison authorities yield to the strikers' demands, or the strikers themselves break down or die under the self-imposed torture.

der these circumstances my visit to the great Russian novelist was planned.

Many months elapsed before I returned to European Russia, and when at last I found myself once more in Moscow, I learned that Count Tolstoi had left the city and was spending the summer on his estate near the village of Yasnaya Polyana [Anglicè Clearfield], in the province of Tula. On the 16th of June I took the late evening train southward over the Moscow-Kursk railroad, and reached the town of Tula early the following morning. Count Tolstoi's estate is situated about ten miles from the town, on the old turnpike road from Moscow to Kursk. There is a railway station nearer to it than Tula, but express trains do not stop there, and I was obliged, therefore, to find some other means of conveyance to my destination. Selecting from the throng of droshky drivers at the railway station one in whose face there was an attractive expression of mingled shrewdness and good-humor, I called him to me and asked him if he knew Count Tolstoi. "Know our Bahrin!" he exclaimed with a broad smile and the half-caressing, half-deferential manner of the Russian peasant who has been accustomed to associate upon terms of permitted equality with his superiors. "How is it possible not to know the Graf? Why, he is ours!—he lives in Yasnaya Polyana, only fifteen versts from here."

"Is there an inn or a post station in Yasnaya Polyana where I can go?" I inquired.

"No," replied the droshky driver; "but why go to an inn? You can stay with the Count; he is a plain, simple man [*sofsem prostoi*]; he always shakes hands with me when I go there, and he works in the fields just like a common muzhik. He is a good man, our Bahrin; he will be glad to have you stay with him."

It seemed to me that it would be rather awkward, if not an unwarrantable presumption, for a stranger to go directly to Count Tolstoi's house, satchel in hand, as if to stay a week, but there did not seem to be any alternative; and trusting that the necessities of the case would be a sufficient apology for any apparent presumption, I made an agreement with the droshky driver for transportation to Yasnaya Polyana, and at 10 o'clock we rolled out of Tula upon the broad white turnpike which leads to Orel and Kursk.

It was a bright, sunshiny June morning; the atmosphere, cleared and freshened by recent rain, was full of fragrance and ozone; and as we reached the summit of a high hill behind the town, I looked out with delight over a vast cultivated landscape rising in places through splendid slopes of vivid green to dark ridges of forest, sinking again into deep sequestered valleys where clusters of brown thatched houses

hid themselves in clumps of olive foliage, and finally stretching away on the left to the distant horizon in one vast undulating expanse of growing wheat. Far or near there was not a fence, nor a wall, nor even a hedge to break with stiff rectangles the vast flowing outlines of the picture; nor could there anywhere be seen a single isolated house, barn, or granary. Only the high state of cultivation to which the land had been brought, and occasionally the green or golden dome of a village church, calling attention to a modest cluster of thatched cottages nestling under it in a clump of trees, showed that the beautiful picturesque country was inhabited. The roadside was bright with daisies, cranebill, poppies, and wild mustard; the warm air was laden with the perfume of clover, and yellow butterflies zigzagged in eccentric flight from flower to flower as if half intoxicated by the rich fragrance and yet unable to discover its source. Here and there beside the road ragged peasants, armed with short iron sledge-hammers, were sitting in a group on the ground near a conical pile of broken stone, cracking large water-worn pebbles which they held between their huge, shapeless, cloth-bandaged feet; and now and then we overtook a bare-headed, bare-footed peasant woman, with tucked-up skirts, trudging homeward from the market-place in Tula, with her purchases in a gray bag or hanging from a long pole carried over one shoulder.

About ten versts from Tula, in a shallow valley beside a brook, we came suddenly upon one of those scenes which are so characteristic of Russian life and Russian country roads in the early spring and summer. It was a group of "bogomoltsi," or pilgrims, who had been resting and eating their lunch of black rye-bread and tea beside the road under the shade of a clump of trees. They were all women, and as we passed they sprang to their feet, picked up their long walking-poles, tied their tea-kettles and tin cups to their girdles, shouldered their gray linen bags, and trudged away from their smoldering camp fire, as if ashamed to have been seen in the act of yielding to such a weakness of the flesh as a desire for rest and food. They were nearly all women past middle age; their coarse, ragged, dust-whitened attire, basket sandals, and bandaged legs were evidences of extreme poverty; and their hard, sun-burned features were as stolid and expressionless as if they had never had a thought beyond the gratification of mere animal impulses; and yet these "God-worshippers," forsaking homes, families, and friends, had walked across half the empire, and were bound for the great Troitskaya monastery,—the Canterbury of Russia,—forty-five miles beyond Moscow. For weeks they had not

changed their clothing, eaten a substantial meal, or slept in a bed, and for weeks to come they would trudge wearily along the highways of Russia in scorching heat and drenching rain, ready to do all, bear all, and suffer all, if at last they might press their faces to the cold stone floor of the Cathedral of the Trinity, drink out of the holy well of Saint Sergius, and pray before the massive silver shrine in which the relics of that holy man repose. During the months of May and June—and in fact throughout the summer—there are thousands of such parties of pilgrims on the march in all parts of the empire. Some are bound for the catacombs of Saint Anthony, in Kiev; some for the ancient monastery of Saint Valamo, on Lake Ladoga; some for the holy shrines of Novgorod the Great; some for the monastery of Solovetsk, on the bleak arctic coast of the White Sea; and a few for the holy places of far-away Jerusalem. To a casual observer in the streets of Moscow these wandering "bogomoltsi" and "stranniki" seem at times to compose a quarter of the population of the city.

As we left behind us one by one the black-and-white barred posts which mark the long versts between stations on a Russian post-road, the heat of the sun grew more and more oppressive, and the blinding reflection of its vertical rays from the white unshaded turnpike became more and more insupportable, until my head and eyes ached with the heat and the glare. I was just about to ask my driver if we were not almost there when he gathered up his reins, turned into what seemed to be an old wood-road leading away from the turnpike on the right in the direction of an inclosed forest, and said, "Na konets daiekheli,"—"At last we have arrived." I looked eagerly around for the imposing baronial mansion which I had pictured to myself as the country home of the great author, who was at the same time a wealthy Russian noble; but, with the exception of a little cluster of thatched log-houses on the crest of a sloping ridge about a mile away, I could not see a sign of human habitation.

"Where is the Count's house?" I inquired. "It is over there in the woods," replied the driver, pointing with his whip; "you can't see it until you get close to it. Here is the gate of the park," he added, as, skirting the edge of a mud-hole, we turned again to the right and passed between two high and evidently ancient brick columns, which were hollow on the inner side, as if to afford places of shelter for gatekeepers or sentinels. Nothing, except these columns and an artificial but long-neglected pond which glimmered between the trees on the left, indicated that we were in a park or upon the premises of a wealthy Russian landowner. I

should have supposed that we were taking "a short cut" through the woods to some peasant village. The road had not been graveled, and was muddy from recent rain; the grass under the forest trees was long, choked by weeds, and mingled with wild flowers; and there was not the slightest evidence anywhere of care, cultivation, or pride in the appearance of the grounds. About two hundred yards from the gateway the road turned suddenly to the right and stopped abruptly at one end of a plain, white, rectangular, two-story house of stuccoed brick standing among the trees in such a position that it could not be seen from the road at a greater distance than thirty or forty yards. It would be hard to imagine a simpler, barer, less pretentious building. It had neither piazzas nor towers nor architectural ornaments of any kind; there were no vines to soften its hard rectangular outlines or relieve the staring whiteness of its flat walls; and its front door, which looked so much like a side or back door that I did not dare to knock at it, was situated nearer the end than the center of the façade, and was reached by a flight of steps and a small square platform of gray, uncut paving-stones with grass growing in the chinks.

At the end of the house where the road stopped there was a croquet ground of bare, hard-trodden earth, and on a bench beside it, in the shade of a tree, sat a lady in a broad-brimmed, summer hat, reading. Not feeling sure that what I saw was the front of the house, and dreading the awkwardness of knocking at what might prove to be the kitchen or dining-room door, I crossed the croquet ground, apologized to the lady for interrupting her reading, and inquired if the Count was at home. She replied that she believed he was, and, asking me to follow her, she entered the house, requested me to be seated in a small reception-room, and then, turning to an open door in a wooden partition, she called in English, "Count, are you there?" A deep voice from the other side of the partition replied, "Yes." "A gentleman wishes to see you," she said, and then, without waiting for a response, she returned to the croquet ground. There was the sound of a moving chair in the adjoining room, and in a moment Count Tolstoi appeared at the door. I had heard not a little from his friends with regard to his eccentricities in the matter of dress; I had been shown photographs of him in peasant garb, and I did not therefore expect to see a man clothed in soft raiment; but I was hardly prepared, nevertheless, for the extreme unconventionality of his attire.

The day was a warm and sultry one; he had just returned from work in the fields, and his apparel consisted of heavy calfskin shoes, loose, almost shapeless, trousers of the coarse

homespun linen of the Russian peasants, and a white cotton undershirt without collar or neckerchief. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat, and everything that he had on seemed to be of domestic manufacture. But even in this coarse peasant garb Count Tolstoi was a striking and impressive figure. The massive proportions of his heavily molded frame were only rendered the more apparent by the scantiness and plainness of his dress, and his strong, resolute, virile face, deeply sunburned by exposure in the fields, seemed to acquire added strength from the feminine arrangement of his iron-gray hair, which was parted in the middle and brushed back over the temples. Count Tolstoi's features may be best described in Tuscan phrase as "molded with the fist and polished with the pickaxe," and the impression which they convey is that of independence, self-reliance, and unconquerable strength. The face does not seem at first glance to be that of a student or a speculative thinker, but rather that of a man of action accustomed to deal promptly and decisively with perilous emergencies, and to fight fiercely for his own hand, regardless of odds. The rather small eyes deeply set under shaggy brows are of the peculiar gray which lights up in excitement with a flash like that of drawn steel; the nose is large and prominent with a singular wideness and bluntness at the end; the lips are full, and firmly closed; and the outlines of the chin and jaws, so far as they can be seen through the full gray beard, only give additional emphasis to the expression of virile strength, which is the distinguishing characteristic of the large, rugged face.

In the book which has been translated into English by Isabel F. Hapgood, and published in New York under the title of "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," Count Tolstoi refers to the pain which he felt at the early age of six years when his mother was obliged to confess that he was a homely boy. "I fancied," he says, "that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips, and such small gray eyes as I had; I besought God to work a miracle, to turn me into a beauty, and all I had in the present or might have in the future I would give in exchange for a handsome face." But there is something better and higher in Count Tolstoi's face than mere beauty or regularity of feature, and that is the deep impress of moral, intellectual, and physical power.

He stood for an instant on the threshold as if surprised to see a stranger, but quickly advanced into the room with outstretched hand, and when I had briefly introduced myself he expressed simply but cordially the great pleasure and gratification which he said it gave him

to receive a visit from a foreigner, and especially from an American. I explained to him that my call was the result partly of a promise which I had made to some of his friends and admirers in Siberia, and partly of a desire to make the personal acquaintance of an author whose books had given me so much pleasure.

"What books of mine have you read?" he asked quickly. I replied that I had read all of his novels, including "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," and "The Cossacks."

"Have you seen any of my later writings?" he inquired.

"No," I said; "they have all, or nearly all, appeared since I went to Siberia."

"Ah!" he responded, "then you don't know me at all. We will get acquainted."

At this moment my ragged and generally unrepresentable droshky driver, whose existence I had wholly forgotten, entered the door. Count Tolstoi at once rose, greeted him cordially as an old acquaintance, shook his hand as warmly as he had shaken mine, and asked him with unaffected interest a number of questions about his domestic affairs and the news of the day in Tula. It was perhaps a trifling incident, but I was not at that time as well acquainted as I now am with Count Tolstoi's ideas concerning social questions, and to see a wealthy Russian noble, and the greatest of living novelists, shaking hands upon terms of perfect equality with a poor, ragged, and not overclean droshky driver whom I had picked up in the streets of Tula was the first of the series of surprises which made my visit to Count Tolstoi memorable. When the droshky driver, after inquiring affectionately with regard to the health of the Countess and of all the children, had taken his departure, Count Tolstoi excused himself for a moment and returned to the apartment out of which he had come, leaving me alone.

The room where I sat was small and nearly square, and seemed to serve a double purpose as a reception-room and a hall. Two of its walls were of white plaster; the third consisted of one side of a large oven covered with glazed tiles, and the fourth was formed by an unpainted wooden partition pierced by a door which opened apparently into Count Tolstoi's library or work-room. The floor was bare; the furniture, which was old-fashioned in form, consisted of two or three plain chairs, a deep sofa, or settle, upholstered with worn green morocco, and a small cheap table without a cloth. Three pairs of antlers were fastened against the walls, and upon one of them hung an old slouch hat and a white cotton shirt similar to that which Count Tolstoi had on. There was a marble bust in a niche behind the settle, but the only pictures which the

room contained were a small engraved portrait of Dickens and another of Schopenhauer. It would be impossible to imagine anything plainer or simpler than the room and its contents. More evidences of wealth and luxury might be found in many a peasant's cabin in Eastern Siberia.

Before I had had time to do more than glance hastily about me, Count Tolstoi reappeared in the act of belting around his waist, with a wide black strap, a coarse gray blouse, or tunic, of homespun linen, which he had put on in the adjoining room. Then seating himself beside me, he began to question me about the journey to Siberia from which I had just returned, and I — mindful of my promise to the exiles — began to tell him what I knew about Russian administration and the treatment of political convicts. It soon became evident that he was not to be surprised, or shocked, or aroused by any such information as I had to give him. He listened attentively, but without any manifestation of emotion, to my descriptions of exile life, and drew from the storehouse of his own experience as many cases of administrative injustice and oppression that were new to me as I could give that were new to him. He was evidently familiar with the whole subject, and had with regard to it well-settled views which were not to be shaken by a few additional facts not differing essentially from those that he had previously considered. I finally asked him whether he did not think that resistance to such oppression was justifiable.

"That depends," he replied, "upon what you mean by resistance; if you mean persuasion, argument, protest, I answer yes; if you mean violence — no. I do not believe that violent resistance to evil is ever justifiable under any circumstances."

He then set forth clearly, eloquently, and with more feeling than he had yet shown, the views with regard to man's duty as a member of society which are contained in his book entitled "My Religion," and which are further explained and illustrated in a number of his recently published tracts for the people. He laid particular stress upon the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, which, he said, is in accordance both with the teachings of Christ and the results of human experience. He declared that violence, as a means of redressing wrongs, is not only futile, but an aggravation of the original evil, since it is the nature of violence to multiply and reproduce itself in all directions. "The revolutionists," he said, "whom you have seen in Siberia, undertook to resist evil by violence, and what has been the result? Bitterness, and misery, and hatred, and bloodshed! The evils against which they took up arms still exist, and to them has been added a

mass of previously non-existent human suffering. It is not in that way that the kingdom of God is to be realized on earth."

I cannot now repeat from memory all the arguments and illustrations with which Count Tolstoi enforced his views and fortified his position; but I still remember the eloquence and earnestness with which they were presented, and the deep impression made upon me by the personality of the speaker. The ideas themselves were not new to me; I had repeatedly heard them discussed in literary circles in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Tver, and Kazan; but they never appealed to me with any real force until they came from the lips of a strong, sensitive, and earnest man who believed in them with passionate fervor.

For a long time I did not suggest any difficulties or raise any objections; but at last I made an effort to escape from the enthrallment of Count Tolstoi's strong personal influence by proposing to him questions which would necessitate the application of his general principles to specific cases. It is one thing to ask a man in a general way whether he would use violence to resist evil, and quite another thing to ask him specifically whether he would knock down a burglar who was about to cut the throat of his mother. Many men would say yes to the first question who would hesitate at the second. Count Tolstoi, however, was consistent. I related to him many cases of cruelty, brutality, and oppression which had come to my knowledge in Siberia, and at the end of every recital I said to him, "Count Tolstoi, if you had been there and had witnessed that transaction, would you not have interfered with violence?" He invariably answered, "No." I asked him the direct question whether he would kill a highwayman who was about to murder an innocent traveler, provided there were no other way to save the traveler's life. He replied, "If I should see a bear about to kill a peasant in the forest, I would sink an axe in the bear's head; but I would not kill a man who was about to do the same thing." There finally came into my mind a case which, although really not worse than many that I had already presented to him, would, I thought, appeal with peculiar force to a brave, sensitive, chivalrous man.

"Count Tolstoi," I said, "three or four years ago there was arrested in one of the provinces of European Russia a young, sensitive, cultivated woman named Olga Liubatovitch. I will not relate her whole history; it is enough to say that, inspired by ideas which, even if mistaken, were at least unselfish and heroic, she, with hundreds of other young people of both sexes, undertook to overturn the existing system of government. She was arrested, thrown

into prison, and after being kept for a year in solitary confinement she was exiled to Siberia by administrative process. You perhaps know—or if you do not know, I can tell you—what hardships and sufferings and humiliations a young girl must undergo who is sent to Siberia alone by 'etape' with a common criminal party. You can imagine the state of nervous excitement, the abnormal mental and emotional condition, to which she is brought by months of riding in springless telegas; by being compelled to yield to the demands of nature under the eyes of a soldier, and by sleeping for weeks on the hard benches and in the foul air of 'etapes' swarming with vermin. In this abnormal mental and emotional condition Olga Liubatovitch reached the town of Krasnoyarsk in Eastern Siberia. She had up to this time been permitted to wear her own dress and her own underclothing; but at Krasnoyarsk the local governor directed that she should put on the dress of a common convict. She refused to do so upon the ground that administrative exiles had the right to wear their own clothing, and that if convict dress had been obligatory, she would have been required to put it on before she left Moscow. The local governor insisted upon obedience to his order, and Miss Liubatovitch persisted in refusal. I do not know the reason for her obstinacy, but as convicts are not always supplied with new clothing, and are sometimes compelled to put on garments which have already been worn by others and which are foul and full of vermin, it is not difficult to suggest a number of good reasons for objecting to such a change. The chief of police and the officer of the convoy were finally directed to use force. In their presence, and that of half a dozen other men, three or four soldiers seized the poor girl and attempted to take off her clothes. She resisted, and there followed a horrible scene of violence and unavailing self-defense. Her lips were cut in the contest and her face covered with blood, but she continued to resist as long as she had strength. In spite of her cries, appeals, and struggles, she was finally overpowered, stripped naked under the eyes of six or eight men, and forcibly re clothed in the coarse convict dress. Now," I said, "suppose that all this had occurred in your presence; suppose that this bleeding, defenseless, half-naked girl had appealed to you for protection and had thrown herself into your arms; suppose that it had been your daughter—would you still have refused to interfere by an act of violence?"

He was silent. His eyes filled with tears as his imagination pictured to him the horror of such a situation, but for a moment he made no reply. Finally he said, "Do you know absolutely that that thing was done?"

"No," I said, "because I did not see it done; but I have it from two eye-witnesses, one of them a lady in whose statements I put implicit trust, and the other an officer of the exile administration. They saw it and they told me."

Again he was silent. Finally, ignoring my direct question as to what he personally would have done in such a case, Count Tolstoi said, "Even under such circumstances violence would not be justifiable. Let us analyze that situation carefully. I will grant, for the sake of argument, that the local governor who ordered the act of violence was an ignorant man, a cruel man, a brutal man—what you will; but he probably had an idea that he was doing his duty; he probably believed that he was enforcing a law of the Government to which he owed obedience and service. You suddenly appear and set yourself up as a judge in the case; you assume that he is not doing his duty,—that he is committing an act of unjustifiable violence,—and then, with strange inconsistency, you proceed to aggravate and complicate the evil by yourself committing another act of unjustifiable violence. One wrong added to another wrong does not make a right; it merely extends the area of wrong. Furthermore, your resistance, in order to be effective,—in order to accomplish anything,—must be directed against the soldiers who are committing the assault. But those soldiers are not free agents; they are subject to military discipline and are acting under orders which they dare not disobey. To prevent the execution of the orders you must kill or maim two or three of the soldiers—that is, kill or wound the only parties to the transaction who are certainly innocent, who are manifestly acting without malice and without evil intention. Is that just? Is it rational? But go a step further: suppose that you do kill or wound two or three of the soldiers; you may or may not thus succeed in preventing the completion of the act against which your violence is a protest; but one thing you certainly will do, and that is, extend the area of enmity, injustice, and misery. Every one of the soldiers whom you kill or maim has a family, and upon every such family you bring grief and suffering which would not have come to it but for your act. In the hearts of perhaps a score of people you rouse the anti-Christian and anti-social emotions of hatred and revenge, and thus sow broadcast the seeds of further violence and strife. At the time when you interposed there was only one center of evil and suffering. By your violent interference you have created half a dozen such centers. It does not seem to me, Mr. Kennan, that that is the way to bring about the reign of peace and good-will on earth."

My curiosity as to the extent to which Count Tolstoi would go in the application of his general principles to specific cases was entirely satisfied. The answer to this reasoning, from the point of view of sociology, is obvious, but it was not my purpose to object, or argue, more than might be necessary to bring out Count Tolstoi's views in their full strength.

Further conversation was prevented by a summons to lunch, which was served in a large, cheerful, sunny room in the second story. This part of the house, so far as plainness and simplicity are concerned, was perfectly in harmony with the part that I had already seen. The floor was bare; the furniture was homely and old-fashioned; the windows were hung with simple white muslin curtains without lambrequins or unnecessary drapery; and the whitewashed walls were relieved only by a few oil portraits in faded gilt frames, which evidently represented ancestors and dated from the last century.

At lunch I met, for the first time, Count Tolstoi's large family, which consisted of the Countess, a stately, dark-eyed, dark-haired lady, who must in her youth have been extremely beautiful; the eldest son, who had recently been graduated from one of the Russian universities; the eldest daughter, a girl perhaps twenty years of age; two bright-faced nieces, and three or four younger children. There were also present a young man in a highly ornamented peasant costume, worn evidently from caprice or in imitation of the Count, and two ladies of middle age whose relations to the family I could not determine, but who were probably nothing more than friends and converts to the Tolstoi philosophy.

The lunch passed quickly with bright, spontaneous conversation, in which all joined without the least appearance of formality or restraint, and in the course of which Count Tolstoi himself manifested more boyishness and gayety than I had yet given him credit for. When we had risen from the table he produced and proceeded to sell at auction to the highest bidder a richly embroidered towel, the work of a peasant woman, which, he said, had been brought to him as a present, but which he was unwilling to accept because the giver was very poor and really in need of the money that the towel represented. Amid general laughter Count Tolstoi's son and I, who were the principal bidders, ran the price up by successive offers of five kopeks more to two roubles and a half, when the auctioneer, with non-professional candor, declared that that was too much; that the American traveler in the course of the bidding had offered two roubles, which was about what the towel was worth, and that consequently it was his duty to award

it to him. Young Tolstoi, with mock indignation, protested against the unfairness of that sort of an auction, but his motion for a new trial was overruled on the novel ground that the towel belonged to the auctioneer, who therefore had an unquestionable right to knock it down to any bidder whom he chose. His son laughingly acquiesced in the ruling, and the merry group which had gathered about the auctioneer dispersed.

I had not yet had a favorable opportunity to show Count Tolstoi the manuscript embodying the narrative of the "hunger strike" in the Irkoutsk prison, which I had promised the political exiles in the Trans-Baikal that I would give to him. Upon our return to the little reception-room on the first floor, I raised again the question of the treatment of the political convicts in Siberia, and, as an illustration of some of my statements, I handed him the manuscript. It was a detailed history of the voluntary self-starvation of four political convicts, all educated women, in the prison at Irkoutsk. This "hunger strike," which took place in December, 1884, lasted sixteen days, and brought all of the women very near to death. It was undertaken as the last possible protest against what they regarded as intolerable cruelty. The narrative was written by Madame Rossikova, one of the "hunger strikers," and was smuggled out of the prison by an administrative exile who occupied a cell near hers, and who succeeded in opening communication with her at night by means of a cord, with a small weight attached, which he swung within reach of her window. I shall in a subsequent paper give a translation of this narrative, and I need only say here that it is a detailed account of perhaps the most desperate "hunger strike" recorded in the annals of Russian prisons.

Count Tolstoi read three or four pages of the manuscript with a gradually clouding face, and then returned it to me. His manner and his subsequent conversation conveyed to my mind the impression that he was already overburdened with a consciousness of human misery, and that he shrank from the contemplation of more suffering which he was powerless to relieve, and which could not change his views with regard to the principles that should govern human conduct.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that the courage and fortitude of these people are heroic, but their methods are irrational, and I cannot sympathize with them. They resorted to violence, knowing that they rendered themselves liable to violence in return, and they are suffering the natural consequences of their mistaken action. I cannot imagine," he continued, "any darker conception of hell than the state

of some of those unfortunate people in Siberia, whose hearts are full of bitterness and hatred, and who, at the same time, are absolutely powerless even to return evil for evil. If," he added after a moment's pause, "they had only changed their views a little,—if they had adopted the course which seems to me the only right one to pursue in dealing with evil,—what might not such people have done for Russia! Mine is the true revolutionary method. If the people of the empire refuse, as I believe they should refuse, to render military service,—if they decline to pay taxes to support that instrument of violence, an army,—the present system of government cannot stand. The proper way to resist evil is to absolutely refuse to do evil either for one's self or for others."

"But," I said, surprised by this advocacy of a revolutionary method which seemed to me utterly impracticable and visionary, "the Government *forces* its people to render military service and pay taxes—they *must* serve and pay or go to prison."

"Then let them go to prison," he rejoined. "The Government cannot put the whole population in prison; and if it could, it would still be without material for an army and without money for its support."

"But," I objected, "you cannot get the whole people to act simultaneously in this way. If you were let alone, you could perhaps convert a few hundred thousand peasants to your views; but do you think that you would be let alone? As soon as your teaching began to be dangerous to the stability of the state it would be suppressed. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that you succeeded in converting a quarter of the population; the Government would draw soldiers enough from the other three quarters to put that one quarter in prison or in Siberia, and there would be an end of your propaganda and your revolution. It seems to me that the first thing to be done is to obtain freedom of action—peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. You cannot persuade, nor teach, nor show people how they ought to live, if some other man holds you by the throat and chokes you every time you open your mouth or raise your hand. How are you ever going to get your propaganda under way?"

"But do you not see," replied the Count, "that if you claim and exercise the right to resist by an act of violence what you regard as evil, every other man will insist upon his right to resist in the same way what he regards as evil, and the world will continue to be filled with violence? It is your duty to show that there is a better way."

"But," I objected, "you cannot show any-

thing if somebody smites you on the mouth every time you open it to speak the truth."

"You can at least refrain from striking back," replied the Count; "you can show by your peaceable behavior that you are not governed by the barbarous law of retaliation, and your adversary will not continue to strike a man who neither resists nor tries to defend himself. It is by those who have suffered, not by those who have inflicted suffering, that the world has been advanced."

I said it seemed to me that the advancement of the world had been promoted not a little by the protests—and often the violent and bloody protests—of its inhabitants against wrong and outrage, and that all history goes to show that a people which tamely submits to oppression never acquires either liberty or happiness.

"The whole history of the world," replied the Count, "is a history of violence, and you can of course cite violence in support of violence; but do you not see that there is in human society an endless variety of opinions as to what constitutes wrong and oppression, and that if you once concede the right of any man to resort to violence to resist what he regards as wrong, he being the judge, you authorize every other man to enforce his opinions in the same way, and you have a universal reign of violence?"

"If, on the other hand," I said, "oppression is advantageous to the oppressor, and if he finds that he can oppress with impunity and that nobody resists, when is he likely to stop oppressing? It seems to me that the peaceable submission to injustice which you advocate would simply divide society into two classes: tyrants, who find tyranny profitable, and who therefore will continue it indefinitely, and slaves, who regard resistance as wrong, and who will therefore submit indefinitely."

Count Tolstoi, however, continued to maintain that the only way to abolish oppression and violence is to refuse absolutely to do violence regardless of provocation. He said that the policy of passive resistance to evil which he advocated as a revolutionary method is in complete harmony with the character of the Russian peasant, and he referred to the wide and rapid spread of religious dissent in the empire as showing the chance of success which such a policy would have in spite of repressive measures.

After some further conversation Count Tolstoi proposed that we should take a walk, and I assented. A short distance from the house we met Miss Tolstoi, the Count's eldest daughter, dressed as a peasant girl, on her way home from the fields where she had been raking hay with the village girls of Yasnaya Polyana.

The peasant dress of bright scarlet, cut low in the neck all around, the braided hair, and the strings of large colored glass beads which hung in festoons over her breast, changed her appearance so completely that I did not recognize her until her father called her by name. It appeared that she shared his views with regard to manual toil, and was accustomed to work in the fields of any poor neighbor who was in need of assistance. Count Tolstoi himself had spent the morning in spreading manure over the land of a poor widow who lived near his estate, and would have devoted the afternoon to the same occupation but for my visit.

"I believe," he said, "that it is every man's duty to labor for others who need assistance, and to work at least a part of every day with his hands. It is better to actually labor for and with the poor in their particular employment, than it is to work in your own higher and possibly more remunerative intellectual field and then give the poor the results of your labor. In the one case you not only help the people who need help, but you set the poor and the idle an example; you show them that you do not regard even their prosaic toil as beneath your dignity, and you thus teach them self-respect, industry, and contentment with their lot. If, on the other hand, you work exclusively in your own higher intellectual field and give the poor the results of your labor, as you would give alms to a beggar, you encourage idleness and dependence; you establish a social class distinction between yourself and the recipient of your alms; you break down his self-respect and self-reliance, and you inspire him with a longing to escape from the hard conditions of his own life of daily physical toil, and to share your life, which he thinks is easier than his; to wear your clothes, which seem to him better than his, and to gain admission to your social class, which he regards as higher than his. That is not the way to help the poor or to promote the brotherhood of man."

"If I admit," I said, "that it is man's highest duty to do good to others, and that he owes only a secondary duty to himself and to his family, I cannot dispute the soundness of your reasoning. If I accept your premises I leave myself no ground to stand on in an argument; but, waiving that point, the characteristic of your scheme that strikes me most forcibly is its utter impracticability. Given the present organization of society and the existing traits of human character, it seems to me that a man who practices non-resistance, and who devotes his life to the good of others, simply sacrifices himself and his family without any commensurate gain to the world, because nobody else acts upon the same principles."

"You say," rejoined Count Tolstoi, "that if you admit my premises you leave yourself no ground to stand on in an argument; but why should you not admit my premises? You *must* admit my premises. If every man should do good to every other man instead of evil, the condition of things would be better than it is now, would it not? The state of society in which every man shall do good instead of evil is a thing to be hoped for and worked for, is it not? Then why do you say that I am impracticable when I hope and work for the realization of a social state which you yourself admit is desirable? If we are ever to reach that desirable social state somebody must make a beginning, must he not? Somebody must take a step in that direction and show that it is possible to live so? What if the present organization of society and the existing traits of human character do make such a step difficult — that has no bearing on my personal duty. The question is not what is easy, but what is right. There is nothing sacred or necessarily immutable about the present organization of society and the existing traits of human character. They are the results of man's activity, and by man's activity they can be changed. I believe that they ought to be changed, and I am doing what I can to change them."

Count Tolstoi then related with great fullness of detail the history of his change of attitude toward the teaching of Christ, and the steps by which he was brought to see that that teaching, rightly understood, furnishes a reasonable solution of some of the darkest problems of human life. He based upon it not only his opposition to resistance as a means of overcoming evil, but his hostility to courts of justice, established churches, class distinctions, private property, and all civil and ecclesiastical organization in existing forms. His frequent references to the New Testament, and his insistence on the precepts of Christ as furnishing the only rule for the right government of human conduct, might lead one to regard Count Tolstoi as a devout and orthodox Christian, but, judged by a doctrinal standard, he is very far from being so. He rejects the whole doctrinal framework of the Christian scheme of redemption, including original sin, atonement, the triune personality of God, and the divinity of Christ, and has very little faith in the immortality of the soul. His religion is a religion of this world, and it is based almost wholly upon terrestrial considerations. If he refers frequently to the teachings of Christ, and accepts Christ's precepts as the rules which should govern human conduct, it is not because he believes that Christ was God, but because he regards those precepts as a formal embodiment of the high-

est and noblest philosophy of life, and as a revelation, in a certain sense, of the Divine will and character. He insists, however, that Christ's precepts shall be understood—and that they were intended to be understood—literally and in their most obvious sense. He will not recognize nor tolerate any softening or modification of a hard commandment by subtle and plausible interpretation. If Christ said, "Resist not evil," he meant resist not evil. He did not mean resist not evil if you can help it, nor resist not evil unless it is unbearable; he meant resist not at all. How unflinchingly Count Tolstoi faces the logical results of his system of belief I have tried to show.

We wandered aimlessly about his estate, talking and arguing, nearly the whole afternoon; I do not remember where we went; I cannot remember anything that I saw; I was conscious only of the stream of ideas, arguments, and illustrations which flowed unceasingly from his mind into mine, and the emotions which were roused by it, and by the strong, earnest, lovable personality of the man himself.

Late in the afternoon we were compelled by a summer shower to take refuge in the house, and Count Tolstoi invited me into his work-room. It was very small, not much larger than an ordinary bedroom, and the cell of a hermit could hardly have been less luxurious. It contained no furniture except a narrow iron bedstead, a single plain wooden chair, and a small table of stained pine covered with worn green morocco. There was a portrait over the table of a well-known Russian dissenter named Siutaief, and around the walls were book-shelves filled with books, mostly in paper covers, but I could see nothing else to distinguish Count Tolstoi's library from a room in the house of any well-to-do peasant.

"I receive many letters," said the Count, opening a drawer in the table, "from people in America who have read my 'Confession' and 'Religion'—here is one"; and he put into my hands a letter from some man living in a village in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, informing the Count that he—the writer—and many of his fellow-villagers had long practiced the principles advocated in "My Religion"; that they "confessed the truth as it is in Jesus," and that they had recently organized a church.

"Now," said the Count, "what do you think of that letter? You see he doesn't understand; he thinks that he cannot have religion without a church. I wrote him that he didn't need a church in order to live rightly."

At this moment there entered the room a young man shabbily dressed in the garb of a common peasant, who brought to Count Tolstoi the day's mail from the neighboring village.

I took the man to be a servant employed about the stables, and did not rise from my seat. I was greatly surprised therefore when Count Tolstoi introduced him to me as Mr. F., one of his friends and co-workers. He proved to be an educated gentleman, a graduate of one of the Russian universities, and the most consistent and thorough-going of Count Tolstoi's disciples. He carried the latter's principles in fact to the utmost limit of logical application. He had no property, no home, not even a settled place of abode. He worked constantly for others, and refused absolutely to receive any compensation except food, clothing, and shelter. Even these necessities of life he accepted not as payment for his labor, but merely as things which every man is bound to give every other man if they are needed. He toiled wherever he thought his work would be most useful; when he needed clothes, he asked some peasant woman to make them for him; when he was hungry, he went to the nearest house for food; and when night came, he slept under any roof where he happened to be. In short, he devoted his life to society at large, and society at large supported him. He paid no taxes, refused to take out a passport, ignored the Government in every way, and was liable to arrest at any moment as a vagrant. If he had been arrested, he would have persisted in his refusal to pay taxes which might be used to support an army, and would have gone quietly, if not contentedly, to prison. Could there be a more perfect illustration of altruistic principles carried unflinchingly to their logical conclusion?

Among the letters and packages brought from the post-office by this young man was a copy of the English translation, published in New York, of Count Tolstoi's book entitled "My Religion." It was the first time he had seen it in its English dress, and he expressed a curiosity to know whether or not the translation, which had been made through the French, was a good one. He brought out the original manuscript, which bore evident traces of much handling and copying, and we compared three or four pages of it with the translation. The author seemed to be satisfied, and said, "The ideas are apparently all there."

The conversation then turned upon foreign editions of his books, and he said that he had recently received from the American publishers of one of his novels an offer of a royalty, upon condition that he should allow that firm to call theirs the authorized edition of his works. He had written them, he said, that he did not recognize nor believe in contracts or agreements, and that he did not desire to have anything to do with the foreign sale of his novels. He spoke slightly, almost contemptuously, of his works of fiction, and seemed

to regard them for the most part as monuments of misdirected energy. He had great difficulty, he said, in getting his religious ideas before the Russian people on account of the attitude of hostility taking toward them by Pobedonostsef, the Procureur of the Holy Synod, and by the ecclesiastical censor. I told him that I had seen many lithographed and hektographed copies of his later writings in circulation in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

"Yes," he replied; "the Government will not allow me to print them, but it cannot suppress them altogether. Sometimes it proscribes my ideas in one form and allows them to be printed in another. It refused me permission to publish in the form of an argument the ideas contained in 'Ivan Durak' ('Ivan the Fool'). I recast them in the form of a short story for the common people, and the censor passed them without objection. I was forbidden to print my 'Isповед' ('Confession'), but the ecclesiastical authorities finally printed it themselves in their own 'Orthodox Review,' with an elaborate refutation of my heresies by a prelate of the church. I am told," he added with a smile, "that in the public libraries the only leaves of the 'Orthodox Review' that are cut are those on which my 'Confession' is found."

Our conversation was interrupted at this point by the announcement of dinner. Count Tolstoi of course made no change in his dress; I was unable to make any change in mine even had I felt disposed to do so, and the ladies alone showed a disposition to respect the established conventionalities of life in the matter of apparel. The dinner was simple, informal, and in every way enjoyable. The conversation, as at lunch, was bright and unconstrained, and Count Tolstoi himself in particular seemed to participate with keen zest in the laughter, raillery, and badinage of the younger people. His relations with his children, whenever I saw them together, were everything that such relations should be — cordial, sympathetic, and affectionate.

After dinner the family again separated. The young man who had brought the mail from the post-office, and one of the two ladies whom I supposed to be visiting disciples of

the Count, had a philosophic symposium in his work-room, where I found them later in the evening, reading and discussing one of his unpublished manuscripts. The Countess Tolstoi invited me to drink tea in her sitting-room, and there we were soon afterward joined by the Count, who brought in with him a large lap-board, an open box, or tray, containing shoemaker's instruments and appliances, and an unfinished pair of shoes. Seating himself quietly in a good light, he laid the board across his knees, took up one of the shoes, and began to put on a heel, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for the author of "Anna Karenina," and the owner of an estate worth six hundred thousand roubles, to spend his evenings in cobbling. I had already been surprised so many times that day that my nervous organization had nearly ceased to respond to that sort of emotional stimulation; but the discovery that Count Tolstoi was a shoemaker had still enough piquancy and grotesqueness about it to excite a faint thrill of wonderment. I seated myself directly opposite him, where I could occasionally facilitate his labor by handing him the necessary implements, and he discoursed learnedly upon shoemaking as an art, and explained to me the fine points of workmanship involved in putting on a heel and the extreme difficulty of trimming a sole neatly without cutting the "upper." He seemed to feel more honest pride in his ability to make a shoe than in his ability to write "War and Peace" or "The Cossacks"; but after watching the progress of his labor for half an hour with an unprejudiced, if an uncritical, eye, I decided, with all respect for the versatility of his talent, that I would rather read one of his novels than wear a pair of his shoes.

After some further talk upon the art of shoemaking, accompanied by practical illustrations, Count Tolstoi turned the conversation to America, and began to ask me questions about people and things there that interested him. He said that he regarded William Lloyd Garrison as one of the most remarkable men that America had produced,* and he called my attention to an engraved portrait of the great

* Through the courtesy of Mr. W. P. Garrison of the New York "Nation," I have been permitted to make the following extracts from a letter written to him in English by Count Tolstoi under date of Moscow, March 25th, 1886:

"I have received your letter and the books you sent me. I thank you very much for both. To be informed of the existence of such a pure Christian personality as was your father has been a great joy to me. I have not yet had the time to read the whole book, but the Declaration of Non-Resistance, that I had looked over, is, in my opinion, an era in the history of humanity. This Declaration, as it has been composed nearly half a century ago, fully expresses the sentiments we pro-

less now and which will be professed by the whole mankind, because they express God's eternal law unto men, revealed by Christ, and which is to be fulfilled. (Chap. V. 18 Matt.). . . . Does the Society of Non-Resistance exist yet? And where is its organ and who are its members? It is strange of me to make this last question; the Society of Non-Resistance is not an exceptional society, but is, in fact, the only church which was founded by Christ, and which never can end. My question properly means: Are there people who profess the true faith, and who boldly accuse the errors of false Christians who acknowledge Government, and violence which is inseparable with it?"

antislavery agitator which hung near the window in the room where we were sitting. He said he had sent to the United States for the biography of Garrison by Oliver Johnson, and had read it with great interest; but he thought the author had not given prominence enough to Garrison's views with regard to non-resistance, and had shown a disposition to treat them in a deprecatory way, as if they were something to be apologized for. In his (Count Tolstoi's) opinion, the fact that Garrison was, at one time at least, a non-resistant, did him more honor perhaps than any other fact in his history. The Count also spoke with warm respect and admiration of Theodore Parker, whose "Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion" he regarded as the most remarkable effort of the American mind in that field. In the course of further conversation he said he thought it deeply to be regretted that America had in two particulars proved false to her traditions.

"In what particulars?" I inquired.

"In the persecution of the Chinese and the Mormons," he replied. "You are crushing the Mormons by oppressive legislation, and you have forbidden Chinese immigration."

"But," I said, "have you ever heard what we have to say for ourselves upon these questions?"

"Perhaps not," he answered; "tell me."

I then proceeded to give him the most extreme anti-Chinese views that have ever prevailed upon the Pacific coast, and to draw as dark a picture as I could of the economic condition of a once prosperous and happy State "ruined by Chinese cheap labor."

"Well," he said when I had finished, "is that all?"

"All!" I exclaimed. "Isn't that enough? Suppose the Chinese should come to California at the rate of a hundred thousand a year; they would simply crush our civilization on the Pacific coast."

"Well," rejoined the Count coolly, "what of it? The Chinese have as much right there as you have."

"But would you not allow a people to protect itself against that sort of alien invasion?" I asked.

"Why alien?" said the Count. "Why do you make a distinction between foreigners and countrymen? To me all men are brothers, no matter whether they are Russians or Mexicans, Americans or Chinese."

"But suppose," I said, "that your Chinese brethren come across the sea in sufficient numbers to reduce you to slavery; you would probably object to that."

"Why should I?" rejoined the Count with quiet imperturbability. "Slavery is working for others — all I want is to work for others."

I abandoned the discussion. To argue with

a man who would not resist enslavement by a Chinese was as unprofitable as to discuss surgery with a man who would not admit the desirability of relieving suffering and saving life. I allowed the Mormon question to go by default. In fact, I did not see upon what ground I could defend anything against an antagonist who would neither give me standing room nor allow me to use any of the weapons in my armory.

Later in the evening something was said which brought up the subject of civil government, and that in turn led to a discussion of punishment in general and capital punishment in particular. Count Tolstoi, as might have been expected, was opposed to both, and in the course of the conversation he said that shortly after the assassination of Alexander II. and the trial and sentence of the assassins, he wrote a letter to the present Tsar, making an appeal in behalf of the condemned regicides, setting forth the wrongfulness of taking human life, even by due judicial process, and imploring the Tsar not to begin his reign with murder. He sent this letter by a friend to Pobedenostsef, the Procureur of the Holy Synod, who had been the tutor of Alexander III., and was supposed to have great influence over him, and besought Pobedenostsef to lay the letter before the Tsar with a favorable recommendation. He received from Pobedenostsef in reply what he described to me as "a terrible letter" [*uzhasnoe pismo*], in which the writer said that he approved of the death sentence pronounced upon the murderers of Alexander II., that he did not sympathize with appeals for mercy based upon such considerations as those which Count Tolstoi urged, and that he must therefore decline to bring the letter to the Tsar's attention. He closed by saying, "Your religion is a religion of weakness and sentimentality, but there is a religion of authority and power" [*sil i vlast*].

I could see by Count Tolstoi's manner while relating this incident that he had been deeply disappointed by the result of his intercession, though why he should have expected any other result it is hard to understand. The circumstance furnishes an illustration of what seems to me a weakness — or, if that word be too harsh, a peculiarity — which distinguishes Russian character as a whole, and which is to me one of the most noticeable features of the character and the philosophy of Count Tolstoi. I cannot think of any better word to describe that peculiarity than "childishness," although that word has also a depreciatory significance which renders it objectionable, and which I should like in this case to reject. I mean that the Russian, as a rule, has a childish faith in the practicability and the speedy

realization of plans, hopes, and schemes which an American, under precisely similar circumstances, would regard as visionary and quixotic, and would therefore throw aside as having no bearing on his present conduct. When this national trait is united, as it is in the Russian character, with a boundless capacity for self-sacrifice, it brings about results which, to the American mind, are simply bewildering and astonishing. This characteristic which I have called "childishness" is no less apparent in the reasoning and the activity of the Nihilists than in the doctrines and the eccentric practices of Count Tolstoi. It was as childish for the Nihilists to suppose that they could attain their objects by assassinating the Tsar as it was for Count Tolstoi to suppose that he could save them from punishment for that act by urging such considerations as the barbarity and sinfulness of the death penalty upon a government which had already shot or hanged fifteen or twenty men for political offenses of far less gravity. Both the Nihilists and Count Tolstoi answered affirmatively the question, "Is the object to be attained desirable?" and then both proceeded at once to act, regardless of the equally important question, "Is the proposed method practicable?" The Russian seems to throw himself with a sort of noble, generous, but childish enthusiasm into the most thorny path of self-denial and self-sacrifice, if he can only see, or think that he sees, the shining walls of his ideal golden city at the end of it. He takes no account of difficulties, heeds not the suggestions of prudence, cares not for the natural laws which limit his powers, but presses on, with a sublime confidence that he can reach the ideal city because he can see it so plainly, and because it is such a desirable city to reach. From Count Tolstoi, striving to bring about the millennium by working for others and sacrificing himself, down to the poor pilgrims by the roadside, striving to better their characters and atone for their sins by laborious pilgrimages to holy shrines, there is manifested this same national characteristic — the disposition to seek desirable ends by inadequate and impracticable methods.

I had had no favorable opportunity during the day to ascertain Count Tolstoi's views with regard to modern science, but late in the afternoon such an opportunity presented itself in the course of a discussion of heredity as a factor in social problems. I said it seemed to me that in considering the possibility of eradicating evil by altruistic conduct and non-resistance he did not give the facts of heredity enough weight. He replied that he did not believe in inherited total depravity, and that as for Darwinism he regarded it as a "great deception" [*bolshoi obman*].

"I do not pretend," he said, "to be well informed upon the subject of development; but I am told that a Russian scientist, named Danilefski, has written a book which will completely demolish the Darwinian theory." It was evident from this remark that Count Tolstoi had no adequate conception of the cumulative strength of the mass of evidence which now supports the theory of development, and I did not therefore pursue the subject. Callers soon afterward came in, and, although Count Tolstoi did not discontinue his shoemaking, the conversation soon became general, and was directed to subjects of local interest.

At 11 o'clock it became necessary for me to return to the railway station, and I bade good-bye, with sincere regret, to a man whom I had known only one day, but for whom I had already come to feel an almost affectionate respect. His theories of life and conduct seemed to me nobly, generously, and heroically wrong, but for the man himself I had, and could have, only the warmest respect and esteem.

It has of course been impossible, within the limits of such a paper as this, to give even the substance of a conversation which lasted many hours, and which ranged over the whole field of human conduct. I am conscious that in what I have written, from memory and from fragmentary notes, I have failed to do even partial justice to Count Tolstoi's arguments, to his eloquence, and to the deep, earnest sincerity which pervaded them, and which impressed me more than all else. I hope, however, that I have at least reported him fairly and understandingly.

Count Tolstoi is perhaps at the present time the most generally talked of and widely read author in Russia. His books and pamphlets circulate by tens of thousands among the educated classes, and by millions among the peasants; his theories of life are bitterly attacked and sometimes warmly defended in the Russian periodical press, and his religious ideas are discussed in the luxurious homes of the wealthy nobles and in the cottages of the peasants, and from the capital of the empire to the mines of Kara. The fifth collection of his works, in twelve volumes, has just been published in St. Petersburg, and up to July last there had been sold nearly three million copies of his tracts for the common people. What permanent effect, if any, his teaching and his example will have upon the course of events in Russia it is impossible as yet to predict. Thus far the results are unimportant, and the verdict of educated society is adverse to the philosopher and to his philosophy. I am not at all sure, however, that the results would long continue to be unimportant if the Government should allow Count Tolstoi's propagand-

da to get fairly under way. There is no doubt that his teachings are, to a certain extent, in harmony with the character of the Russian peasant; and that he spoke the simple truth when he said to me, "The muzhik is not naturally aggressive nor combative, but he is capable of passive resistance to an almost unlimited extent." Both of these facts are illustrated by the history of Russian dissent, and particularly by the springing up in various parts of the empire of such sects as the "Non-Tax-payers," the "Hiders," and the "Followers of Siutaief." All of these sects hold views closely analogous to those of Count Tolstoi, and they hold them with a tenacity which neither prison nor exile can conquer. Siberia is full of people who have been banished for religious heresies which they could not be persuaded nor forced to relinquish, and the number of dissenters in the empire is now about fourteen millions. If Count Tolstoi were allowed to sow the seeds of his doctrines broadcast in this fertile soil, it might possibly change to a very considerable extent the course of Russian history; but, as I have before said, he will not be permitted to do so. Nearly all of his later writings have been prohibited by the censor, in whole or in part, and if, notwithstanding these repressive measures, his religious heresy should gain adherents enough to make it dangerous, or even troublesome, to the state, it would be stamped out with imprisonment and exile, as scores of such dangerous heresies have been stamped out before.

The question most frequently put to me in St. Petersburg and Moscow after my return from Yasnaya Polyana was, "Did Count Tolstoi impress you as sincere and in earnest?" There seemed to be a prevalent belief that he was merely amusing himself with shoemaking, field-labor, and tract-writing, and that there was behind it all no real sincerity of conviction. In support of this belief it was urged that Count Tolstoi's practice did not in all respects accord with his preaching; that he pretended to regard his works of fiction as useless, if not pernicious, and yet superintended the publication of a fifth edition of them; and that he opposed private property and preached against money-getting, and yet continued to hold his estate and to take the proceeds from the sales of his books.

In reply to these attacks upon Count Tolstoi's sincerity it may be said that if there is any discrepancy between his preaching and his practice it arises from the fact that he is acting under restraint. It is an open secret in Russia that all of Count Tolstoi's family do not share his religious belief, and that in the attempt to put his ideas into practice he is

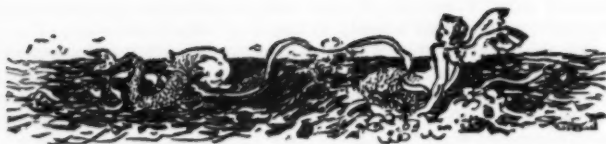
obliged to choose between two lines of conduct, each of which involves evil and suffering, not only to himself but to others. Under such circumstances he has chosen what seems to him the least wrong alternative, and has made his practice conform to his preaching just so far as he can without bringing upon himself and upon others a greater evil than that growing out of his admitted inconsistency. It is therefore ungenerous, if not unjust, to attack him upon this ground, since he is precluded by the very nature of the case from making any defense.

In an authorized interview recently published in a Russian journal, Count Tolstoi refers to this subject as follows, in language whose graphic idiomatic simplicity and vigor can only be suggested in a translation:

"People say to me, 'Well, Lef Nikolaivitch, as far as preaching goes, you preach; but how about your practice?' The question is a perfectly natural one; it is always put to me, and it always shuts my mouth. 'You preach,' it is said, 'but how do you live?' I can only reply that I do not preach—passionately as I desire to do so. I might preach through my actions, but my actions are bad. That which I say is not preaching; it is only my attempt to find out the meaning and the significance of life. People often say to me, 'If you think that there is no reasonable life outside the teachings of Christ, and if you love a reasonable life, why do you not fulfill the Christian precepts?' I am guilty and blameworthy and contemptible because I do not fulfill them; but at the same time I say,—not in justification, but in explanation, of my inconsistency,—Compare my previous life with the life I am now living, and you will see that I am trying to fulfill. I have not, it is true, fulfilled one eighty-thousandth part, and I am to blame for it; but it is not because I do not wish to fulfill all, but because I am unable. Teach me how to extricate myself from the meshes of temptation in which I am entangled,—help me,—and I will fulfill all. I wish and hope to do it even without help. Condemn me if you choose,—I do that myself,—but condemn *me*, and not the path which I am following, and which I point out to those who ask me where, in my opinion, the path is. If I know the road home, and if I go along it drunk, and staggering from side to side, does that prove that the road is not the right one? If it is not the right one, show me another. If I stagger and wander, come to my help, and support and guide me in the right path. Do not yourselves confuse and mislead me and then rejoice over it and cry, 'Look at him! He says he is going home, and he is floundering into the swamp!' You are not evil spirits from the swamp; you are also human beings, and you also are going home. You know that I am alone,—you know that I cannot wish or intend to go into the swamp,—then help me! My heart is breaking with despair because we have all lost the road; and while I struggle with all my strength to find it and keep in it, you, instead of pitying me when I go astray, cry triumphantly, 'See! He is in the swamp with us!'"

Never, it seems to me, was there written a simpler, franker, more sincere confession of inconsistency than this, and never was there a more eloquent and touching appeal for sympathy, encouragement, and support.

George Kennan.



SONGS OF THE SEA.

POSEIDON.

METHOUGHT I wandered through those caverns dim
Beneath the Adriatic,—sea-girt halls
Where ocean's sceptered monarch, stern and grim,
Sits on his throne, beneath the crystal walls;
Forever all that mighty palace hums
With the sea's voice, its dull, reverberant knell
Sounds through the passages, as from a shell
Pressed to the listening ear a murmur comes.
Through those vast halls for many a spacious hour
I walked, methought, till, on a sudden, lo,
Harsh thunder, and, anon, the sea-god's car
Blazing with light, and on its seat of power,
Poseidon, angry-eyed, with bodeful brow,
Rode through the gloom of ocean, summoned far.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

HOW soft a light from yonder east is thrown
Across this waste of sea, Saturnian,
A glow as tender as when time began;
Though here there is no other creature known,
Save deep blue sea and deep blue sky alone,
And the rain-burdened clouds' slow caravan,
The sea and sky, forgetful here of man,
Talk each to each in measured monotone.
Once in the year a stray ship passes by—
Still presses on the multitudinous host
Of billows, dark beneath the lonely sky,
Summoned ere night to bathe some distant coast.
Thus o'er earth's desert places, eve and morn,
From the pale lips of heaven, God's smile is borne.

THE SEA'S VOICE.

I.

AROUND the rocky headlands, far and near,
The wakened ocean murmured with dull tongue,
Till all the coast's mysterious caverns rung
With the waves' voice, barbaric, hoarse and drear.
Within this distant valley, with rapt ear,
I listened, thrilled, as though a spirit sung,
Or some gray god, as when the world was young,
Moaned to his fellow, mad with rage or fear.
Thus in the dark, ere the first dawn, methought,
The sea's deep roar and sullen surge and shock
Broke the long silence of eternity,
And echoed from the summits where God wrought,
Building the world, and ploughing the steep rock
With ploughs of ice-hills harnessed to the sea.

II.

The sea is never quiet, east and west,
 The nations hear it, like the voice of fate,
 Within vast shores its strife makes desolate,
 Still murmuring, 'mid storms that to its breast
 Return, as eagles screaming to their nest.
 Is it the voice of worlds and isles that wait,
 While old earth crumbles to eternal rest,
 Or some hoar monster calling to his mate?
 O ye, that hear it moan about the shore,
 Be still and listen! that loud voice hath sung,
 Where mountains rise, where desert sands are blown;
 And when man's voice is dumb, forevermore
 'Twill murmur on, its craggy shores among,
 Singing of gods, and nations overthrown.

THE WIND AND THE STARS AND THE SEA.

THE wind and the stars and the sea,
 What song can be sung of these three,
 With words that are written in lines?
 Ah, God of the stars and the sea,
 The voice of the song, it should be
 The voice of the wind in the pines.

The voice of the song, it should be
 The voice of the coast of the sea,
 Stepmother and wrecker of ships;
 As deep and as hoarse as the tune
 Bleak Labrador sings to the moon,
 With rocky and cavernous lips.

The wind and the stars and the sea,
 The Arctic night knoweth the three;
 No other sojourner it hath,
 Save death and these three from of old,
 To whose abode throned in the cold,
 No living thing knoweth the path.

There nothing to grieve or rejoice
 E'er lifts up the sound of its voice —
 A world ere the birth of a soul;
 A thousand long ages speed by,
 Still glimmer the stars in the sky,
 Still whistles the gale from the Pole.

Amid the unharvested plains,
 The blossomless land where death reigns,
 The wind sings of doom and of graves:
 It sings of the days when the world
 Shall crumble to sand, and be whirled
 Like dust in the teeth of the waves.

Where ice-mountains thunder and crash,
 Where frozen waves gurgles and dash,
 Where love never came with its tears
 Like a lost world's desolate cry,
 Shrills sea-wind to sea and to sky,
 And only the ear of God hears.

William Prescott Foster.



EDUCATION AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

"There is nothing great in this world but man, and nothing great in man but mind."—Sir William Hamilton.



HERE is a certain exhilaration of thought in America — compounded perhaps of our dry, stimulating air, our sense of achievement as a nation, the rapidity and multiplicity of our inventions, and the increase of wealth — that induces the belief that we are on the true highway of progress, and that nothing can prevent us from reaching the goal of social perfection. If the average American sentiment on this subject were reduced to a single voice and note, it would be a whoop of satisfaction at having emerged from the woods in which humanity has hitherto wandered, and of confident exultation in having found a straight path in an open country to the celestial city — whatever the conception of that may be. I propose that we separate ourselves from these worthy fellow-citizens who draw their data from the factories and the prairies, the newspapers and the halls of Congress, and endeavor to throw a somewhat broader light upon the subject. It is possible that history, philosophy, and a study of man himself have more to say upon the question of human progress than any of its chance phases or the voices of the present moment.

It is quite true that the conviction of a steady advancement of humanity toward an ideal of perfection has gained nearly universal lodgment in the modern mind, but the grounds of it are little understood. In the religious world it is based on the bare word of Revelation, without much intelligent conception of the process, and is lifted into the clouds of ecstatic vision; it is not, however, false nor in vain. In the world of semi-philosophy it is chiefly based on the signs of the times, which is somewhat like sailing by the winds instead of the stars. In the world at large it is based on material changes, with little heed of the fact that even adamant crumbles. The idea of human progress toward the goal of an ideal perfection is of recent origin. Always latent, perhaps, in the inmost recesses of man's nature, it has entered but feebly into his thoughts, is distinctly absent from the great minds except in rare cases, and only within a century has it found full expression in philosophy, where alone it has intellectual justification. But even here it is a modern idea, and so far

as it rests on facts it may possibly have too brief a history to justify its conclusion. Kant and Hegel and Lessing formulated theories of history — substantially alike — that point to the perfection of human society; but in doing so, they not only ran counter to the ordinary thought of men but to the habitual expression of the greatest minds. The highest forms of human thought are the epic poem and the tragedy; but the epic is always based on a remote age, and is a picture of past and faded glory. Eden is at the beginning, and all after it is lapse; the heroic period lies far back; the gods mingled with men in remote ages, and Olympus is now vacant; glory and virtue and achievement are found in early days that have passed not to return. It is easy to set this down to reverence, and to the demand made by imaginative genius for a clear field; but underneath such play of the mind there may be detected the conviction that the present is less worthy than the past. So in tragedy, which always turns on failure to cope with circumstances, man goes down under evil and the pressure of the forces of nature. The accord yielded to tragedy as the height of human expression is not merely literary and artistic, except as art is regarded as truth, but is granted because it is a true picture of human life. We refuse to accept tragedy unless it is thoroughly tragical; and again not for artistic reasons, but because we demand the truth of life. When a writer in tragic fiction softens his conclusion, and *Hamlet* lives, or *Lear* regains his crown, or when he carries the good and the evil along his pages side by side — the history of each involved in that of the other — and at the close draws a separating line between good and evil fortune, we pronounce it weak and untrue to life. It may not be untrue to spiritual faith, but it does not describe the course of things in this world. The tragedy that involves the noble *Hamlet*, the pure *Ophelia*, the weak *Polonius*, and the criminal *King* and *Queen* brings all to a common ruin. High intention and sweet innocence cannot disentangle themselves from the net of evil in which they are inevitably caught. Dante made Virgil his leader and master, but the world reverses the relation and sets the somber and awful critic above the amiable Mantuan. The theology of Milton, like his cosmology, has passed away, but his great epic stands not

because of the dignity of his verse, but through the tremendous sense of evil wrought into it, and which is still felt to be real. The hold that such authors as Juvenal and Lucian and Rabelais and Swift retain is not due to the keenness of their wit, but to their truthfulness; and Thackeray is accorded a more stable place in literature than is given to Dickens, because he goes deeper into the heart of society,—one depicts evil institutions; the other shows us the weakness of humanity itself, and we sadly acquiesce in his impeachment. So it is not the weird skill of Hawthorne that puts him at the head of modern writers of fiction, but the searching light in which he sets the forces of evil as they move on to inevitable doom.

The vital and enduring books do not blur virtue, but they do not present it as surely triumphant. I do not refer to the Sacred Books, into which a higher set of truths enter and where we find the story of human life drawn out at fuller length, but to the literature of this present world. We find, indeed, in all great books hope, and a deep sense that virtue will be crowned; but these hopes and convictions are subordinated to the sternness, the apparent vanity, the weakness of human life. They are subdued in their tone; if they exult, it is with a cadence or hint of question, and often the triumph comes after the failure—with funereal pomp and amidst the scenery of another world. It is the chorus of spirits that sounds the notes of cheer while Ate and Nemesis weave the body of the play. My point is this: that we do not find in the greater forms of thought that certainty of a good outcome for man, either as an individual or collectively, that we gather from the voices of the day.

The reasons for this somewhat doubtful look at the future of humanity—found in the great masters of thought—spring out of their profound sense of the weakness and frailty of man. They saw him invested by powers with which he cannot cope; these powers are inexorable and continue while man passes away before them. They also recognized the reality of evil, involving a doom not to be escaped, and linking generations together with cumulative force and increasing certainty of penalty. Regarding man as a frail being who rises, flourishes, decays, and passes away, and society as a macrocosm of which man is the typical microcosm, they assigned to them a common fate. A nation might flourish and come to glory, but it must decay as man does. They saw also a tendency in history to repeat itself; and the history of no nation, in its external aspect, justifies the hope of permanent perfection. They saw that the very conditions of progress in prosperity and wealth involve pride and presumption and self-indulgence that end in ruin;—the theme of

serious comedy and of the great moralists. They saw that as the life of man and of society grows complex, it outmasters human wit and that defeat steals in through one of the many doors;—the theme of tragedy, and the source by reaction of idyllic poetry that praises simplicity. They were governed also by a still profounder influence: they saw man involved in nature—drawn from its bosom, under its laws, conformed to it in the order of his life—and in nature they found no real progress, but only a round and a return to the starting-point; they found in it only fixed laws—a necessity that admitted a brief play of seemingly free powers, but ended the process in inexorable doom. Man is no exception and, however far he may go or high he may reach, he is still moving in a circle of destiny, and must at last lie down in the weakness and silence of death.

Such have been the governing thoughts of the great thinkers. Plato built an ideal republic, but confessed that it must at last perish under the frailty of human nature. Idealist as he was, he did not distinguish between the life of the individual and the corporate life of society; man was humanity.

These prevailing conceptions are not to be disregarded. The opposite, or rather correcting, conceptions have not yet found secure recognition. Freedom is not yet established above necessity, and will not be so long as we cherish a material and agnostic philosophy, and regard freedom as a thing to be conveniently taken for granted though all the facts are interpreted to the contrary. The question if man be not wholly involved in nature and its laws, is the Hougoumont of the Waterloo that is now raging in philosophy; if won by the materialist, this age at least will see no progress beyond rapid material changes, and the main question will be to reduce friction to the lowest possible degree,—that is, to extract from nature's grasp and get into our own the greatest possible amount of force,—force being all we know or have to deal with.

The idea that humanity may have a destiny that is not typified in the individual, that history has a philosophy which is not wholly identical with the worldly experience of man, is yet a mere theory. The old and strongly presumptive idea that society is the macrocosm of which man is the microcosm is not yet separated into its proper proportions of truth and error. Thought still gravitates—and with profoundest reasons—toward man's consciousness of himself as a subject-being in the world, depicted perhaps nowhere so well as in Job, the Greek Plays, Hamlet, and the writings of Pascal, and it rises with difficulty into the late-dawning conceptions of his dominion and ability to conquer circumstance and to build himself

and society into enduring forms. There is no more wholesome and needful lesson for this presumptuous age to learn than that its disposition and ruling thought do not accord with the largest thought of the world. We find in the wisest of men a common and steady disposition to glorify the past, to criticise the present, and to distrust the future;—these three things men trained in the school of human life always have done, and will continue to do. Instinctive habits like these have a rational basis. The shallow critic says that to glorify the past is weak and untrue; to criticise the present is morbid; to distrust the future is cowardly. But still the poets will go on singing the praises of the past, glorifying the conquest of Canaan and not the last brush with the Philistines, King Arthur and not the campaign of the Soudan; the moralists will still lay their rough hands upon the present order; the wise and far-sighted will still look anxiously into the future and listen to their own thoughts rather than to the Fourth-of-July orators. These instinctive tendencies are capable of a high interpretation and have a profound use that quite outweighs any seeming inaccuracy of thought. It would be a misfortune if men did not think in these ways. Our sense of the past is made what it is in order to strengthen our hold upon good already achieved; our criticism of the present is a perpetual judgment-throne by which the evil is separated from the good; our distrust of the future is the expression of the conscious weakness of man and of his proneness to err—the echo in our hearts of his repeated history on the earth; it is the wise humility of man as conscious of himself; it makes him cautious, careful, vigilant. It is well and even necessary to believe in progress and to hope for it, but checks are put upon thought and hope lest they breed overconfidence and vain presumption. The goal of progress is first to be discovered, and then reached by achievement. The things to be done before it is gained are many and great, and can only be wrought in humility and faith and “sad sincerity.”

Under such thoughts, let us raise the question whether much that is now deemed progress is really such, or, indeed, enters at all into a true conception of progress; whether, in fact, the changes that are called by this name are not a part of the old round of vanity through which men have walked from the beginning. Change, and that chiefly of a material sort, is the chief feature of the present conception of progress; and the process is one of friendly conflict with nature—to get power away from her into our own hands. As nature is now reduced mostly to force, the conflict is mainly at this point,—

to reduce friction, and use leverage with the greatest advantage. Hence the multiplicity of our inventions and their wide application to life—all designed to get this force of nature at work for us with the least expenditure of our own force, or with an expenditure only of brain-force. I do not say that this is not the very thing that man ought to do,—a chief part of his present vocation in the world. But let him remember meanwhile that he is simply toiling in the round of nature, and that what man wrests from nature will be reclaimed by it unless it is firmly held in the grasp of his moral and spiritual nature, and lodged in a higher and more retentive world; if not, the jealous fingers of nature will reach after its stolen force and draw it back into itself. A patent cut-off is not secure because it lies in the archives of the Capital and is described in a book; it is safe and permanent only as it is cherished by men who hold a true theory of the philosophy of human life; and this philosophy is not one of mere use and convenience, but is something far higher and has a different purpose. Progress in this world of mechanical achievement is not progress except as it is associated with and presided over by certain very rigid forces known as moral and spiritual. This progress has not in itself the slightest power to advance mankind an inch toward its proper destiny. It may be indeed the revolution of the car-wheel that bears the traveler on, but it is not the force that carries him. If we sink ourselves in nature, and turn life into a use of mechanical forces, nature will outwit us, and steal back the Promethean fire.

There would be no need of words of criticism and caution before the great achievements of physical science, if it were not for the fact that prevailing philosophy and conception favor, and play into, and simply interpret this material life. The steam-engine is something to be thankful for, but when the philosophy of human life is made one with the expansion of steam, fierce explosion or unresisting coöperation may be anticipated. I assume as unquestionable the prevalence of a materialistic and agnostic philosophy—the one because it is the other—seen everywhere, seen more in the life and conversation of men than in books, and yet literature is full of it,—running out into pessimism on one side and into an easy optimism on the other. I refer to it only to direct attention to the fact that, coincident with its prevalence, no apparent progress is being made in the higher lines of life as revealed in art and literature; and also to the fact of a diversion from the true methods and ends of education.

Without attempting to play the connois-

seur in art, I venture to say that its chief motive at present is to represent French peasants in the greatest possible variety of natural attitudes—admirable work and quite worthy of being done as a by-play, and sometimes, as in Millet, rising into the religious; but where are the pictures that set the blood on fire with noble purpose, or haunt the mind with their mysterious suggestion of eternal truth? What canvas now breathes inspiration? Where are the marbles that are gods to us in their awful purity and power? What great musical composition has been produced since the phrase *agnostic* came into use? I acknowledge the power of the Wagnerian compositions, but it is the power of nature, and not of the spirit. Music is by far the most significant and revealing of the arts. No electrometer is more sensitive than is music in its revelation of the character and scope of human thought; and what is present composition revealing? Harmony, sweet and intricate enough, but “the diapason closing full in man” we seldom hear from the modern composer, and our hungry hearts turn back to the men of old for the inspirations without which we cannot live. We miss in art nobility, breadth, power, inspiration, and find instead infinite carefulness and skill—a perfect transcript of nature, but it is a direct transcript; the paper is laid upon nature, and its forms are traced through. But if this is art, why is not the image of nature on the retina of the eye as good? We can all look for ourselves and take the skill for granted. I assume that there is no true art but such as passes through the brain and heart of man, and that it becomes art because the man sees and feels the meaning of nature. But if nature is regarded simply as a play of mechanical forces, a mere arrangement of parts, art will only express so much. If no other idea is seen in nature, no other idea will be seen in the marble or on the canvas, or heard in the music.

Passing to literature, we find books in abundance and none too many. Never were there so good books in special departments,—as theology, natural science, philosophy, history, social economy, medicine, and jurisprudence. But when we come to that form of literature where genius has play,—the literature in which the author is the interpreter of society, hears its voices, catches and repeats its spirit,—we are forced to confess that within twenty years we detect not only a loss of power but of the secret of power. The fault is subtle but real, hard to detect, but proved by the fact that one seldom reads a novel of the day twice, or gathers the present fiction on one's shelves, or quotes from it; no one dreams of calling it classic. Yet it is admirable work in many ways—carefully wrought, excellent in style,

and, it must be confessed, true in a certain way to human nature. The American girl and business man blush with shame as they turn the truthful pages, but—and here is the test—they are not converted; and for the simple reason that the author simply describes them and does not appeal to them. He is no more earnest and high-minded than they are, and takes about the same view of life, with only some variation of taste and fitness. At bottom they believe in nearly the same things; both reflect the age and its spirit,—an age of outsides, of phenomena and presentments, provincial in time while cosmopolitan in tone, a sectional age without beginning or end, without cause why or end whither, without basis in eternity or sense of eternal truths—the reflection, in short, of a materialistic philosophy and, by consequence, devoid of faith and so driven to a mere use of the world. If the universe, man and society included, is a mere play of mechanical forces, all we have to do is to watch the forces as they unfold under inexorable necessity. And this is what literature seems to be doing under the phrase *Realism*. Realistic it is, but it is an external realism, photographic, without personal conviction. The characters described are pen-pictures and not brain and heart creations. Hence they do not greatly interest us, nor do they move us at all. If we look to literature for signs of progress, we do not find them. The poets are gray-headed, and the novelists whose imaginary characters are vital beings in the world of fancy are no more. Or if now and then some rare and sweet pages stay in our minds and breed noble suggestions, they come from those who have not been caught by the pervasive spirit of materialism. It may seem that I exaggerate the influence of this spirit; but I need only to say in vindication that the philosophy of an age governs its thought, shapes its life, and expresses itself in its art and literature. The world—wisely so, without doubt—is homogeneous in its thought, and may be trusted to be steadily working out some good end. Just now it is making a détour from the grand highway of progress into a by-path of materialism, led by philosophers who are very sure that if they can master matter they have compassed the universe;—a détour quite well to make if only to find out, as we are beginning to do, that matter is nothing but points of force,—a détour quite well to make if it leaves us with enough humility to send us back to the highway where philosophy still lingers, and humbly to inquire of it what force is. Return we shall from this Egyptian sojourn and bring away much valuable information, but we shall leave behind us most of the art and literature wrought there.

I deprecate the suspicion that I am about to plunge into the depths of pessimism, as I go on to question if certain changes in methods of education are in the line of true progress, and also to trace in bodies of scholars something of this same materialistic taint of which I have spoken.

I do not purpose to enter upon the vexed question of the study of Greek, but will only say that so long as the study of Greek is confined to the grammar, without reference to the literature and philosophy of the Greek plays, its utility will be doubted. It would be so with Hamlet were it used simply as an exercise in syntax. I refer instead to a tendency to specialization in study, with a strong lurch toward physics, and to certain methods becoming common that leave out the chief factor in education; namely, the inspiring presence and power of the teacher.

First, a preliminary word. It is vain to resist the call of the age as to the kind of trained men it requires. If mines are to be opened and worked, miners must be educated. It is also difficult to resist the spirit of the age, and to give to education any other complexion than that reflected by the times. One university falls in, and its crowded halls compel the rest to follow,—not stopping to consider that this is a reversal of the relations between the university and the people. When an age says, "We do not want ethics, we want science," ethics is the very thing it most needs. It would be well if the universities were strong enough to say, "Ethics you shall have or nothing"; and the answer would be rational, for, however it may be with the individuals who require the opening of mines and the refining of petroleum, society requires a science that is grounded in ethics and philosophy, since in these lie its destiny.

It requires no very keen eye to perceive that a materialistic philosophy has laid its grasp upon education and is dragging it toward itself and setting it at work in its vain round. Things and their uses, physical laws and their methods, the transmutation of substances,—such are the things of which the age thinks, and its demand upon the university is, "Give us the men who will serve in these ways." Little fault is to be found with the age—it is doing what it is set to do—nor with its demand for trained men to aid it, but surely it should be left with the university to decide upon the kind and method of training, and to reserve for itself that judicial estimate of the needs of society that belongs to it by virtue of its nature as an educator. It will never become untrue, though it may be for a time forgotten, that a broadly trained man is worth more to society than one trained as a specialist. Nor

will it ever cease to be true that no man is well trained for the uses of society who is not trained in philosophy, in ethics, in social science, and in the humanities. Nor will it ever fail to be true that education is nine parts inspiration and one part drill; or stating it otherwise, that the chief factor in education is the teacher; that being given, the study, as it is called, may easily be arranged as to its details.

I do not deny that great improvements have been made in education since some of us were catechised—often with woful results—on the grammar of Homer without so much as being told that Homer was a great poet, much less wherein his greatness consisted. Personally, I may say, I supposed while in college that Homer was read because he bore out the assertions of the Greek grammar. To get the *Iliad* under the grinding heel of the grammar was my vain struggle and the only effort required of me; but the shout of Achilles as it rang over the wind-swept plains of Ilium—that I never heard; the Castalian fount—I learned its topography, but I never drank from it; the muses—I knew their names, but their mystic dance I never traced! It is somewhat different in these later days, and now a student is informed of the distinctive characteristics of Æschylus and Sophocles and Euripides.

But with all the improvements there is a tendency to specialization that looks away from the ideal of education, so that we are getting admirably informed men instead of comprehensive thinkers,—that is, servants and tools of society instead of its masters and guides. When a university gives to society a trained man who can develop a mine, or remove crops according to the best rule of economics, it renders a certain valuable service; but unless it has also trained this man to think on the question, What is a mine for? or, What is the relation of crops to social welfare? it has not met its vocation as an educator. It is to be doubted, therefore, if this tendency to specialization—favored and fed by an elective system—is genuine progress. It seems rather a servile play into the hands of a clamorous age bent on securing the greatest possible amount of material change. The age cries, "Teach us how to get a living,"—a cry to which the university should pay but little heed, heeding instead the profounder call that issues from all the ages and from the deep heart of humanity itself, "Teach us how to live!" To think, to reason, to feel nobly, to see the relations of things, to put the ages together in their grand progress, to trace causes, to prophesy results, to discern the sources of power, to find true beginnings instead of unknowable causes, to perceive the

moral as governing the intellectual and both as dominating the material, to discern the lines along which humanity is moving and distinguish them from the eddies of the day,—such is the end of education. To provide society with the greatest number of specially trained workers in special fields is to turn the university into a shop.

Again, admitting great improvements in education, I question if the change of relation between teacher and pupil is in the line of true progress. Heaven forbid that the relation of the past should be reestablished: If there is a nightmare of youthful recollection that the years fail to dispel, it is the vision of a college tutor of thirty years ago. While the chilling dignity and antipodal distance have largely passed away, there is distance of another sort, and a tendency to methods that defeat the end of the relation. I refer to the increasing tendency to rely upon examinations and the consequent separation between teacher and pupil. More and more is the examination used to test proficiency,—frequent, searching, thorough, if a student passes he is considered educated. And so he is, if education is a drill instead of an inspiration; if education consists in a knowledge of text-books, and not in the instruction of a living man. I protest against turning education either into a martinet process or a frequently recurring judgment-day. The main, I might almost say the entire, feature of education is the sympathetic and inspiring contact of a fit teacher with young minds. So a lioness trains her whelps; so a mother rears her children; so Socrates and Dr. Arnold educated young men. The tendency to throw the student upon the text-book and to test him by examinations is a departure from education just in the degree it removes him from a fit teacher. I grant it is the proper method if the only object of education is to provide capitalists with trained servants for opening their mines and mixing their chemicals. But if the object of education is to secure men who shall think for capitalists and dominate them by the logic of a sound and lofty philosophy, and to inspire society with high conceptions of character and conduct, then the present tendency is not in the right direction. Such education is not gained except by personal inspiration, through personal contact. The imparted spirit in education, as in the church, is by the laying on of hands. That is a fine passage of Plato's in which he speaks of "the gentle and pleasant and approving manner in which Socrates regarded the words of the young men," and goes on to say in the words of Phædo,— "I was close to Socrates, on his right hand, seated on a sort of a stool, and he on a couch which

was a good deal higher. Now he had a way of playing with my hair, and then he smoothed my head, and pressed the hair upon my neck, and said 'to-morrow, Phædo, I suppose that these fair locks of yours will be severed'; for Phædo was under a vow. Here is a teacher who repeats and perpetuates himself in his pupil. I am not pleading for the old recitation-room with its perfunctory drill and childish marking system, but instead, for a free, full, confiding, and almost constant intercourse between pupil and teacher. The main point in education is the teacher. The tendency at present is to select him because of his proficiency in his department, with less and less disposition to regard any other qualifications. Give us for a teacher in our college the best mathematician or linguist or chemist,—such is the demand, with small inquiry on other points. Does he believe anything? has he a heart? is he capable of human emotions? has he the wit of insight? is he noble, brave, large, aspiring, devoted, reverent? These are minor, omitted considerations. And indeed, if education is a drill, and examinations do the work, and if the aim is to provide servants for capitalists, these things are quite superfluous. I do not deny before practical educators, who are often shut off from pursuing their own better ideals, the wisdom of the examination. It is a practical world we are in, and education is a thing of methods; but to erect the examination into a test and main feature of education, turning, as it does, chiefly upon knowledge of the text-book, is to take away from it what I will call its *human* element. The examination may be necessary under the system and in view of the end now held up, but it is not a lovely spectacle, preceded, as it is, by a process the name of which is an indignity and a condemnation—*cramming*. On what principle of education can such a process be justified? But it is recognized and almost called for by the present methods. If familiarity with the text-books is the main thing, and examinations are the test, *cramming* is the sure correlate and is even invited. And so a hundred well-crammed students meet a teacher who does not greatly alter his function or character in becoming a detective of deftly concealed formulæ and tough passages, tucked in the sleeves and otherwise hid as if by a Chinese card-player. Indeed, the whole affair is Chinese,—formal, childish, soulless. When education turns upon and is determined by an examination instead of daily and almost hourly contact with a wise, sympathetic, inspiring teacher, it provokes these irrational methods and defeats itself at every point. It has not even the excellencies of the military drill, for a soldier learns the manual however unwillingly he goes through it, but a

student left largely with his text-book — the teacher a rarely appearing phantom except at examinations, where he sits clothed in the black robes of Rhadamanthus to determine if the cramming has been sufficient,—this is neither drill nor education, but is rather akin to the commercial processes in which the young men will soon be engaged—a process of rapid inflation and soon following disorgement. It is no surprise that athletics are the inspiring theme in our colleges, when the possible finer enthusiasms are quenched by such methods as these.

It is the first duty of scholars to lift themselves above their age and to search it with judicial scrutiny. If there is weakness or fault or faulty tendency, it is their business to detect it. No man can or should separate himself from his age; least of all should the scholar seek such isolation—either in the past, sighing for that which cannot come again, or in the future, longing for that which cannot yet come. But while the scholar should preëminently live in his age and even yield to it in a measure,—remembering that it is a step in the march of the Eternal Providence,—it should be in a way far different from that of the masses who always sink themselves in their age, and conceive of progress only as an ultimate of the present idea or force. What thought to-day has place in the American mind beyond that of developing its physical resources? The scholar should recognize this, but he should also recognize far more. He should see that material progress is but traveling in the old round of vanity whose sure phases have been fixed over and over again in history. He should see that the masses require higher conceptions than they assume for themselves; that while they do the immediate work of their day, they should be led and stimulated in the harder and loftier lessons of life. As a scholar he should understand that his vocation is to labor for those great, corrective principles of truth and virtue and reason that men do not readily heed and obey. Hence, there is no sadder sight than that of education bending and shaping itself to the demands of a low utilitarianism. When the university departs from its vocation of rearing scholars who shall think for the age and guide its thought and lead it to act on solid principles, and instead furnishes a set of specialists to do the intellectual drudgery of the day, it falls away from the line of true progress; this is not an advance, but a capitulation. Specialists there must be; physical science must have full and due regard; every page of the book of nature must be turned, but let these specialists and students of science be also scholars who have been taught in the broader schools of

philosophy and of humanity, for in these are found the secret laws that determine social destiny.

The chief aim of the American university at present should be to produce scholars who shall be able to see the full significance of the idea that lies at the foundations of the American nation and in the fulfillment of which runs the true line of its progress. I refer to the democratic idea—or, as plainly stated by Mr. Lowell, democracy, stated by him with epigrammatic insight, but drawn out into philosophical fullness, traced to its divine origin, set in its historic relations, and applied to the details and institutions of our government by Dr. Mulford, in his work — “The Nation.” It has so happened that, for the first time in the world, this democratic idea with its associate idea of federation has been wrought into national form on this continent. Christianity, the doctrine of evolution when properly interpreted, and history have yielded a practical, working form of this idea. Christianity teaches nothing unless it teaches the self-sovereignty of man. Evolution crowns its process with man who acts in freedom and holds his destiny in his own hands. History ends its records of struggle with tyranny in a nation that at last is actually governing itself. From these three conspiring and coöperative sources do we get what I have called the democratic and federative idea, and now hold it in actual realization. In the perfecting of it lie the destinies of the nation, and through it runs the line of progress. The apostle of this idea is the scholar, for he alone can take in its immense significance and direct its fulfillment. This idea must be accepted and held and applied in the light of its sources.

The irrefragable proof, the persistent life, the power of Christianity, lie in the fact that in its very nature and substance it is composed of this idea of self-sovereignty; it is the gift of Christianity to the social life of humanity. I am quite aware that Christianity has not been so apprehended, but when it is delivered from ecclesiasticism on one side and from dogmatism on the other—as is fast being done—the world will behold in it a philosophy of human society that it cannot fail to accept. The doctrine of evolution as it is now coming to be interpreted by philosophy, is a deliverance from that sense of necessity which has brooded over humanity from the beginning—the adumbration of the nature from which man has hardly yet escaped and a birth into freedom and self-sovereignty. History, as the record of ethnology, jurisprudence, and institutions, illustrates the steps by which the great purpose of the ages has advanced toward its ideal of man as a self-governing being.

We do not as a nation yet apprehend the peculiar and wholly exceptional position that we occupy. As one who stands in the sun may be in darkness, so we look at this wondrous spectacle of a nation ideal in its structure, divine in its conception, the perfect fruit of evolving history, in a dull, matter-of-fact way, and we take Mr. Matthew Arnold at his word when he tells us that we *happen* to have good institutions! Even so the solar system happens to be orderly and stable; so a tree happens to yield fruit. Mr. Arnold is quite well pleased with our institutions, and thinks his England would do well to adopt them. Were he the critic he might be, he would lash us with scorn for our dullness before the meaning of our institutions. For the democratic idea supplemented by federation, and realized in a nation and a history such as ours, is an absolute novelty in the annals of the world. It is as truly the necessary and foreordained outcome of the history of humanity as the birth of a child is the product of gestation. The democratic idea, or self-sovereignty, is the eternal and absolute principle of government; the principle of federation is that which renders it practicable—its clothing body, not, as Mr. Arnold says, its clothes, but its vital, working organism. Sir Henry Maine and Mr. Scherer tell us that "democracy is only a form of government,"—so difficult is it even for great men to apprehend the secret of history and the nature of man. Democracy worked by the federative principle is the exact solution that a pure reason would have worked out at the beginning, having at hand the contents of human nature. It stands in exactly the same relation to government in which man stands to the process of development,—the purposed end, the perfect, fixed product of the whole process.

This ideal of a nation is being realized on this continent. Many have stood on Pisgah and viewed the promised land, but our feet press its borders, and our lips taste its clusters.

Here, then, in the development of this ideal, lie the lines of progress; here is the field of the American scholar; here is the vocation of the American university. Its main question should be, How shall it train its men so as to best fit them to conduct and develop this mighty enterprise of a self-governing, federated nation?

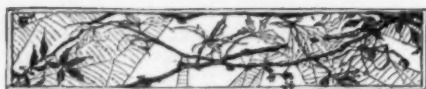
The question nearly answers itself,—first, by a spontaneous negative; not by training men in special ways for the special errands of material industry, for the destinies of the nation do not lie there. It must educate its men through those studies in which there is revealed the sources of our national life, and still more in those studies that reveal its principles, and must guide their development and application to society. This nation is founded in the nature of man, and hence man must be studied, and not merely as an animal, but also as a moral being. This nation is founded on morals, and on hardly anything else; it rests on morals and feeds on morals, nor does it live by any other bread; hence the university should teach ethics. This nation is an evolution of human history; hence the university should teach history in its broad sense, ethnology, institutions, religions, environments, events, indeed, but as related to causes. The age is analytic; the university should be synthetic.

In brief, the chief aim of the university should be to send out men who are thoroughly grounded in the philosophy of the nation, who understand the depths from which it has been drawn, and the secret forces by which it may be guided. Its work lies aside from the tendency to specialization and skill in material lines, and looks toward those broad studies that may be summed up as philosophy.

To know man, to understand society, to serve the nation with self-sacrificing intelligence,—this is the vocation of the scholar; and the university must heed the requirement to educate him accordingly.

T. T. Munger.





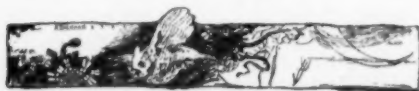
SOLITUDE.

I LOVE thee, O thou Beautiful and Strong,
Invisible comrade, mute, sweet company,
More dear than friend or lover! But to thee
My fondest hopes, my fairest dreams belong
Forevermore! Amid the world's gay throng
I yearn for thy soft arms that lovingly
Soothe all the fevered wounds once fretting me.
At thy deep heart there springs the fount of song
Whose drops shall cool my burning lips athirst,—
At thy swift beck within my sight arise,
(Their bonds of silence and dim darkness burst,)
All my beloved dead, with shining eyes,—
At thy blest hand, by starlit paths untrod,
My soul draws near unto the face of God!

SILENCE.

AY, and thee, too, who wield'st a power divine,
Greater than loudest speech or fairest lay!
The dead, millions on millions, own thy sway,
In realms where suns to rise no more, decline.
Thine is the lover's sweetest rapture, thine
The deepest cup of grief or joy, that aye
The lips of mortal tasted, thine — yet stay
How may I name thee, with what sound so fine
It shall not snap thy life's frail, golden thread?
O Solitude and Silence, bid me learn
A little of your greatness! Long are fled
The lesser gods of life, now let me turn
To ye alone, to ye in worship come,
The accents of this faltering tongue grown dumb!

Stuart Sterne.



AFTER READING SHAKSPERE.

BLITHE Fancy lightly builds with airy hands
Or on the edges of the darkness peers,
Breathless and frightened at the Voice she hears:
Imagination (lo! the sky expands)
Travels the blue arch and Cimmerian sands,—
Homeless on earth, the pilgrim of the spheres,
The rush of light before the hurrying years,
The Voice that cries in unfamiliar lands.

Men weigh the moons that flood with eerie light
The dusky vales of Saturn — wood and stream
But who shall follow on the awful sweep
Of Neptune through the dim and dreadful deep?
Onward he wanders in the unknown night,
And we are shadows moving in a dream.

Charles Edwin Markham.



TODAY'S TAVERN IN 1864. (SEE MAP, PAGE 286.)

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO COLD HARBOR.



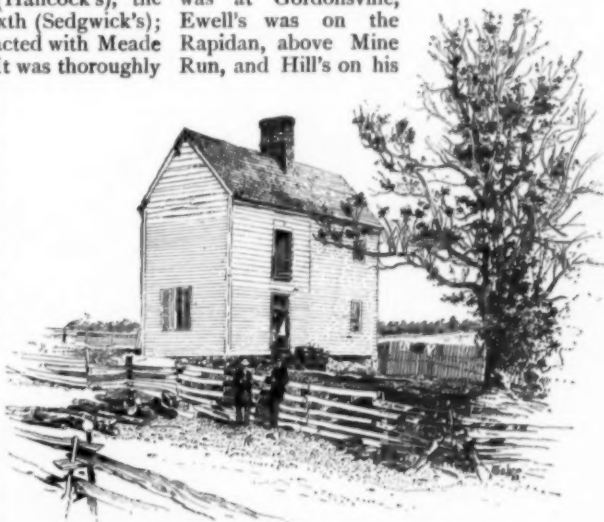
ON the 2d of May, 1864, a group of officers stood at the Confederate signal station on Clark's Mountain, Virginia, south of the Rapidan, and examined closely through their field glasses the position of the Federal army then lying north of the river in Culpeper county. The central figure of the group was the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, who had requested his corps and division commanders to meet him there. Though some demonstrations had been made in the direction of the upper fords, General Lee expressed the opinion that the Federal army would cross the river at Germanna or Ely's. Thirty-six hours later General Meade's army, General Grant, now commander-in-chief, being with it, commenced its march to the crossings indicated by General Lee.

The Army of the Potomac, which had now commenced its march towards Richmond, was more powerful in numbers than at any previous period of the war. It consisted of three corps: the Second (Hancock's), the Fifth (Warren's), and the Sixth (Sedgwick's); but the Ninth (Burnside's) acted with Meade throughout the campaign. It was thoroughly equipped, and provided with every appliance of modern warfare. On the other hand, the Army of Northern Virginia had gained little in numbers during the winter just passed and had never been so scantily supplied with food and clothing. The equipment as to arms was well enough for men who knew how to use them, but commissary and quartermaster's supplies were lamentably deficient. A new pair of shoes or an overcoat was a luxury, and full rations would have astonished the stomachs of Lee's ragged Confederates. But they took their privations cheerfully,

and complaints were seldom heard. I recall an instance of one hardy fellow whose trousers were literally "worn to a frazzle," and would no longer adhere to his legs even by dint of the most persistent patching. Unable to buy, beg, or borrow another pair, he wore instead a pair of thin cotton drawers. By nursing these carefully he managed to get through the winter. Before the campaign opened in the spring, the quartermaster received a small lot of clothing, and he was the first man of his regiment to be supplied.

I have often heard expressions of surprise that these ragged, barefooted, half-starved men would fight at all. But the very fact that they remained with their colors through such privations and hardships was sufficient to prove that they would be dangerous foes to encounter upon the line of battle. The morale of the army at this time was excellent, and it moved forward confidently to the grim death-grapple in the wilderness of Spotsylvania with its old enemy, the Army of the Potomac.

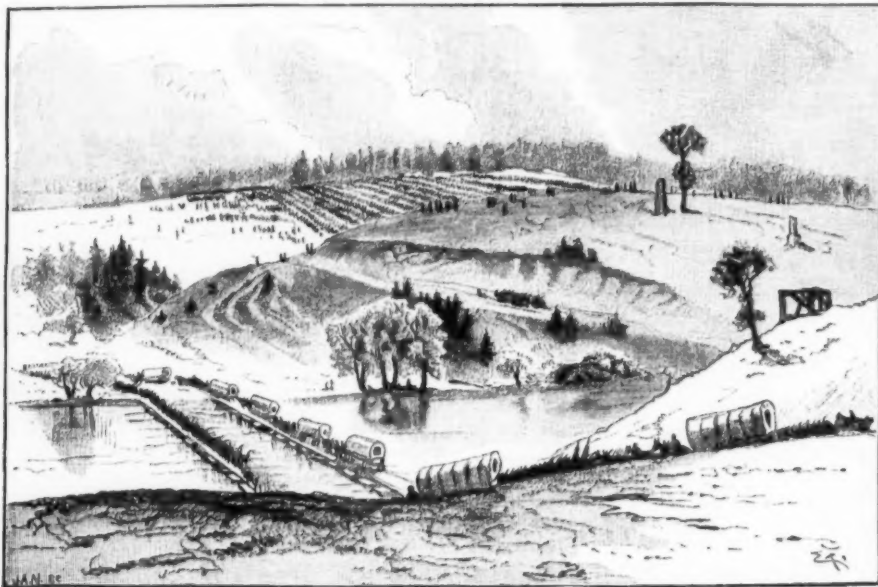
General Lee's headquarters were at Orange Court House; of his three corps, Longstreet's was at Gordonsville, Ewell's was on the Rapidan, above Mine Run, and Hill's on his



THE WILDERNESS TAVERN IN 1864. (SEE MAP, PAGE 279.)

left, higher up the stream. When the Federal army was known to be in motion, General Lee prepared to move upon its flank with his whole force, as soon as it should clear the river and begin its march southward. The route selected

across the turnpike, and communicated his position to General Lee, who was on the Plank road with Hill's column. He was instructed to regulate his movements by the head of Hill's column, whose progress he could tell by



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC CROSSING THE RAPIDAN AT GERMANNA FORD, MAY 4TH, 1864.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

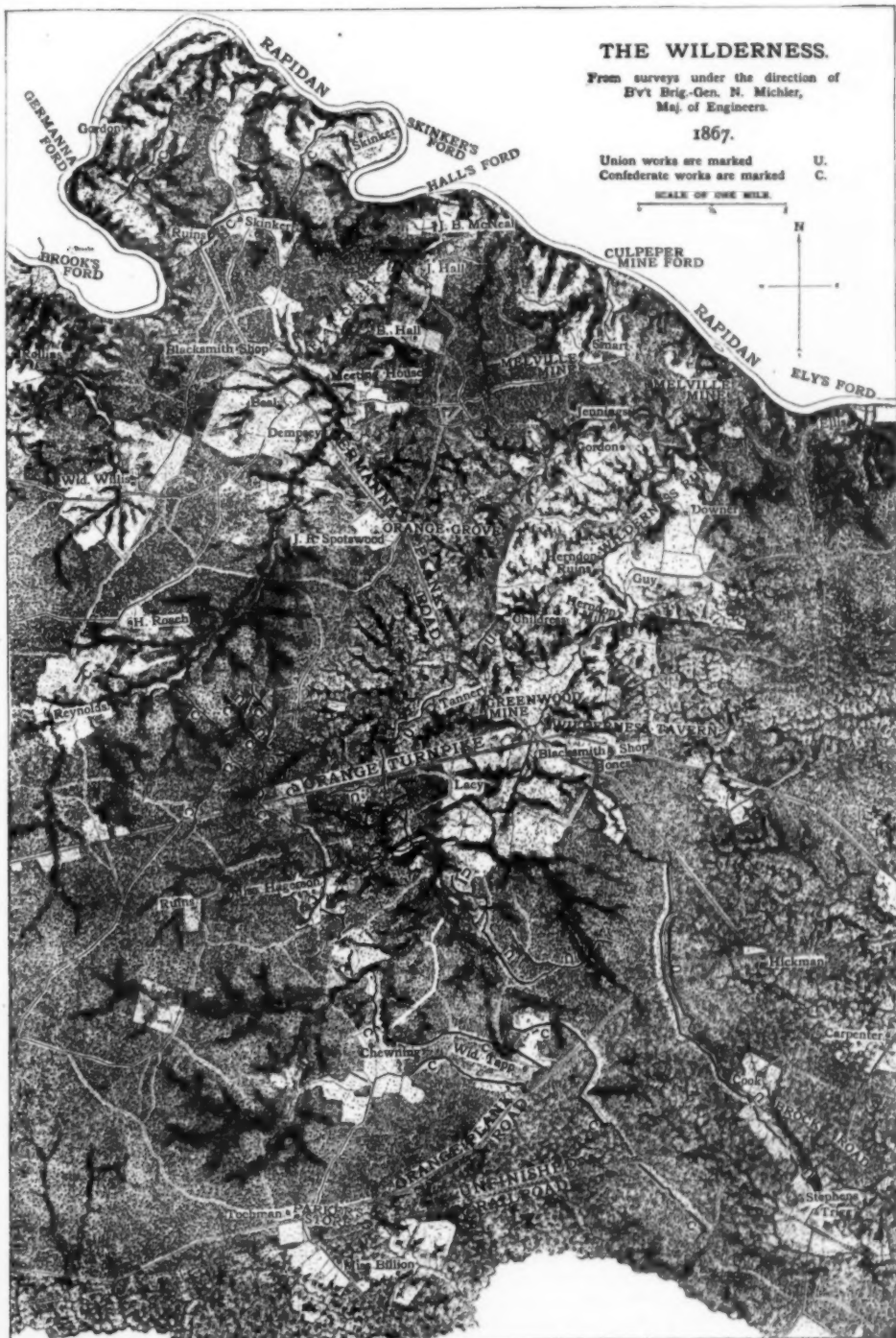
by General Grant led entirely around the right of Lee's position on the river above. His passage of the Rapidan was unopposed, and he struck boldly out on the direct road to Richmond. Two roads lead from Orange Court House down the Rapidan towards Fredericksburg. They follow the general direction of the river, and are almost parallel to each other, the "Old turnpike" nearest the river, and the "Plank road" a short distance south of it. The route of the Federal army lay directly across these two roads, along the western borders of the famous Wilderness.

About noon on the 4th of May Ewell's corps was put in motion on the Orange turnpike, while A. P. Hill, with two divisions, moved parallel with him on the Orange Plank road. The two divisions of Longstreet's corps, encamped near Gordonsville, were ordered to move rapidly across the country and follow Hill on the Plank road. Ewell's corps was the first to find itself in the presence of the enemy. As it advanced along the turnpike on the morning of the 5th, the Federal column was seen crossing it from the direction of Germanna Ford. Ewell promptly formed line of battle

the firing in its front, and not to bring on a general engagement until Longstreet should come up. The position of Ewell's troops, so near the flank of the Federal line of march, was anything but favorable to a preservation of the peace, and a collision soon occurred which opened the campaign in earnest.

BATTLES IN THE WILDERNESS.

GENERAL WARREN, whose corps was passing when Ewell came up, halted, and turning to the right made a vigorous attack upon Edward Johnson's division, posted across the turnpike. J. M. Jones's brigade, which held the road, was driven back in confusion. Steuart's brigade was pushed forward to take its place. Rodes's division was thrown in on Johnson's right, south of the road, and the line, thus reestablished, moved forward, reversed the tide of battle, and rolled back the Federal attack. The fighting was severe and bloody while it lasted. The lines were in such proximity at one point in the woods that when the Federal troops gave way, the 146th New York regiment threw down its arms and surrendered in a body.



Ewell's entire corps was now up,—Johnson's division holding the turnpike, Rodes's division on the right of it, and Early's in reserve. So far Ewell had only been engaged with Warren's corps, but Sedgwick's soon came up from the river and joined Warren on his right. Early's division was sent to meet it. The battle extended in that direction, with steady and determined attacks upon Early's front, until

cution of his plan to swing past the Confederate army and place himself between it and Richmond, offered the expected opportunity of striking a blow upon his flank while his troops were stretched out on the line of march. The wish for such an opportunity was doubtless in a measure "father to the thought" expressed by General Lee three days before, at the signal station on Clark's Mountain.

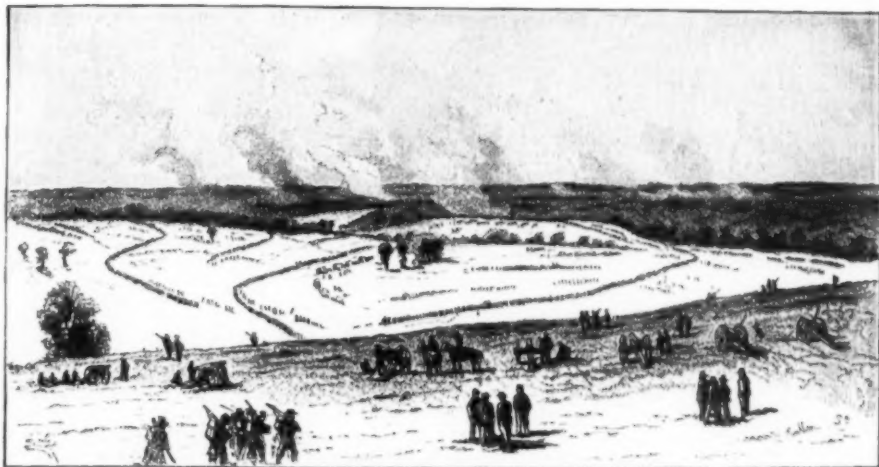


DISTRIBUTING AMMUNITION UNDER FIRE TO WARREN'S FIFTH CORPS, MAY 6TH.
(BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

nightfall. The Confederates still clung to their hold on the Federal flank against every effort to dislodge them.

When Warren's corps encountered the head of Ewell's column on the 5th of May, General Meade is reported to have said: "They have left a division to fool us here, while they concentrate and prepare a position on the North Anna." If the stubborn resistance to Warren's attack did not at once convince him of his mistake, the firing which announced the approach of Hill's corps along the Plank road, very soon afterwards, must have opened his eyes to the bold strategy of the Confederate commander. General Lee had deliberately chosen this as his battle-ground. He knew this tangled wilderness well, and appreciated fully the advantages such a field afforded for concealing his great inferiority of force and for neutralizing the superior strength of his antagonist. General Grant's bold movement across the lower fords into the Wilderness, in the exe-

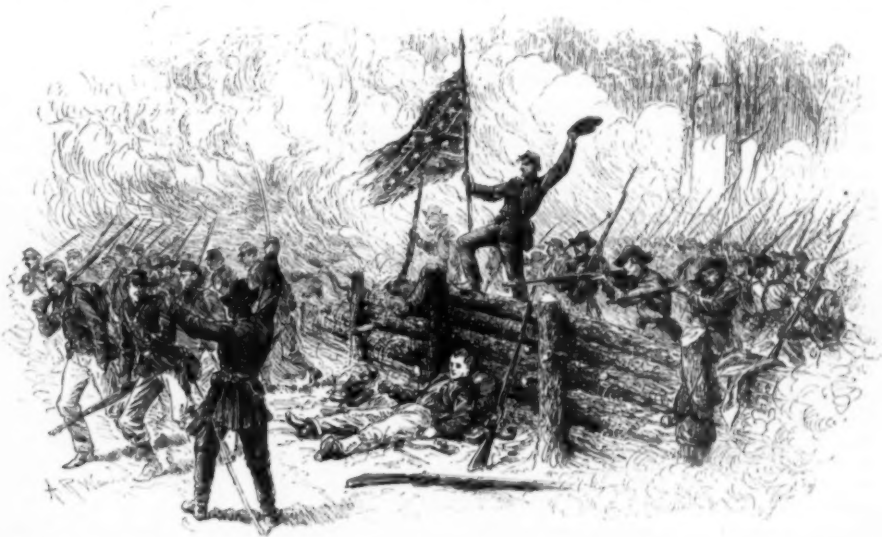
Soon after Ewell became engaged on the Old turnpike, A. P. Hill's advance struck the Federal outposts on the Plank road at Parker's store, on the outskirts of the Wilderness. These were driven in and followed up to their line of battle, which was so posted as to cover the junction of the Plank road with the Stevensburg and Brock roads, on which the Federal army was moving toward Spotsylvania. The fight began between Getty's division of the Sixth Corps and Heth's division, which was leading A. P. Hill's column. Hancock's corps, which was already on the march for Spotsylvania by way of Chancellorsville, was at once recalled, and at 4 o'clock in the afternoon was ordered to drive Hill "out of the Wilderness." Wilcox's division was thrown in to Heth's support, and Poague's battalion of artillery took position in a little clearing on the north side of the Plank road, in rear of the Confederate infantry. But there was little use for artillery on such a field. After the battle was



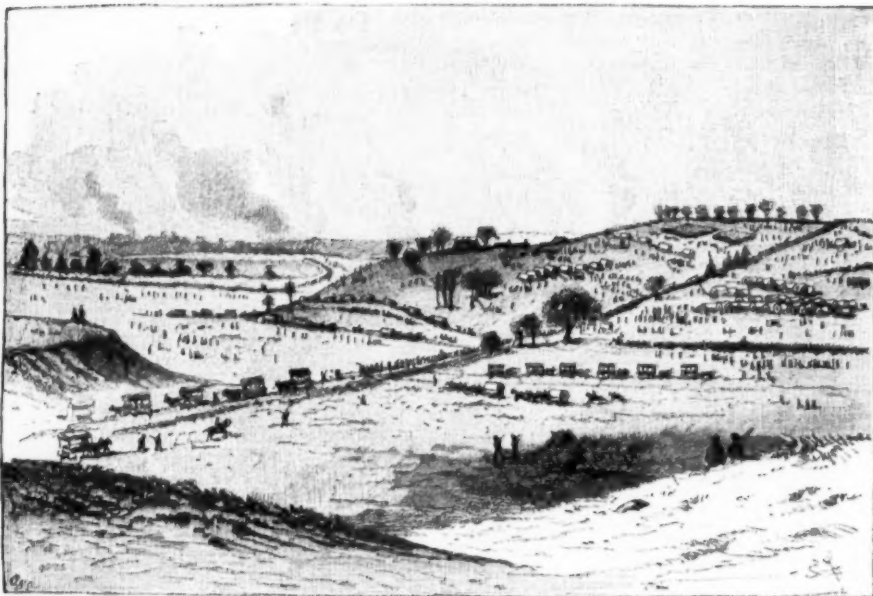
SECOND DAY OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 6TH—LOOKING FROM THE LACY HOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF GRANT, MEADE, AND WARREN, TOWARD PARKER'S STORE. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

fairly joined in the thickets in front, its fire might do as much damage to friend as to foe; so it was silent. It was a desperate struggle between the infantry of the two armies, on a field whose physical aspects were as grim and forbidding as the struggle itself. It was a battle of brigades and regiments rather than of corps and divisions. Officers could not see the whole length of their commands, and could only tell whether the troops on their right and

left were driving or being driven by the sound of the firing. It was a fight at close quarters too, for as night came on, in those tangled thickets of stunted pine, sweet-gum, scrub-oak, and cedar the approach of the opposing lines could only be discerned by the noise of their passage through the underbrush or the flashing of their guns. The usually silent Wilderness had suddenly become alive. The angry flashing of the musketry and its heavy roar, mingled



CAPTURE ON THE AFTERNOON OF MAY 6TH, BY THE CONFEDERATES, OF A PART OF THE BURNING UNION BREASTWORKS ON THE BROCK ROAD. (BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



VIEW FROM NEAR THE WILDERNESS TAVERN, LOOKING TOWARD THE BATTLE-FIELD—2 P. M., MAY 7TH.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

with the yells of the combatants as they swayed to and fro in the gloomy thickets, realized to the full the poetic battle-picture of "Beal an Duine"—

"As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had raised the banner cry of hell."

Death was busy, and hereaped more laurels than either Lee or Grant. General Alexander Hays, of Hancock's corps, was among the killed.

When the battle closed at 8 o'clock, General Lee sent an order to Longstreet to make a night march, so as to arrive upon the field at daylight the next morning. The latter moved at 1 A. M. of the 6th, but it was daylight when he reached the Plank road at Parker's store, three miles in rear of Hill's battle-field. During the night the movements of troops and preparations for battle could be heard on the Federal line, in front of Heth's and Wilcox's divisions, who had so far sustained themselves against every attack by six divisions under General Hancock. But they were thoroughly worn out. Their lines were ragged and irregular, with wide intervals, and in some places fronting in different directions. Expecting to be relieved during the night, no effort was made to re-arrange and strengthen them to meet the storm that was brewing.

As soon as it was light enough to see what little could be seen in that dark forest, Han-

cock's troops swept forward to the attack. The blow fell with greatest force upon Wilcox's troops south of the Orange Plank road. They made what front they could and renewed the fight, until the attacking column overlapping the right wing, it gave way, and the whole line "rolled up" from the right and retired in disorder along the Plank road as far as the position of Poague's artillery, which now opened upon the attacking force. The Federals pressed their advantage and were soon abreast of the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL MICAH JENKINS, C. S. A., KILLED MAY 6TH, 1864. (FROM A TINTYPE.)

artillery on the opposite side, their bullets flying across the road among the guns where General Lee himself stood. For a while matters looked very serious for the Confederates. General Lee, after sending a messenger to hasten the march of Longstreet's troops and another to prepare the trains for a movement to the rear, was assisting in rallying the disordered troops and directing the fire of the artillery, when the head of Longstreet's corps appeared in double column, swinging down the Orange Plank road at a trot. In perfect order, ranks well closed, and no stragglers, those splendid troops came on, regardless of the confusion on every side, pushing their steady way onward like "a river in the sea" of confused and troubled human waves around them. Kershaw's division took the right of the road, and, coming into line under a heavy fire, moved obliquely to the right (south) to meet the Federal left, which had "swung round" in that direction. The Federals were checked in their sweeping advance and thrown back upon their front line of breastworks, where they made a stubborn stand. But Kershaw, urged on by Longstreet, charged with his whole command, swept his front, and captured the works.

Nearly at the same moment, Field's division took the left of the road, with Gregg's brigade in front, Benning's behind it, Law's next, and Jenkins's following. As the Texans in the front line swept past the batteries where General Lee was standing, they gave a rousing cheer for "Marse Robert," who spurred his horse forward and followed them in the charge. When the men became aware that he was "going in" with them, they called loudly to him to go back. "We won't go on unless you go back" was the general cry. One of the men dropped to the rear, and taking the bridle turned his horse around, while General Gregg came up and urged him to do as the men wished. At that moment a member of his staff (Colonel Venable) directed his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been looking for, and who was sitting on his horse near the Orange Plank road. With evident disappointment, he turned off and joined General Longstreet.

The ground over which Field's troops were advancing was open for a short distance, and fringed on its farther edge with scattered pines beyond which the dense Wilderness growth began. The Federal troops had entered the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH, MORTALLY WOUNDED MAY 6TH, 1864. DIED MAY 8TH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

pinces and were advancing with apparently resistless force, when Gregg's eight hundred Texans, regardless of numbers, flanks, or supports, dashed directly upon them. There was a terrific crash mingled with wild yells, which settled down into a steady roar of musketry. In less than ten minutes one-half of that devoted eight hundred were lying upon the field dead or wounded; but they had delivered a staggering blow and broken the force of the Federal advance. Benning's and Law's brigades came promptly to their support, and the whole swept forward together. The tide was flowing the other way now. It ebbed and flowed many times that day, strewing the Wilderness with human wrecks. Law's brigade captured a line of log breastworks in its front, but had held them only a few moments when their former owners came back to claim them. They were rudely received and driven back to a second line several hundred yards beyond, which was also taken. This advanced position was attacked in front and on the right from across the Orange Plank road, and Law's Alabamians "advanced backwards" without standing on the order of their going, until they reached the first line of logs, now in their rear. As their friends in blue still insisted on claiming their property and were ad-



THE BURNING WOODS, MAY 6TH—RESCUING THE WOUNDED. (BY A. R. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

vancing to take it, they were met by a counter charge and again driven beyond the second line. This was held against a determined attack in which the Federal General Wadsworth was shot from his horse as he rode up close to the right of the line on the Plank road. The position again becoming untenable by reason of the movements of Federal troops on their right, they retired a second time to the works they had first captured. And so, for more than two hours, the storm of battle swept to and fro, in some places passing several times over the same ground, and settling down at length almost where it had begun the day before.

About 10 o'clock it was ascertained that the Federal left flank rested only a short distance south of the Orange Plank road, which offered a favorable opportunity for a turning movement in that quarter. General Longstreet at once moved Mahone's, Wofford's, Anderson's, and Davis's brigades, the whole under General Mahone, around this end of the Federal line. Forming at right angles to it, they attacked in flank and rear, while a general advance was made in front. So far the fight had been one of anvil and hammer. Ringing blows had been given and received, and both sides were bruised and bleeding from their effects. But this first display of the tactics of battle at once changed the face of the field. The Federal left wing

was rolled up in confusion towards the Plank road and then back upon the Brock road, which was its chief outlet towards Spotsylvania.

This partial victory had been a comparatively easy one. The signs of demoralization and even panic among the troops of Hancock's left wing, who had been hurled back by Mahone's flank attack, were too plain to be mistaken by the Confederates, who believed that Chancellorsville was about to be repeated. General Longstreet rode forward and prepared to press his advantage. Jenkins's fresh brigade was moved forward on the Plank road to renew the attack, supported by Kershaw's division while the flanking column should come into position on its right. The latter were now in line south of the road and almost parallel to it. Longstreet and Kershaw rode with General Jenkins at the head of his brigade as it pressed forward, when suddenly the quiet which had reigned for some moments was broken by a few scattering shots on the north of the road, which were answered by a volley from Mahone's line on the south side. The firing in their front, and the appearance of troops on the road whom they failed to recognize as friends through the intervening timber, had drawn a single volley, which lost to them all the fruits of the splendid work they had just done. General Jenkins was killed and Longstreet seri-

ously wounded by our own men. The troops who were following them faced quickly towards the firing and were about to return it; but when General Kershaw called out, "They are friends!" every musket was lowered, and the men dropped upon the ground to avoid the fire.

The head of the attack had fallen, and for a time the movements of the Confederates were paralyzed. The hand of fate seemed to be in it. The same thing had happened to Stonewall Jackson, in this same Wilderness, just one year before. General Lee came forward and directed in person the disposition of the troops for a renewal of the attack, but the change of commanders rendered necessary by the fall of Longstreet, and the resumption of the thread of operations that had fallen from his hands, occasioned a delay of several hours, and then the tide which "taken at the flood leads on to fortune" had ebbed, and the Confederates only received hard knocks instead of a brilliant victory. When at 4 o'clock an attack was made upon the Federal line along the Brock road, it was found strongly fortified and stubbornly defended. The log breastworks had taken fire during the battle, and at one point separated the combatants by a wall of fire and smoke which neither could pass. Part of Field's division captured the works in their front, but were forced to relinquish them for want of support. Meanwhile Burnside's corps, which had reinforced Hancock during the day, made

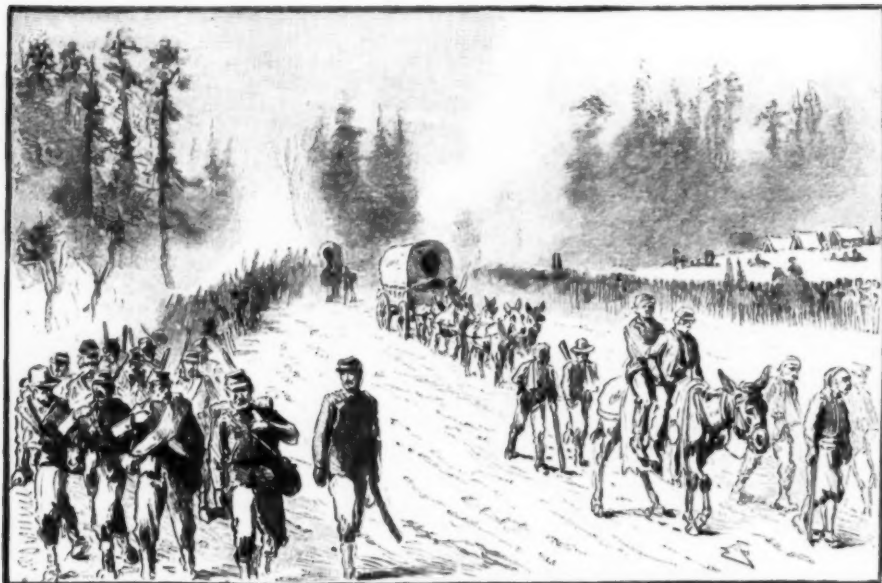
a vigorous attack on the north of the Orange Plank road. Law's (Alabama) and Perry's (Florida) brigades were being forced back, when, Heth's division coming to their assistance, they assumed the offensive, driving Burnside's troops beyond the extensive line of breastworks constructed previous to their advance.

The battles fought by Ewell on the Old turnpike and by A. P. Hill on the Plank road, on the 5th of May, were entirely distinct, no connected line existing between them. Connection was established with Ewell's right by Wilcox's division, after it had been relieved by Longstreet's troops on the morning of the 6th. While the battle was in progress on the Orange Plank road, on the 6th, an unsuccessful attempt was made to turn Ewell's left next the river, and heavy assaults were made upon the line of Early's division. So persistent were these attacks on the front of Pegram's brigade, that other troops were brought up in rear to its support, but when the offer was made to relieve it, the men rejected the offer and said they needed no assistance.

Late in the day General Ewell ordered a movement against the Federal right wing, similar to that by which Longstreet had "doubled up" Hancock's left in the morning. Two brigades, under General John B. Gordon, moved out of their works at sunset, and lapping the right of Sedgwick's corps made a sudden and determined attack upon it. Taken by sur-



BREASTWORKS OF HANCOCK'S CORPS ON THE BROCK ROAD—MORNING OF MAY 7TH.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)



OUT OF THE WILDERNESS, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 8TH—THE MARCH TO SPOTSYLVANIA.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

prise, the Federals were driven from a large portion of their works with the loss of six hundred prisoners,—among them Generals Seymour and Shaler. Night closed the contest, and with it the battle of the Wilderness.

WHEN Lee's army had appeared on the flank of the Federal line of march on the 5th of May, General Grant at once had faced it and endeavored to push it out of the way. His strongest efforts had been directed to forcing back the Confederate advance on the Orange Plank road, which, if successful, would have enabled him to complete his plan of "swinging past" that army and placing himself between it and Richmond. On the other hand, Lee's principal effort had been to strike the head of Grant's column a crushing blow where it crossed the Plank road, which would force it from its route and throw it in confusion back into the Wilderness. Both had failed. What advantages had been gained by the two days' fighting remained with the Confederates. They held a position nearer the Federal line of march than when the battle began, and had inflicted losses incomparably heavier than they had themselves sustained. Both sides were now strongly intrenched, and neither could well afford to attack. And so the 7th of May was spent in skirmishing, each waiting to see what the other would do. That night the race for Spotsyl-

vania began. General Lee had been informed by "Jeb" Stuart of the movement of the Federal trains southward during the afternoon. After dark the noise of moving columns along the Brock road could be heard, and it was at once responded to by a similar movement on the part of Lee. The armies moved in parallel columns separated only by a short interval. Longstreet's corps (now commanded by R. H. Anderson) marched all night and arrived at Spotsylvania at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, where the ball was already in motion. Stuart had thrown his cavalry across the Brock road to check the Federal advance, and as the Federal cavalry had failed to dislodge him, Warren's corps had been pushed forward to clear the way. Kershaw's, Humphreys', and Law's brigades were at once sent to Stuart's assistance. The head of Warren's column was forced back and immediately commenced intrenching. Spotsylvania Court House was found occupied by Federal cavalry and artillery, which retired without a fight. The Confederates had won the race.

BATTLES OF SPOTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

THE troops on both sides were now rapidly arriving. Sedgwick's corps joined Warren's, and in the afternoon was thrown heavily against Anderson's right wing, which, assisted by the timely arrival of Ewell's corps, repulsed

the attack with great slaughter. Hill's corps (now under General Early) did not arrive until the next morning, May 9th. General Lee's line now covered Spotsylvania Court House, with its left (Longstreet's corps) resting on the Po River, a small stream which flows on the south-west — Ewell's corps in the center, north of the Court House, and Hill's on the right, crossing the Fredericksburg road. These positions were generally maintained during the battles that followed, though brigades and divisions were often detached from their proper commands and sent to other parts of the field to meet pressing emergencies.

No engagement of importance took place on the 9th, which was spent in intrenching the lines and preparing places of refuge from the impending storm. But the 10th was "a field day." Early in the morning it was found that Hancock's corps had crossed the Po above the point where the Confederate left rested, had reached the Shady Grove road, and was threatening our rear, as well as the trains which were in that direction on the Old Court House road leading to Louisa Court House. General Early was ordered from the right with Mahone's and Heth's divisions, and, moving rapidly to the threatened quarter, attacked Hancock's rear division as it was about to recross the Po — driving it with severe loss, through the burning woods in its rear, back across the river.

Meanwhile General Grant was not idle elsewhere. He had commenced his efforts to break through the lines confronting him. The first assault was made upon Field's division of Longstreet's corps and met with a complete and bloody repulse. Again at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the blue columns pressed forward to the attack, and were sent back torn and bleeding, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded. Anticipating a renewal of the assaults, many of our men went out in front of their breastworks, and, gathering up the muskets and cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded, brought them in and distributed them along the line. If they did not have repeating-rifles, they had a very good substitute — several loaded ones to each man. They had no reserves, and knew that if they could not sufficiently reduce the number of their assailants

to equalize matters somewhat before they reached the works, they might become untenable against such heavy and determined attacks.

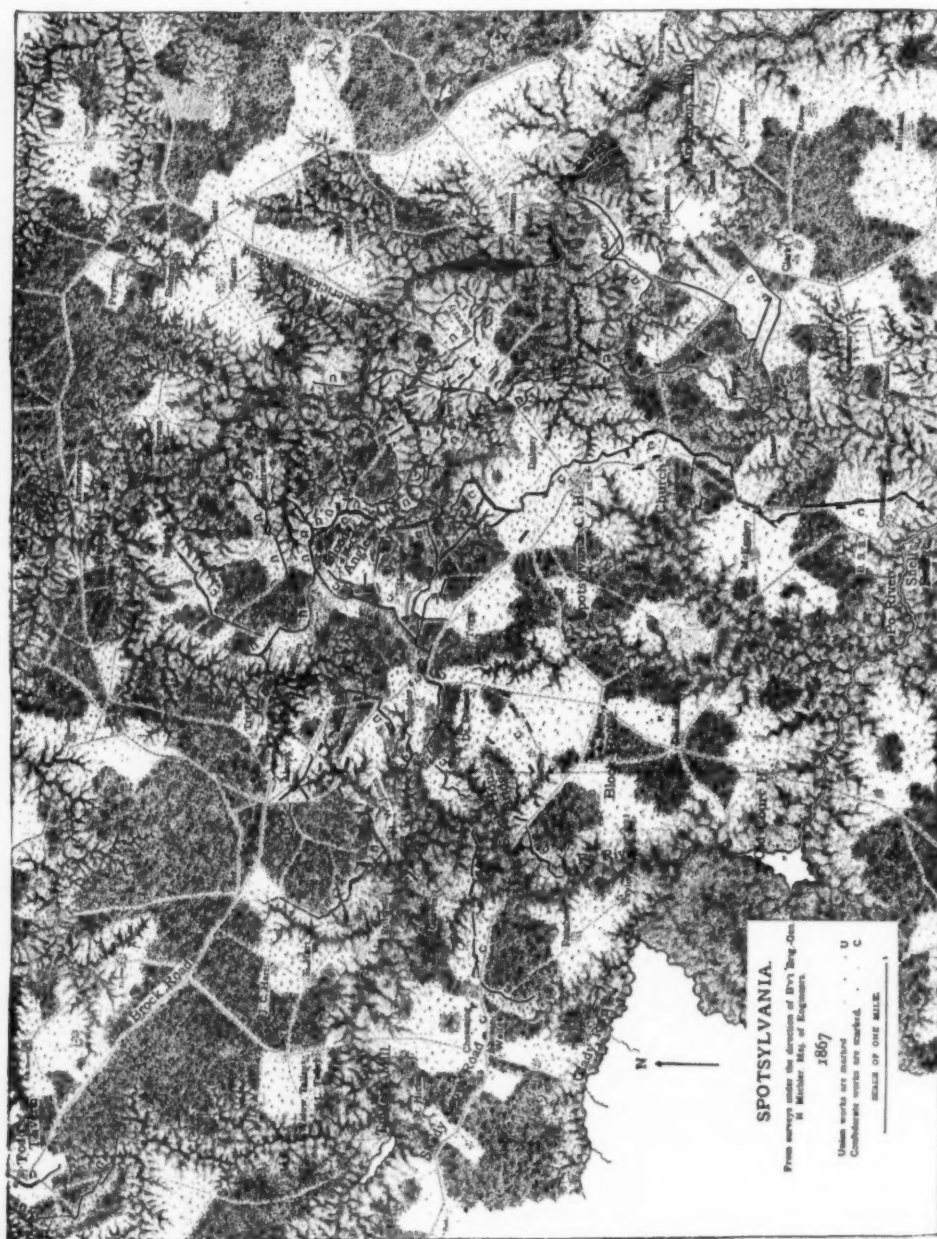
A lull of several hours succeeded the failure of the second attack, but it was only a breathing spell preparatory to the culminating effort of the day. Near sunset our skirmishers were driven in and the heavy, dark lines of attack came into view one after another, first in quick time, then in a trot, and then with a rush towards the works. The front lines dissolved before the pitiless storm that met them, but those in rear pressed forward, and over their dead and dying comrades reached that portion of the works held by the Texas brigade. These gallant fellows, now reduced to a mere handful by their losses in the Wilderness, stood manfully to their work. Their line was bent backward by the pressure, but they continued the fight in rear of the works with bayonets and clubbed muskets. Fortunately for them, Anderson's brigade had cleared its own front, and a portion of it turned upon the flank of their assailants, who were driven out, leaving many dead and wounded inside the works.

While this attack was in progress on Field's line, another, quite as determined, was made farther to the right, in front of Rodes's division of Ewell's corps. Doles's brigade was broken and swept out of its works with the loss of three hundred prisoners. But as the attacking force poured through the gap thus made, Daniel's brigade on one side and Stuart's on the other drew back from their lines and fell upon its flanks, while Battle's and Johnston's brigades were hurried up from the left and thrown across its front. Assailed on three sides at once, the Federals were forced back to



SPOTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

SPOTSYLVANIA TAVERN, NEAR THE COURT HOUSE.
(BOTH FROM WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS.)



the works, and over them, whereupon they broke in disorderly retreat to their own lines.

The next day was rainy and disagreeable, and no serious fighting took place. There were movements, however, along the Federal lines during the day which indicated a withdrawal from the front of Longstreet's corps. Late in the afternoon, under the impression that General Grant had actually begun another flanking movement, General Lee ordered that all the artillery on the left and center, which was "difficult of access," should be withdrawn from the lines, and that everything should be in readiness to move during the night if necessary.

Under this order, General Long, Ewell's chief of artillery, removed all but two batteries from the line of General Edward Johnson's division, for the reason given, that they were "difficult of access." Johnson's division held an elevated point somewhat advanced from the general line, and known as "the salient" for "Bloody Angle"; see map, the breastworks there making a considerable angle, with its point towards the enemy. This point had been held because it was a good position for artillery, and if occupied by the enemy would command portions of our line. Such projections on a defensive line are always dangerous if held by infantry alone, as an attack upon the point of the angle can only be met by a diverging fire; or if attacked on either face, the troops holding the other face, unless protected by works in rear (as were some of the Confederates), are more exposed than those on the side attacked. But with sufficient artillery, so posted as to sweep the sides of the angle, such a position may be very strong. To provide against contingencies, a second line had been laid off and partly

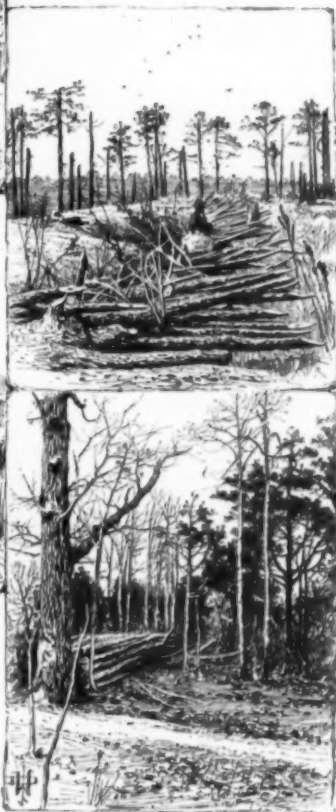
constructed a short distance in rear, so as to cut off this salient.

After the artillery had been withdrawn on the night of the 11th, General Johnson discovered that the enemy was concentrating in his front, and, convinced that he would be attacked in the morning, requested the immediate return of the artillery that had been taken away. The men in the trenches were kept on the alert all night and were ready for the attack, when at dawn on the morning of the 12th a dense column emerged from the pines half a mile in front of the salient and rushed to the attack. They came on, to use

General Johnson's words, "in great disorder, with a narrow front, but extending back as far as I could see." Page's battalion of artillery, which had only been ordered back to the trenches at 4 o'clock in the morning, were just arriving and were not in position to fire upon the attacking column, which offered so fair a mark for



VIEWS OF CONFEDERATE INTRENCHMENTS AT SPOTSVILANIA.
(FROM WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHS.)





THE UNION POSITION AT SPOTSVYLVANIA, MORNING OF MAY 10TH, AS SEEN FROM THE REAR OF HANCOCK'S LINES.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

artillery. The guns came only in time to be captured. The infantry in the salient fought as long as fighting was of any use; but deprived of the assistance of the artillery, which constituted the chief strength of the position, they could do little to check the onward rush of the Federal column, which soon overran the salient, capturing General Johnson himself, 20 pieces of artillery, and 2800 men — almost his entire division. The whole thing happened so quickly that the extent of the disaster could not be realized at once. Hancock's troops, who made the assault, had recovered their formation, and, extending their lines across the works on both sides of the salient, had resumed their advance when Lane's brigade of Hill's corps, which was immediately on the right of the captured works, rapidly drew back to the unfinished line in rear, and poured a galling fire upon their left wing, which checked its advance and threw it back with severe loss. General Gordon, whose division (Early's) was in reserve and under orders to support any part of the line about the salient, hastened to throw it in front of the advancing Federal column. As the division was about to charge, General Lee rode up and joined General Gordon, evidently intending to go forward with him. Gordon remonstrated, and the men, seeing his intention, cried out, "General Lee to the rear!"

which was taken up all along the line. One of the men respectfully but firmly took hold of the bridle and led his horse to the rear, and the charge went on. The two moving lines met in rear of the captured works, and after a fierce struggle in the woods the Federals were forced back to the base of the salient. But Gordon's division did not cover their whole front. On the left of the salient, where Rodes's division had connected with Johnson's, the attack was still pressed with great determination. General Rodes drew out Ramseur's brigade from the left of his line (a portion of Kershaw's division taking its place), and sent it to relieve the pressure on his right and restore the line between himself and Gordon. Ramseur swept the trenches the whole length



UNION HOSPITAL AT ALSOP'S FARM-HOUSE, NEAR THE BROCK ROAD, TO WHICH GENERAL SEDGWICK'S BODY WAS BROUGHT, MAY 9TH. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

of his brigade, but did not fill the gap, and his right was exposed to a terrible fire from the works still held by the enemy. Three brigades from Hill's corps were ordered up. Perrin's, which was the first to arrive, rushed forward through a fearful fire and recovered a part of the line on Gordon's left. General Perrin fell dead from his horse just as he reached the works. General Daniel had been killed, and Ramseur, though painfully wounded, remained

covered by the salient and the adjacent works. Every attempt to advance on either side was met and repelled from the other. The hostile battle-flags waved over different portions of the same works while the men fought like fiends for their possession. It was "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt." The very mouth of hell seemed to have opened, and death was rioting in its sulphurous fumes.

During the day diversions were made on both

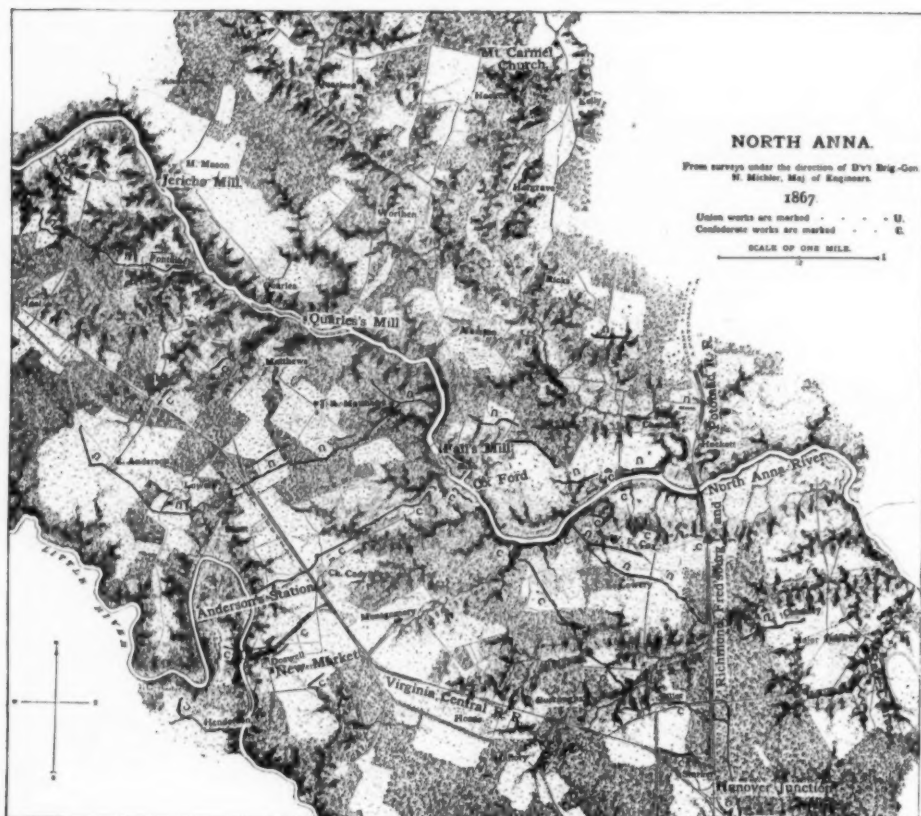


MCCOOL'S FARM-HOUSE, WITHIN THE "BLOODY ANGLE." (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

in the trenches with his men. Rodes's right being still hard pressed, Harris's (Mississippi) and McGowan's (South Carolina) brigades were ordered forward and rushed through the blinding storm into the works on Ramseur's right. The Federals still held the greater part of the salient, and though the Confederates were unable to drive them out, they could get no farther. Hancock's corps, which had made the attack, had been reinforced by Upton's division of the Sixth Corps and one-half of Warren's corps, as the battle progressed. Artillery had been brought up on both sides, the Confederates using every piece that could be made available upon the salient. Before 10 o'clock General Lee had put in every man that could be spared for the restoration of his broken center. It then became a matter of endurance with the men themselves. All day long and until far into the night the battle raged with unceasing fury, in the space

sides, to relieve the pressure in the center. An attack upon Anderson's (Longstreet's) corps by Wright's Sixth Corps (Sedgwick having been killed on the 9th) was severely repulsed, while, on the other side of the salient, General Early, who was moving with a part of Hill's corps to strike the flank of the Federal force engaged there, met and defeated Burnside's corps, which was advancing at the same time to attack his own (Early's) works.

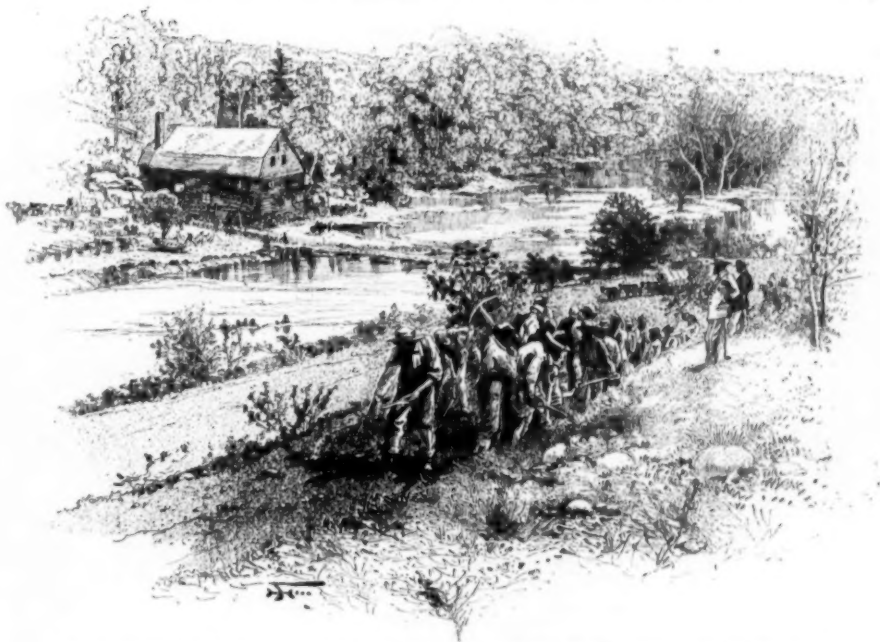
WHILE the battle was raging at the salient, a portion of Gordon's division was busily engaged in constructing a new and shorter line of intrenchments in rear of the old one, to which Ewell's corps retired before daylight on the 13th. The five days of comparative rest that followed the terrible battle of the 12th were never more welcome than to our wearied men, who had been marching and fighting almost without intermission since the 4th of



May. Their comfort was materially enhanced, too, by the supply of coffee, sugar, and other luxuries to which they had long been strangers, obtained from the haversacks of the enemy who had been killed in their front, or in the Federal lines when they were abandoned. It was astonishing into what close places a hungry Confederate would go to get something to eat. Men would sometimes go out under a severe fire, in the hope of finding a full haversack. It may seem a small matter to the readers of war history; but to the *makers* of it who were in the trenches, or on the march, or engaged in battle night and day for weeks without intermission, the supply of the one article of coffee, furnished by the Army of the Potomac to the Army of Northern Virginia, *was not* a small matter, but did as much as any other material agency to sustain the spirits and bodily energies of the men, in a campaign which taxed both to their utmost limit. Old haversacks gave place to better ones, and tin cups now dangled from the accouter-

ments of the Confederates, who at every rest on the march or interval of quiet on the lines could be seen gathered around small fires, preparing the coveted beverage.

In the interval from the 12th to the 18th, our army was gradually moving east to meet corresponding movements on the other side. Longstreet's corps was shifted from the left to the extreme right, beyond the Fredericksburg road. Ewell's corps still held the works in rear of the famous salient, when on the morning of the 18th a last effort was made to force the lines of Spotsylvania at the only point where previous efforts had met with even partial success. This was destined to a more signal failure than any of the others. Under the fire of thirty pieces of artillery, which swept all the approaches to Ewell's line, the attacking force was broken and driven back in disorder before it came well within reach of the muskets of the infantry. After the failure of this attack, the "sidling" movement, as the men expressed it, again began, and on the



UNION ENGINEER CORPS PREPARING THE ROAD ASCENDING FROM THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT JERICO MILLS.
(FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

afternoon of the 19th Ewell's corps was thrown round the Federal left wing to ascertain the extent of this movement. After a severe engagement, which lasted until night, Ewell withdrew, having lost about nine hundred men in the action. This seemed a heavy price to pay for information that might have been otherwise obtained, but the enemy had suffered more severely, and General Grant was delayed in his

turning movement for twenty-four hours. He, however, got the start in the race for the North Anna: Hancock's corps, leading off on the night of the 20th, was followed rapidly by the remainder of his army.

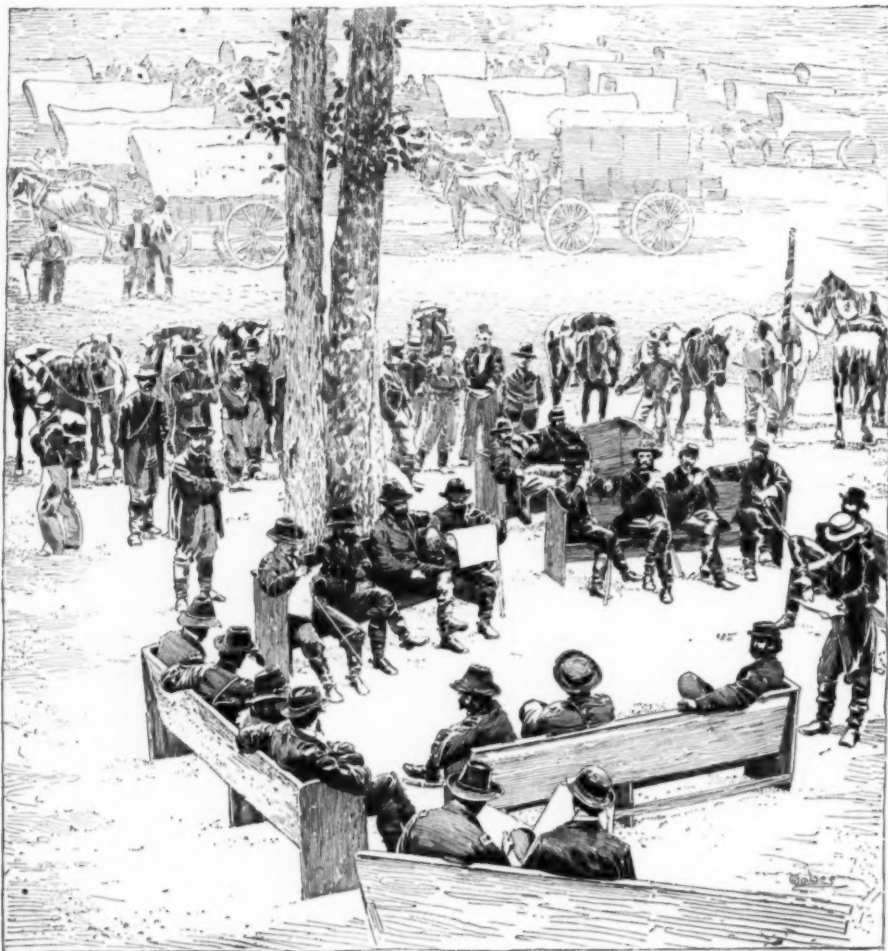
THE RACE FOR THE NORTH ANNA.

ON the morning of the 21st Ewell's corps moved from the left to the right of our line, and later on the same day it was pushed southward on the Telegraph road, closely followed by Longstreet's corps.* A. P. Hill brought up the rear that night, after a sharp "brush" with the Sixth Corps, which was in the act of retiring from its lines. Lee had the inside track this time, as the Telegraph road on which he moved was the direct route, while Grant had to swing round on the arc of a circle of which this was the chord. About noon on the 22d the head of our column reached the North Anna, and that night Lee's army lay on the south side of the river. We had won the second heat and secured a good night's rest besides, when the Federal army appeared on the other side in the forenoon of the 23d.

* Swinton and others state that Longstreet moved on the night of the 20th, followed by Ewell. This is an error.—E. M. L.



CONFEDERATE TRENCHES AT CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE ON THE NORTH ANNA, HALF A MILE ABOVE THE RAILROAD BRIDGE.
(SEE MAP, PREVIOUS PAGE.) FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.



GENERAL GRANT AND STAFF AT BETHENDA CHURCH. (SEE MAP, PAGE 295.) GENERAL GRANT IS SITTING WITH HIS BACK TO THE SMALLER TREE. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

Warren's corps crossed the river that afternoon without opposition at Jericho Ford, four miles above the Chesterfield bridge on the Telegraph road; but as it moved out from the river it was met by Wilcox's division of Hill's corps, and a severe but indecisive engagement ensued, the lines confronting each other intrenching as usual. Meanwhile a small earthwork, that had been built the year before, covering the approaches to the bridge on the Telegraph road and now held by a small detachment from Kershaw's division, was attacked and carried by troops of Hancock's corps, the Confederates retiring across the river with the loss of a few prisoners.

It did not seem to be General Lee's purpose to offer any serious resistance to Grant's passage of the river at the points selected. His lines had been retired from it at both these points, but touched it at Ox Ford, a point intermediate between them. Hancock's corps, having secured the Chesterfield bridge, crossed over on the morning of the 24th, and, extending down the river, moved out until it came upon Longstreet's and Ewell's corps in position and ready for battle. The Sixth Corps (General Wright) crossed at Jericho Ford and joined Warren. The two wings of Grant's army were safely across the river, but there was no connection between them.

Lee had only thrown back his flanks and let them in on either side, while he held the river between; and when General Grant attempted to throw his center, under Burnside, across between the ford and the bridge, it was very severely handled and failed to get a foothold on the south side. A detach-

Turning quickly, I caught a glimpse of something blue disappearing behind a pile of earth that had been thrown out from the railroad cut some distance in front. Taking one of the muskets leaning against the works, I waited for the reappearance of my friend in blue, who had taken such an unfair advantage



THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES RESISTING A CONFEDERATE ATTACK NEAR BETHESDA CHURCH, JUNE 20.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

ment from Warren's corps was sent down on the south side to help Burnside across, but it was attacked by Mahone's division, and driven back with heavy loss, narrowly escaping capture. General Grant found himself in what may be called a military dilemma. He had cut his army in two by running it upon the point of a wedge. He could not break the point, which rested upon the river, and the attempt to force it out of place by striking on its sides must of necessity be made without much concert of action between the two wings of his army, neither of which could reinforce the other without crossing the river twice; while his opponent could readily transfer his troops as needed, from one wing to the other, across the narrow space between them.

The next two days were consumed by General Grant in fruitless attempts to find a vulnerable point in our lines. The skirmishers were very active, often forcing their way close up to our works. The line of my brigade crossed the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad. It was an exposed point, and the men stationed there, after building their log breastwork, leant their muskets against it and moved out on one side, to avoid the constant fire that was directed upon it. As I was passing that point on one occasion, the men called to me, "Stoop!" At the same moment I received a more forcible admonition from the whiz of a minie-ball, close to my head.

of me. He soon appeared, rising cautiously behind his earthwork, and we both fired at the same moment, neither shot taking effect. This time my friend didn't "hedge," but commenced reloading rapidly, thinking, I suppose, that I would have to do the same. But he was mistaken; for, taking up another musket, I fired at once, with a result equally surprising to both of us, he probably at my being able to load so quickly, and I at hitting the mark. He was found there wounded, shortly afterward, when my skirmishers were pushed forward. It was my first and only duel, and justifiable, I think, under the circumstances.

On the morning of May 27th General Grant's army had disappeared from our front. During the night it had "folded its tents like the Arab and as quietly stolen away," on its fourth turning movement since the opening of the campaign. The Army of the Potomac was already on its march for the Pamunkey River at Hanover town, where the leading corps crossed on the morning of the 27th. Lee moved at once to head off his adversary, whose advance column was now eight miles nearer Richmond than he was. In the afternoon of the 28th, after one of the severest cavalry engagements of the war, in which Hampton and Fitz Lee opposed the advance of Sheridan at Hawes's Shop, the infantry of both armies came up and again confronted each other along the Totopotomoy, a small creek flowing into the

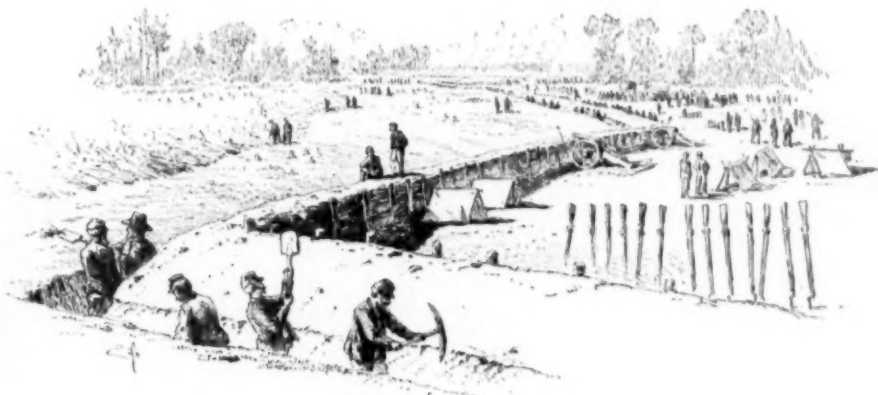
Pamunkey from the south. Here the Confederate position was found too strong to be attacked in front with any prospect of success, and again the "sidling" movements began — this time towards Cold Harbor.

BATTLE OF COLD HARBOR.

SHERIDAN's cavalry had taken possession of Cold Harbor on the 31st, and it had been promptly followed up by two corps of infantry. Longstreet's and a part of Hill's corps, with

accomplished with small loss, and had the effect of holding these two corps in his front and preventing their coöperation in the attack at Cold Harbor, which had been ordered for the next day.

Early in the morning of the 2d, I was ordered to move with my own and Anderson's brigades, of Field's division, "to reinforce the line on the right," exercising my own discretion as to the point where assistance was most needed. After putting the troops in motion, I rode along the line, making a personal inspec-



VIEW OF UNION BREASTWORKS ON THE COLD HARBOR LINE, JUNE 1ST.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

Hoke's and Breckinridge's divisions,* were thrown across their front. The fighting began on the Cold Harbor line, late in the afternoon of the 1st of June, by a heavy attack upon the divisions of Hoke and Kershaw. Clingman's brigade on Hoke's left gave way, and Wofford's on Kershaw's right, being turned, was also forced back; but the further progress of the attack was checked and the line partly restored before night. By the morning of the 2d of June, the opposing lines had settled down close to each other, and everything promised a repetition of the scenes at Spotsylvania.

Three corps of Grant's army (General W. F. Smith's divisions Eighteenth Corps having arrived from Drewry's Bluff) now confronted the Confederate right wing at Cold Harbor, while the other two looked after Early's (Ewell's) corps near Bethesda Church. In the afternoon of June 2d, General Early, perceiving a movement which indicated a withdrawal of the Federal force in his front, attacked Burnside's corps while it was in motion, striking also the flank of Warren's corps, and capturing several hundred prisoners. This was

tion as I went. Pickett's division, the first on our right, held a strong position along the skirt of a wood, with open fields in front, and needed no strengthening. The left of Kershaw's division, which was the next in order, was equally strong; but on calling at General Kershaw's quarters I was informed of the particulars of the attack upon his own and Hoke's divisions the evening previous, and requested by him to place my troops as a support to his right wing, which had been thrown back by the attack. On examining the line I found it bent sharply back at almost a right angle, the point of which rested upon a body of heavy woods. The works were in open ground and very unfavorably located to resist an attack as well from their location as their shape. The right face of the angle ran along a slope, with a small marshy stream behind and higher ground in front. The works had evidently been built just where the troops found themselves at the close of the fight the evening previous.

Convinced that under such assaults as we had sustained at Spotsylvania our line would

* Breckinridge came from the Valley and joined Lee's army at the North Anna, with about 2700 men.

Hoke had just arrived from Petersburg. Pickett's division had also joined its corps at the North Anna.



COLD HARBOR, JUNE 30—BOMB-PROOFS ON THE LINE OF THE SECOND CORPS.
(BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

be broken at that point, I proposed to cut off the angle by building a new line across its base, which would throw the marshy ground in our front and give us a clear sweep across it with our fire from the slope on the other side. This would not only strengthen but shorten the line considerably, and I proposed to General Kershaw to build and occupy it with my two brigades that night.

Meanwhile the enemy was evidently concentrating in the woods in front, and every indication pointed to an early attack. Nothing could be done upon the contemplated line during the day, and we waited anxiously the coming of night. The day passed without an attack. I was as well satisfied that it would come at dawn the next morning as if I had seen General Meade's order directing it. That no mistake should be made in the location of the works, I procured a hatchet, and accompanied by two members of my staff, each with an armful of stakes, went out after dark, located the line, and drove every stake upon it. The troops were formed on it at once, and before morning the works were finished. Artillery was placed at both ends of the new line, abreast of the infantry. General Kershaw then withdrew that portion of his division which occupied the salient, the men having leveled the works as far as possible before leaving them.

Our troops were under arms and waiting, when with the misty light of early morning the scattering fire of our pickets who now occupied the abandoned works in the angle an-

nounced the beginning of the attack. As the assaulting column swept over the old works a loud cheer was given, and it rushed on into the marshy ground in the angle. Its front covered little more than the line of my own brigade of less than a thousand men; but line followed line until the space inclosed by the old salient became a mass of writhing humanity, upon which our artillery and musketry played with cruel effect. I had taken position on the slope in rear of the

line and was carefully noting the firing of the men, which soon became so heavy that I feared they would exhaust the cartridges in their boxes before the attack ceased. Sending an order for a supply of ammunition to be brought into the lines, I went down to the trenches to regulate the firing. On my way to them I met a man, belonging to the 15th Alabama regiment of my brigade, running to the rear through the storm of bullets that swept the hill. He had left his hat behind in his retreat, was crying like a big baby, and was the bloodiest man I ever saw. "Oh, General," he blubbered out, "I am dead! I am killed! Look at this!" showing his wound. He was a broad, fat-faced fellow, and a minie-ball had passed through his cheek and the fleshy part of his neck, letting a large amount of blood. Finding it was only a flesh-wound, I told him to go on; he was not hurt. He looked at me doubtfully for a second as if questioning my veracity or my surgical knowledge, I don't



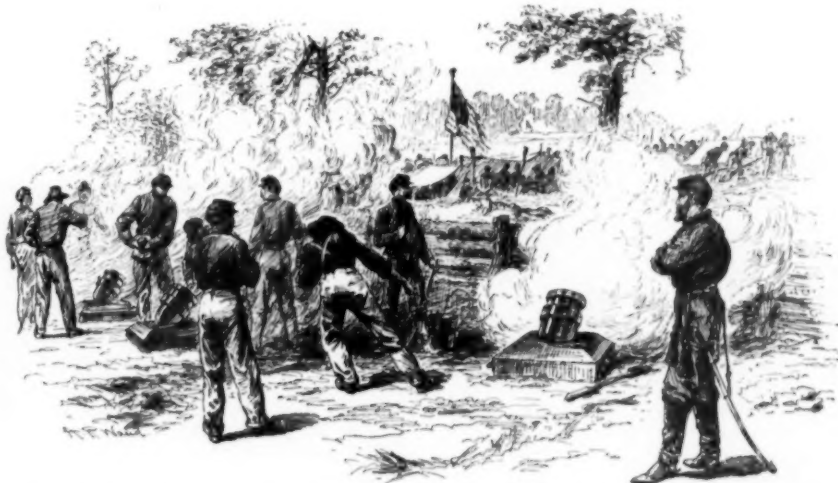
EXTREME RIGHT OF THE CONFEDERATE LINE, COLD HARBOR.
(FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)

know which; then, as if satisfied with my diagnosis, he broke into a broad laugh, and, the tears still running down his cheeks, trotted off, the happiest man I saw that day.

On reaching the trenches, I found the men in fine spirits, laughing and talking as they fired. There, too, I could see more plainly the terrible havoc made in the ranks of the assaulting column. I had seen the dreadful carnage in front of Marye's Hill at Fredericksburg,

skill during the attack on the 3d, reaching not only the front of the attacking force, but its flanks also, as well as those of the supporting troops.

While we were busy with the Eighteenth Corps on the center of the general line, the sounds of battle could be heard both on the right and left, and we knew from long use what that meant. It was a general advance of Grant's whole army. Early's corps below



BRASS COEHORNS ON THE UNION LINE, COLD HARBOR. (BY A. E. WAUD, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

and on the "old railroad cut" which Jackson's men held at the Second Manassas; but I had seen nothing to exceed this. It was not war; it was murder. When the fight ended, more than a thousand men lay in front of our works either killed or too badly wounded to leave the field.* Among them were some who were not hurt, but remained among the dead and wounded rather than take the chances of going back under that merciless fire. Most of these came in and surrendered during the day, but were fired on in some instances by their own men (who still held a position close in our front) to prevent them from doing so. The loss in my command was fifteen or twenty, most of them wounded about the head and shoulders, myself among the number. Our artillery was handled superbly during the action. Major Hamilton, chief of artillery of Kershaw's division, not only coöperated with energy in strengthening our line on the night of June 2d, but directed the fire of his guns with great

Bethesda Church was attacked without success. On our right, where the line extended towards the Chickahominy, it was broken at one point, but at once restored by Finnyan's (Florida) brigade, with heavy loss to Hancock's troops who were attacking there. The result of the action in the center, which has been described, presents a fair picture of the result along the entire line,—a grand advance, a desperate struggle, a bloody and crushing repulse. Before 8 o'clock A. M. on the 3d of June the battle of Cold Harbor was over, and with it Grant's "overland campaign" against Richmond.

When General Grant was appointed to the command of the Union armies and established his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, we of the Army of Northern Virginia knew very little about his character and capacity as a commander. Even "old army" officers, who were supposed to know all about any one who had ever been in the army before the war, seemed to know as little as anybody else.

* From the close range of the artillery and musketry, there must have been a much greater proportion of these than usual. I estimated the whole loss of the Eighteenth Corps, which made the attack, at between

4000 and 5000.—E. M. I. [The Official Records show that the losses of that corps at Cold Harbor aggregated 3019.—EDITOR.]

The opinion was pretty freely expressed, however, that his Western laurels would wither in the climate of Virginia. His name was associated with Shiloh, where it was believed that he had been outgeneraled and badly beaten by Albert Sidney Johnston, and saved by Buell. The capture of Vicksburg and the battle of Chattanooga, which gave him a brilliant reputation at the North, were believed by the Confederates to be due more to the weakness of the forces opposed to him and the bad generalship of their commanders than to any great ability on his part. That he was bold and aggressive, we all knew, but we believed that it was the boldness and aggressiveness that arises from the consciousness of strength, as he had generally managed to fight his battles with the advantage of largely superior numbers. That this policy of force would be pursued when he took command in Virginia, we had no doubt; but we were not prepared for the unparalleled stubbornness and tenacity with which he persisted in his attacks under the fearful losses which his army sustained at the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania. General Grant's method of conducting the campaign was frequently discussed among the Confederates, and the universal verdict was that he was no strategist and that he relied almost entirely upon the brute force of numbers for success. Such a policy is not characteristic of a high order of generalship, and seldom wins unless the odds are overwhelmingly on the side of the assailant. It failed in this instance, as shown by the result at Cold Harbor, which necessitated an entire change in the plan of campaign. What a part at least of his own men thought about General Grant's methods was shown by the fact that many of the prisoners taken during the campaign complained bitterly of the "useless butchery" to which they were subjected, some going so far as to prophesy the destruction of their army. "He fights!" was the pithy reply of President Lincoln to a deputation of influential politicians who urged his removal from the command of the army. These two words embody perfectly the Confederate idea of General Grant at that time. If, as the mediæval chroniclers tell us, Charles Martel (the Hammer) gained that title by a seven days' continuous battle with the Saracens at Tours, General Grant certainly entitled himself to a like distinction by his thirty days' campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor.

General Lee held so completely the admiration and confidence of his men that his conduct of a campaign was rarely criticised. Few points present themselves in his campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor upon which criticism can lay hold, when all the circumstances are considered. His plan of striking

the flank of Grant's army as it passed through the Wilderness is above criticism. Fault can be found only with its execution. The two divisions of Longstreet at Gordonsville, and Anderson's division of Hill's corps left on the Upper Rapidan, were too widely separated from the rest of the army, and, as the event proved, should have been in supporting distance of A. P. Hill on the Orange Plank road on the afternoon of the 5th of May. That he did not strike Grant a damaging blow when he had him at such disadvantage on the North Anna may seem strange to those who had witnessed his bold aggressiveness at the Wilderness and on other fields. He was ill and confined to his tent at the time; but, as showing his purpose had he been able to keep the saddle, he was heard to say, as he lay prostrated by sickness, "We must strike them a blow; we must never let them pass us again."* Whatever General Lee did, his men thought it the best that could be done under the circumstances. Their feeling towards him is well illustrated by the remark of a "ragged rebel" who took off his hat to the general as he was passing and received a like courteous salute in return: "God bless Marse Robert! I wish he was emperor of this country and I was his carriage-driver."

The results of the "overland campaign" against Richmond, in 1864, cannot be gauged simply by the fact that Grant's army found itself within a few miles of the Confederate capital when it ended. It might have gotten there in a much shorter time and without any fighting at all. Indeed, one Federal army under General Butler was already there, threatening Richmond, which was considered by the Confederates much more secure after the arrival of the armies of Lee and Grant than it had been before. Nor can these results be measured only by the losses of the opposing armies on the battlefield, except as they affected the morale of the armies themselves; for their losses were about proportional to their relative strength. So far as the Confederates were concerned, it would be idle to deny that they (as well as General Lee himself) were disappointed at the result of their efforts in the Wilderness on the 5th and 6th of May, and that General Grant's constant "hammering" with his largely superior force had to a certain extent a depressing effect upon both officers and men. "It's no use killing these fellows; a half dozen take the place of every one we kill," was a common remark in our army. We knew that our resources of men were exhausted and that the vastly greater resources of the Federal Government, if brought fully to bear, even in this costly kind of warfare, must wear us out

* Statement of Colonel Venable of General Lee's staff.—E. M. L.

in the end. The question with us (and one often asked at the time) was, "How long will the people of the North, and the army itself, stand it?" We heard much about the demoralization of Grant's army and of the mutterings of discontent at home with the conduct of the campaign, and we verily believed that their patience would soon come to an end.

So far as the fighting qualities of our men were concerned, they were little if at all impaired by the terrible strain that had been put upon them. Had General Lee so ordered, they would have attacked the Federal army, after the battle of Cold Harbor, with the same

though perhaps a more quiet courage than they had displayed on entering the campaign thirty days before. The Army of Northern Virginia was so well seasoned and tempered that, like the famous Toledo blade, it could be bent back and doubled upon itself, and then spring again into perfect shape.

It may justly be said of both armies that in this terrible thirty days' struggle their courage and endurance were superb. Both met "foemen worthy of their steel," and battles were fought such as could only have occurred between men of kindred race, and nowhere else than in America.

E. M. Law.



HANCOCK'S CORPS ASSAULTING THE WORKS AT THE "BLOODY ANGLE."

HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING AT SPOTSYLVANIA.

BY THE HISTORIAN OF THE SIXTH CORPS.

GENERAL HANCOCK'S surprise and capture of the larger portion of Edward Johnson's division, and the capture of the salient "at Spotsylvania Court House on the 12th of May, 1864, accomplished with the Second Corps," have been regarded as one of the most brilliant feats of that brilliant soldier's career; but without the substantial assistance of General Wright, grand old John Sedgwick's worthy successor, and the Sixth Corps, a defeat as bitter as his victory was sweet would have been recorded against the hero of that day.

VOL. XXXIV.—42.

The storm which had set in early in the afternoon of the 11th of May continued with great severity, and but little rest was obtained during the night. Soon after dark, however, a remarkable change in the weather took place, and it became raw and disagreeable; the men gathered in small groups about half-drowned fires, with their tents stretched around their shoulders, while some had hastily pitched the canvas on the ground, and sought shelter beneath the rumpled and dripping folds. Others rolled themselves up, and lay close to



TODD'S TAVERN IN WAR-TIME. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the simmering logs, eager to catch a few moments' sleep; many crouched about, without any shelter whatever, presenting a pitiable sight.

Throughout the day some skirmishing and sharpshooting had occurred, but this had been of a spasmodic character, and had elicited no concern. About dusk the Sixth Corps moved to a position on the right and rear of the army. The stormy night was favorable to Hancock's movement, and about 10 o'clock he put his troops in motion, marching to a point on the left of the Sixth Corps' former position in the neighborhood of the Brown house, massing his troops in that vicinity.

At the beginning of the campaign the Army of the Potomac had been reorganized into three infantry corps—the Second (Hancock), the Fifth (Warren), and the Sixth (Sedgwick, now Wright). The Ninth (Burnside) served as an independent command until May 24th, when it was permanently attached to Meade's army. A cavalry corps under Sheridan completed the organization. General Grant's orders to Hancock were to assault at daylight on the 12th in cooperation with Burnside on his left, while Wright and Warren were held in readiness to assault on his right. The Confederate army was composed of three corps—Longstreet (now R. H. Anderson) on their left, Ewell in the center, and A. P. Hill on the right. The point to be assaulted was a salient of field works on the Confederate center, afterwards called the "Bloody Angle." It was held by General Edward Johnson's division. Here the Confederate line broke off at an angle of ninety degrees, the right parallel, about the length of a small brigade, being occupied by General George H. Steuart's regiments. This point was a part or continuation of the line of works charged and carried by Gen-

eral Upton on May 10th, and was considered to be the key to Lee's position.

Just as the day was breaking, Barlow's and Birney's divisions of Hancock's corps pressed forward upon the unsuspecting foe, and leaping the breastworks after a hand-to-hand conflict with the

bewildered enemy, in which guns were used as clubs, possessed themselves of the intrenchments. Over 3,000 prisoners were taken, including General Johnson and General Steuart. Twenty Confederate cannon became the permanent trophies of the day, 12 of them belonging to Page, and 8 to Cutshaw.

Upon reaching the second line of Lee's works, held by Wilcox's division, who by this time had become apprised of the disaster to their comrades, Hancock met with stern resistance, as Lee in the meantime had been hurrying troops to Ewell from Hill on the right, and Anderson on the left, and these were sprung upon our victorious lines with such an impetus as to drive them hastily back towards the left of the salient.*



GENERAL EMORY UPTON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

* General Grant ("Personal Memoirs," p. 231) says: "Burnside on the left had advanced up east of the salient to the very parapet of the enemy. Potter, commanding one of his divisions, got over, but was not able

to remain there. . . . Burnside accomplished but little on our left of a positive nature, but negatively a great deal. He kept Lee from reinforcing his center from that quarter."—EDITOR.



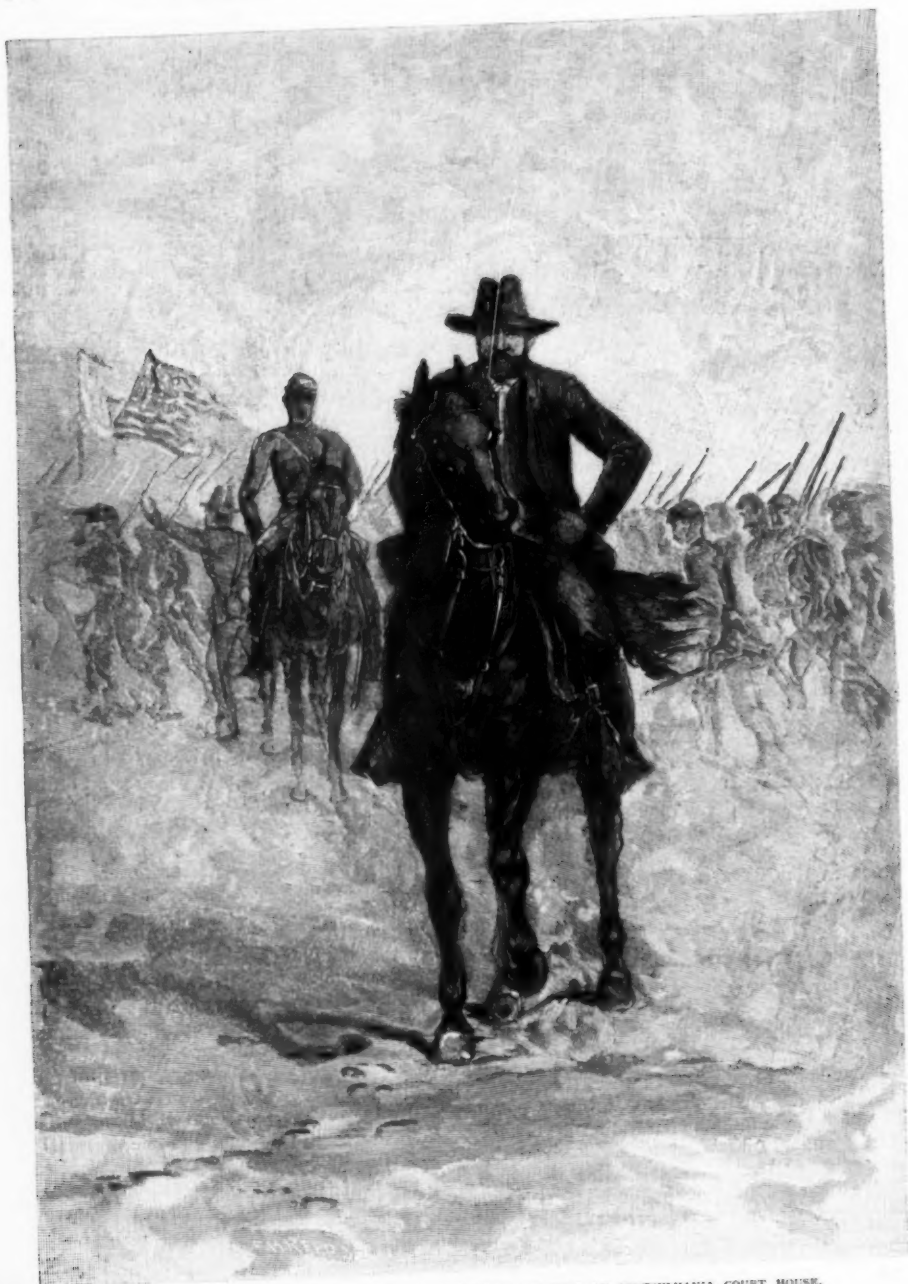
UPTON'S BRIGADE AT THE "BLOODY ANGLE." (BY FRANK H. SCHELL, AFTER DRAWINGS BY G. H. GALLOWAY.)

As soon as the news of Hancock's good and ill success reached army headquarters, the Sixth Corps—Upton's brigade being in advance—was ordered to move with all possible haste to his support. At a brisk pace we crossed a line of intrenchments a short distance in our front, and, passing through a strip of timber, at once began to realize our nearness to the foe. It was now about 6 o'clock, and the enemy, reinforced, were making desperate efforts to regain what they had lost. Our forces were hastily retiring at this point before the concentrated attack of the enemy, and these with our wounded lined the road. We pressed forward and soon cleared the woods and reached an insidious fen, covered with dense marsh grass, where we lay down for a few moments awaiting orders. I cannot imagine how any of us survived the sharp fire that swept over us at this point—a fire so keen that it split the blades of grass all about us, the minies moaning in a furious concert as they picked out victims by the score.

The rain was still falling in torrents, and held the country about in obscurity. The command was soon given to my regiment, the 95th Pennsylvania Volunteers, Captain Macfarlain commanding,—it being the advance

of Upton's brigade,—to "rise up," whereupon with hurrahs we went forward, cheered on by Colonel Upton, who had led us safe through the Wilderness. It was not long before we reached an angle of works constructed with great skill. Immediately in our front an abatis had been arranged consisting of limbs and branches interwoven into one another, forming footlocks of the most dangerous character. But there the works were, and over some of us went, many never to return. At this moment Lee's strong line of battle, hastily selected for the work of retrieving ill fortune, appeared through the rain, mist, and smoke. We received their bolts, losing nearly one hundred of our gallant 95th. Colonel Upton saw at once that this point must be held at all hazards; for if Lee should recover the angle, he would be enabled to sweep back our lines right and left, and the fruits of the morning's victory would be lost. The order was at once given us to lie down and commence firing; the left of our regiment rested against the works, while the right slightly refused rested upon an elevation in front. And now began a desperate and pertinacious struggle.

Under cover of the smoke-laden rain the enemy was pushing large bodies of troops for-



GENERAL GRANT RECONNOITERING THE CONFEDERATE POSITION AT SPOTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.
(BY C. W. REED, AFTER A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

Mr. Reed, the artist, belonged to Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts battery, which, with a battery of the 5th Regular Artillery, was holding the Fredericksburg road, (see map, page 288) at the place where General Grant made his observation. At the time, the 9th Massachusetts Volunteers were crossing the road from the left toward the right of the line.—EDITOR.

ward, determined at all hazards to regain the lost ground. Could we hold on until the remainder of our brigade would come to our assistance? Regardless of the heavy volleys of the enemy which were thinning our ranks, we stuck to the position, and returned the fire until the 5th Maine and the 121st New York of our brigade came to our support, while the 96th Pennsylvania went in on our right; thus reinforced, we redoubled our exertions. The smoke, which was dense at first, was intensified by each discharge of artillery to such an extent that the accuracy of our aim became very uncertain, but nevertheless we kept up the fire in the supposed direction of the enemy. Meanwhile they were crawling forward under cover of the smoke, until, reaching a certain point, and raising their usual yell, they charged gallantly up to the very muzzles of our pieces and reoccupied the Angle.

Upon reaching the breastwork, the Confederates for a few moments had the advantage of us, and made good use of their rifles. Our men went down by the score; all the artillery horses were down; the gallant Upton was the only mounted officer in sight. Hat in hand, he bravely cheered his men, and begged them to "hold this point." All of his staff had been either killed, wounded, or dismounted.

At this moment, and while the open ground in rear of the Confederate works was choked with troops, a section of Battery C, 5th United States Artillery, under Lieutenant Richard Metcalf,* was brought into action and increased the carnage by opening at short

range with double charges of canister. This staggered the apparently exultant enemy. These guns in the maze of the moment were run up by hand close to the famous Angle, fired again and again, and were only abandoned when all the drivers and cannoneers had fallen. The battle was now at white heat.

The rain continued to fall, and clouds of smoke hung over the scene. Like leeches we stuck to the work, determined by our fire to keep the enemy from rising up. Captain John D. Fish of Upton's staff, who had until this time performed valuable service in conveying ammunition to the gunners, fell, pierced by a bullet. This brave officer seemed to court death as he rode back and forth between the caissons and cannoneers with stands of canister under his "gum" coat. "Give it to them, boys! I'll bring you the canister," said he; and as he turned to cheer the gunners, he fell from his horse, mortally wounded. In a few moments the two brass pieces of the 5th Artillery, cut and hacked by the bullets of both antagonists, lay unworked with their muzzles projecting over the enemy's works, and their wheels half sunk in the mud. Between the lines and near at hand lay the horses of these guns, completely riddled. The dead and wounded were torn to pieces by the canister as it swept the ground where they had fallen. The mud was half way to our knees, and by our constant movement the fallen were almost buried at our feet. We now backed off from the breastwork a few yards, abandoning

* This is, I believe, the only instance in the history of the war of a battery charging on breastworks. It was commanded by Lieutenant James Gilliss, and was attached to the Second Corps. Sergeant William E. Lines, one of only two survivors of the section that went in on that day, and who commanded the right gun of that section, has given the writer the following facts relative to the matter. He says:

"After the capture of the Confederate works, we were put in position just under the hill near the small pine-trees so much spoken of. We fired a few rounds of solid shot. Of course we could not see the Confederate line, but we elevated our guns so as to clear our own infantry. While we were waiting, a staff officer with a Sixth Corps badge rode up to Lieutenant Gilliss, and I could see they had some argument or dispute, for the officer soon went away. Directly another officer rode up to Gilliss, and the same sort of colloquy took place, the officer evidently wanting Gilliss to do something that the latter would not do. This officer rode away. In a very short time General Wright, who then commanded the Sixth Corps, rode up to Gilliss, and had a moment's conversation with him. Lieutenant Metcalf then came over to the first section, and gave the command, 'Limber the guns,' 'drivers mount,' 'cannoneers mount,' 'caissons rear,' and away we went, up the hill, past our infantry, and into position. The staff officer who led us was shot before we got into position. I have often thought it was owing to that fact that we got so close to the enemy's works. We were a considerable distance in front of our infantry, and of course artillery could not live long under such a fire as the enemy were putting through there. Our

men went down in short order. The left gun fired nine rounds. I fired fourteen with mine, and was assisted in the last four rounds by an officer of a Vermont regiment, and by another from the 95th Pennsylvania, both of whom were shot. The effect of our canister upon the Confederates was terrible: they were evidently trying to strengthen their first line from the second when we opened on them, and you can imagine the execution at that distance. When Lieutenant Metcalf and myself could no longer serve the guns, we withdrew. Our section went into action with 23 men and 1 officer—Lieutenant Metcalf. The only ones who came out sound were the lieutenant and myself. Every horse was killed, 7 of the men were killed outright, 16 wounded; the gun carriages were so cut with bullets as to be of no further service. . . . 27 balls passed through the lid of the limber chest while Number Six was getting out ammunition, and he was wounded in the face and neck by the fragments of wood and lead. The sponge bucket on my gun had 39 holes in it, being perforated like a sieve. The force of the balls can be imagined when I say that the bucket was made of one-eighth inch iron. One curious circumstance on the morning we captured the works [May 12th] was, that musketry shots seemed to make such a slight noise; instead of the sharp *bing* of the shot, it was a dull *thud*. This may have been an important aid to our success, as the [first] firing of the enemy's skirmishers did not alarm their men in the breastworks."—G. N. G.

It is also claimed that a section of Brown's Rhode Island battery was run up to the breastworks in a similar manner.—EDITOR.

for a while the two twelve-pounders, but still keeping up a fusillade. We soon closed up our shattered ranks and the brigade settled down again to its task. Our fire was now directed at the top of the breastworks, and woe be to the head or hand that appeared above it. In the meantime the New Jersey brigade, Colonel W. H. Penrose, went into action on our right, and the Third Brigade, General Eustis's, was hard at work. The Vermont brigade, under Colonel Lewis A. Grant, that had been sent to Barlow's assistance, was now at the Angle, and General Wheaton's brigade was deep in the struggle. The Second and Third Divisions of the Sixth Corps were also ready to take part. It will thus be seen that we had no lack of men for the defense or capture of this position, whichever it may be termed.

The great difficulty was the prescribed limits of the Angle, around which we were fighting, which precluded the possibility of getting more than a limited number into action at once. At one time our ranks were crowded in some parts four deep by reinforcements. Major Henry P. Truefitt, commanding the 119th Pennsylvania, was killed, and Captain Charles P. Warner, who succeeded him, was shot dead. Later in the day Major William Ellis, of the 49th New York, who had excited our admiration, was shot through the arm and body with a ramrod during one of several attempts to get the men to cross the works and drive off the enemy. Our losses were frightful. What remained of many different regiments that had come to our support had concentrated at this point, and had planted their tattered colors upon a slight rise of ground close to the Angle, where they staid during the latter part of the day.

To keep up the supply of ammunition pack mules were brought into use, each animal carrying three thousand rounds. The boxes were dropped close behind the troops engaged, where they were quickly opened by the officers or file-closers, who served the ammunition to the men. The writer fired four hundred rounds of ammunition, and many others as many or more. In this manner a continuous and rapid fire was maintained, to which the enemy replied with vigor for a while.

Finding that we were not to be driven back, the Confederates began to use more discretion, exposing themselves but little, using the loopholes in their works to fire through, and at times placing the muzzles of their rifles on the top logs, seizing the trigger and small of the stock, and

elevating the breech with one hand sufficiently to reach us. During the day one of our batteries took position behind us, sending shell after shell close over our heads, to explode inside the Confederate works. In like manner Coehorn mortars eight hundred yards in our rear sent their shells with admirable precision gracefully curving over us. Sometimes the enemy's fire would slacken, and the moments would become so monotonous that something had to be done to stir them up. Then some resolute fellow would seize a fence rail or piece of abatis, and, creeping close to the breastworks, thrust it over among the enemy, and then drop on the ground to avoid the volley that was sure to follow. A daring lieutenant in one of our left companies leaped upon the breastworks, took a rifle that was handed to him, and discharged it among the foe. In like manner he discharged another, and was in the act of firing a third shot when his cap flew up in the air, and his body pitched headlong among the enemy.

On several occasions squads of disheartened Confederates raised pieces of shelter tents above the works as a flag of truce; upon our slackening fire and calling to them to come in, they would immediately jump the breastworks and surrender. One party of twenty or thirty thus signified their willingness to submit; but owing to the fact that their comrades occasionally took advantage of the cessation to get a volley into us, it was some time before we concluded to give them a chance. With leveled pieces we called to them to come in. Springing upon the breastworks in a body, they stood for an instant panic-stricken at the terrible array before them; that momentary delay was the signal for their destruction. While we, with our fingers pressing the trigger, shouted to them to jump, their troops, massed in the rear, poured a volley into them, killing or wounding all but a few, who dropped with the rest and crawled in under our pieces, while we instantly began firing.

The battle, which during the morning raged with more or less violence on the right and left of this position, gradually slackened, and attention was concentrated upon the Angle. So continuous and heavy was our fire that the head logs of the breastworks were cut and torn until they resembled hickory brooms. Several large oak-trees, which grew just in the rear of the works, were completely gnawed off by our converging fire, and about 3 o'clock in the day fell among the enemy with a loud crash.*

Towards dusk preparations were made to

* The stump of one of these trees is preserved in Washington. In his official report, Brigadier-General Samuel McGowan, who commanded a brigade in Wilcox's Confederate division, says: "To give some idea of the intensity of the fire, an oak-tree twenty-two inches

in diameter, which stood just in rear of the right of the brigade, was cut down by the constant scaling of musket-balls, and fell about 12 o'clock Thursday night, injuring by its fall several soldiers in the 1st South Carolina regiment."—EDITOR.

relieve us. By this time we were nearly exhausted, and had fired three to four hundred rounds of ammunition per man. Our lips were encrusted with powder from "biting cartridge." Our shoulders and hands were coated with mud that had adhered to the butts of our rifles.*

The troops of the Second Corps, who were to relieve us, now moved up, took our position, and opened fire as we fell back a short distance to re-arrange our shattered ranks and get something to eat, which we were sadly in need of. When darkness came on we dropped from exhaustion.

About midnight, after twenty hours of constant fighting, Lee withdrew from the contest, leaving the Angle in our possession. Thus closed the battle of the second day at Spotsylvania.

On the 13th, early in the day, volunteers were called for to bury the dead. The writer volunteered to assist, and with the detail moved to the works near the Angle, in front of which we buried a number of bodies near where they fell. We were exposed to the fire of sharpshooters, and it was still raining. We cut the name, company, and regiment of each of the dead on the lids of ammunition boxes which we picked up near by. The inscriptions were but feebly executed, for they were done with a pocket knife. This work ended, we went close up where we had fought on Thursday and viewed the spot appropriately called the "Slaughter Pen," or "Bloody Angle."

* Our pieces at times would become choked with burnt powder, and would receive the cartridge but half way. This fact, however, did not interfere with their discharge.—G. N. G.

A momentary gleam of sunshine through the gloom of the sky seemed to add a new horror to the scene. Hundreds of Confederates, dead or dying, lay piled over one another in those pits. The fallen lay three or four feet deep in some places, and, with but few exceptions, they were shot in and about the head. Arms, accouterments, ammunition, cannon, shot and shell, and broken foliage were strewn about. With much labor a detail of Union soldiers buried the dead by simply turning the captured breastworks upon them. Thus had these unfortunate victims unwittingly dug their own graves.† The trenches were nearly full of muddy water. It was the most horrible sight I had ever witnessed.

The enemy's defenses at this point were elaborately constructed of heavy timber, banked with earth to the height of about four feet; above this was placed what is known as a head log, raised just high enough to enable a musket to be inserted between it and the lower work. Pointed pine and pin-oak formed an abatis, in front of which was a deep ditch. Shelves ran along the inside ledges of these works (a series of square pits) and along their flank traverses which extended to the rear; upon these shelves large quantities of "buck and ball" and "minie" cartridges were piled ready for use, and the guns of the dead and wounded were still pointing through the apertures, just as the men had fallen from them.

G. Norton Galloway.

† The Confederate General McGowan officially says: "The trenches on the right in the bloody angle ran with blood and had to be cleared of the dead bodies more than once."—EDITOR.

FORCES AND LOSSES IN THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.

From a careful examination of the Official Records the total effective strength of Grant's army at the beginning of the Wilderness campaign is estimated at about 118,000, and that of Lee's army at about 61,000 of all arms.

On June 1st, at and about Cold Harbor the Army of the Potomac numbered, "present for duty," 103,875. The Eighteenth Corps, from the Army of the James, added to the army on the same date about 10,000 men.

The strength of Lee's army at Cold Harbor is nowhere authoritatively stated. This also applies to the Confederate losses from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor.

The losses in battle of the Union army, as denoted by the revised tables prepared by the late Colonel Robert N. Scott, may be summarized as follows:

	<i>Killed.</i>	<i>Wounded.</i>	<i>Captured or missing.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
The Wilderness.....	9,846	12,037	3,383	17,666
Spotsylvania Court House.....	2,795	13,416	2,256	18,509
North Anna and Totopotomoy.....	591	2,734	661	3,986
Cold Harbor.....	1,844	9,077	2,816	13,737
Sheridan's first expedition.....	64	337	224	625
Sheridan's second expedition.....	150	741	605	1,516
Grand total from the Wilderness to the James River.....	7,600	38,340	8,967	54,909



MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

A Missing Confederate Cipher Dispatch.

ON the 6th of April, 1887, a statue of General A. S. Johnston, who fell at Shiloh twenty-five years before, was unveiled in the Metarie Cemetery at New Orleans. Among those present at that interesting ceremony was the Confederate ex-President, Mr. Jefferson Davis. Being called upon, he spoke in his usual controversial vein, including these words: "On the field of Shiloh he [Johnston] made but one mistake. He had planned that battle and had sent me a telegram,—which was lost,—which described it just as it was fought—the only battle in the world's history that was fought as the general expected."

In effect this is but a re-avertment of a story first broached in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and repeated orally in one or more public addresses. In his book (Vol. II., p. 57) Mr. Davis gives the full text of a telegram from General Johnston to himself dated April 3d, 1862, which he describes as explaining the proposed Confederate "order of movement" upon Pittsburg Landing, and the concluding paragraph of which is in these words: "Hope engagement before Buell can form junction." This was immediately followed, on the same page, with a telegram which he says he sent on the 5th of April, to wit, "General A. S. Johnston: Your dispatch of yesterday received. I hope you will be able to close with enemy before his two columns meet."

This is presented, however, by Mr. Davis not as the answer to the telegram of the 3d of April, but to "one in cipher" of the 4th of April, which he declares is lost, thus strangely overlooking the fact that the closing words of his own dispatch are too clearly the echo of those of Johnston's telegram of April 3d not to be his answer thereto, as is made indisputable by the history of that telegram.

As after the 29th of March, 1862, General Johnston really exercised no active command over the army at Corinth, he either had not found it necessary to provide himself with the means of cipher communication with the Richmond authorities or had mislaid them. Be this as it may, after the conference with Beauregard and the corps commanders at the quarters of the former, on the morning of April 3d, when Beauregard explained his plan of battle, which General Johnston approved, the latter, wishing to inform Mr. Davis of the forward movement, wrote the dispatch of that date. To secure the transmission of it with essential secrecy he sent it to Beauregard for translation into a dictionary cipher (based upon Webster's school dictionary, three columns to the page) which that general had for such communications with his government. That translation I give as it exists in General Beauregard's official telegram book in its regular order of date as follows:

"CORINTH, April 3d, 1862, 3 P. M.
"TO THE PRESIDENT, RICHMOND, VA.

"General Buell 132. R. 5—166 L. 26—250. M. 20—250 R. 27—248 M. 1—250 R. 9—59 R. 17—108—M. 20—109. R. 16—175 R. 6 ed—109 R. 18—252. M. 6—174 L. 28—31 M. 10—69. L. 12—Pittsburg—84 M. 4—111. M. 28—Bethel—156 M. 4—37 M. 20—111. M. 28

Corinth—210 M. 16 111 M. 28—Burnsville—63 R. 25—252 R. 11—169. L. 12—Monterey—174. R. 14—Pittsburg. Beauregard, 221 R. 10—132 R. 5—56. M. 14—Polk 150. M. 7—Hardee, 48. M. 3—Bragg 213 M. 6—276. M. 22. Breckinridge 210 M. 16—126 M. 4—92. R. 18—32. M. 28—Buell 44. M. 13—109 M. 6—146. L. 20—

(Signed)

"A. S. JOHNSTON,
"General C. S. A."

After translation the original was returned to General Johnston, among whose papers it was found and published by Mr. William Preston Johnston, in the biography of his father, as well as by Mr. Davis, but on the part of the son, altogether unwittingly of the fact that it was the translation of the very cipher dispatch whose loss Mr. Davis had deplored, for the reason, as he imagined, that it was not only the plan of battle as Johnston had devised, but as he had fought it. On the other hand, the son adduces it as "clearly" showing that it was the plan of battle as his father had originally devised, but not as he had fought it; "doubtless," as he naively suggests, "in deference to General Beauregard's opinion in the matter, and for reasons which seemed sufficient at the time." In that biography this dispatch appears without the evidence of the hour of its transmission, and is thus and otherwise made to do duty inconsistent with the fact of that hour, to wit, 3 P. M. Here is the text of it as printed both by Mr. Davis and by Mr. W. P. Johnston:

"CORINTH, April 3d, 1862.

"General Buell in motion 30,000 strong, rapidly from Columbia by Clifton to Savannah. Mitchell behind him with 10,000. Confederate forces—40,000—ordered forward to offer battle near Pittsburg. Division from Bethel, main body from Corinth, reserve from Burnsville, converging to-morrow near Monterey on Pittsburg. Beauregard second in command. Polk the left, Bragg the center, Hardee the right wing. Breckinridge the reserve. Hope engagement before Buell can form junction.

"TO THE PRESIDENT, RICHMOND."

Mr. Davis admits that he has vainly sought to resurrect the alleged missing cipher dispatch of the 4th of April. In other words, the original of no such paper was among the very full files of official papers left by General Johnston; though it is a fact that they were so full as to be worth ten thousand dollars after the war to the United States government. But Johnston's papers did contain the telegram of the 3d of April—really the only cipher dispatch that was transmitted. The alleged tenor of the telegram of April 4th makes it improbable, I may add, that any dispatch revealing the plan of battle was sent.

The text of the cipher telegram of the 3d of April disposes of two myths: the one born of the bad memory of Mr. Davis as to its scope and tenor; the other, begotten in the brain of the son by an ill-grounded criticism on the part of the Comte de Paris, to the effect that the attack should not have been made, as it was, in three deployed lines parallel with the line of the enemy, but with the three corps moving in columns of attack perpendicularly to the Federal line, each corps having its own reserve. Turning his back square upon the fact that he had just been laboriously seeking to show that his father, not Beauregard, had planned the manner of the battle as well as of the march, Colonel

Johnston here claimed that his father had originally ordered the attack just as the Comte de Paris fancied it should have been ordered, but "doubtless" had been persuaded out of it by Beauregard — thus, *inops consilii*, contradicting the very claim he had just put forth that his father had designed the tactics of the battle, which therefore was unachieved because of his death.

Should there be a shred of doubt left in regard to the true history of General Beauregard's controlling influence and part in bringing about the Shiloh campaign, that, it seems to me, must disappear before the following telegraphic dispatch, which was sent while General Johnston was marching toward Corinth for the concentration urged by Beauregard:

"DECATUR, March 15th, 1862.

"TO GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD:

"Have you had the south bank of the Hatchee examined near Bolivar? I recommend it your attention. It has, besides other advantages, that of being farther from enemy's base.

"A. S. JOHNSTON."

That is to say, as near to the date of the battle of Shiloh as three weeks, General Johnston had regarded it as most advantageous that the Confederate concentration should take place not so near to the enemy's base as Corinth, but fully fifty miles away to the north-westward, behind the Hatchee River, and covering Memphis, according to his Bowling Green memorandum of February 7th, 1862, ready in case of defeat to retire into that town and there await a siege and capture. These are not the views, I submit, of a general who within a week thereafter would repair to Corinth with the plan of an offensive campaign fully rounded in his mind ready for execution within a fortnight, but of one bent solely upon the defensive; views precisely consonant with his proffer of the command to Beauregard, and to withdraw his headquarters from the immediate vicinity of Confederate forces.

Thomas Jordan.

Union Sentiment among Confederate Veterans.

THE ovation to Mr. Henry W. Grady on his return to Atlanta proved how truly he expressed the feelings of his people in his New England Society speech. This feeling is not confined to the new generation who were too young to take part in the war, but it is also the well-nigh universal sentiment of the veterans who fought for the "Lost Cause." For my part, it is now several years since I became convinced that it is an inestimable blessing, not only to the whole country, but especially to us of the South, that the war ended in the removal of the incubus of slavery and the consolidation of the entire nation under one flag and one

government. We can hardly doubt that if the Union had been broken up into three or four confederacies (as it would have been after its prestige was once destroyed), they would have felt toward each other as France, Germany, Austria, and Russia feel at this day. The result would have been vain attempts to maintain a durable balance of power, continual wars, conscription, standing armies, fortifications and custom-houses on every frontier, and burdens far more grievous than those under which all Europe is now groaning. The Southern Confederacy (or confederacies), being inferior in population and resources, would have felt these burdens far more than the others. None of these new nationalities would have been strong enough to command the respect of the great European powers, which would have made America the field of their intrigues and conquests, as was attempted in Mexico under Maximilian. Instead of that, we have the grandest country and the most magnificent destinies ever vouchsafed to any people. We could not realize this while the bitterness of defeat was still fresh in our hearts, but a quarter of a century has produced a vast change in the Southern mind. An old adage says: Wise men change their opinions sometimes — fools never; and the great popular heart is almost always wise.

One thing especially should make us proud — it always gave me pleasure to boast of it when in Europe — and it is this: After passing through the most gigantic struggle that any country ever underwent, not a drop of blood was shed after the heat of conflict had ceased. Not even banishment was inflicted upon any of the vanquished, the result being that instead of creating an Ireland in the South we are now one people, united as one man for the defense and the honor of our whole country.

These opinions, formed even before I left America to follow a military career abroad, were confirmed and intensified by seeing the condition of the European masses, taxed without mercy and made "food for powder" to maintain or modify the "balance of power." Yet if they were only my individual ideas, I would hardly feel justified in proclaiming them; but I will state that in the last few years I have expressed these views to *hundreds* of my former brother-soldiers, and that of all those, *only one* failed to give them the most hearty approval — and he had been a very prominent political leader, but not much of a soldier. I have therefore good grounds for asserting that the Southern veterans who fought the war are a unit in their desire for peace and harmony and the maintenance of the restored Union, now and forever.

R. E. Colston,

Formerly Brigadier-General, C. S. A.

WASHINGTON, February 17th, 1887.



TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Lord Wolseley's Estimate of General Lee.

PROMPTED by the appearance of General Long's "Memoirs of Robert E. Lee," Lord Wolseley has followed in the trail of the expert reviewers who allude to a new book as an excuse for enlarging the subject with the fruits of their own study and observation. His critique is printed in "Macmillan's Magazine" for March, and is worthy of general perusal for two reasons: It affords a view (from the English standpoint) of the war of secession and the best-known Southern chieftain; and although it has little to say that is important or true with regard to General Lee, it sheds a flood of light on the military learning and mental strategy of the most conspicuous general in the British army.

No people are better acquainted with Lee's merits as a soldier than the Army of the Potomac. They admire also those traits of character which endeared him to his fellow-Confederates. So if Northerners cannot assist Lord Wolseley in placing him "*on an equal pedestal with that of Washington*," it is from no contempt of his abilities. The chief reason is the fact that Washington labored to create a Union of States and that Lee, with sorrow, but with greater love for a particular State, labored to divide the Union. But now that the Union he would yet have been glad to see preserved, is preserved, General Lee is for the whole country an American hero.*

In 1862 Lord Wolseley was a visitor at General Lee's headquarters, where he undoubtedly had opportunities of taking a studious interest in Confederate persons and affairs. He assures us frequently in the course of his paper that he has been a student of our war, and the following sentiment, alone, would point to such study as a duty for a man in his responsible position, since he says that "*the influence which the result of this Confederate war is bound to exercise upon man's future history will seem very great.*"

Lord Wolseley's enthusiasm for Lee springs from personal knowledge, for he says that Lee "*is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others, in every way.*" But it is fortunate for Lee's fame that the admiration of his countrymen, North and South, rests upon solid facts, and not, as in Lord Wolseley's case, upon misconception of his character and ignorance of the leading events of his career. It is remarkable also that with all his admiration Lord Wolseley has not allowed his opinions to be influenced by those of his hero, even where Lee might be supposed to be an authority; nor consulted Lee's orders and reports for clues to his motives in strategy and battle. He would seem also to have imitated the traditional reviewer who found it bad method to read a book before criticising it, for certainly he has not leaned heavily on General Long for information.

* In his recent speech at Nashville, Senator John Sherman, referring to the losses and sacrifices of the war, said in part: "The courage, bravery, and fortitude of both sides are now the pride and heritage of us all. Think not that I come here to reproach any man for the part he took in that fight, or to revive in

For convenience let us catalogue some of the points in which Lord Wolseley differs from General Lee and other esteemed authorities:

1. At the outset he says that any "*unprejudiced outsider will admit the sovereign right, both historical and legal, which each State possessed under the Constitution to leave the Union when its people thought fit to do so.*" But General Lee thought differently. In a letter to his son dated January 23d, 1861 (see General Long's "Memoirs," page 88), General Lee says:

"Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It is intended for 'perpetual union,' so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution or the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession."

2. "*As I study the history of the secession war*," says Lord Wolseley, presumably with a wink at the Muse of History, "*these [Lee and Lincoln] seem to me the two men who influenced it most.*"

Whatever parallel might be drawn between the native integrity and manliness of Lincoln and of Lee, it has been accepted hitherto that Lincoln was the chief executive on one side, and that Lee, shrinking from the responsibilities of civil war, "save," as he writes, "in the defense of my native State," devoted his energies to the command of the Army of Northern Virginia, while other Southerners of great abilities wielded the executive power, and other Southern generals, whose services Lee was great enough to admire, worked faithfully under the executive power, like Lee himself, for the common cause. The early victories that nerved the Southern heart for great sacrifices were won by other men. Lee's first service in the field, in West Virginia, though wisely conservative in view of the difficulties, was a public disappointment. Later he fell heir to Johnston's good beginnings at Seven Pines, in which action the latter was severely wounded. Though almost a fruitless battle, it checked McClellan's aggressive policy, so that Lee had to do at the outset with an enemy whose armor had subsided; who, in fact, was more concerned about his own safety and "a change of base" than about the capture of Richmond. Lee's daring campaign in the Seven Days' fighting was no compliment to General McClellan, though Lord Wolseley remembers that Lee expressed greater admiration for McClellan than for any other Union general. From this time on Lee was, without question, the chief prop to the military confidence of the South; but he was responsible only for the leadership of the Army of Northern Virginia, until—and now comes a fact for which Lord Wolseley should have the credit of accuracy—

the heart of any one the triumph of victory or the pangs of defeat. . . . No man in the North questions the honesty of purpose or the heroism with which the Confederates maintained their cause, and they will give credit for like courage and honorable motives to Union soldiers, North and South."

he "was given the command over all the Confederate armies a month or two only before the final collapse."

3. Lord Wolseley with superfluous inaccuracy strips Mount Vernon of its historical associations and moves them up the Potomac to General Lee's home of Arlington, which he describes as "*General Washington's beautiful property*" and as "*the cherished home of the father of the United States.*"

4. With calm fatuity he mentions a Confederate "folly" which "*led to a serious evil, namely, the enlistment of soldiers for only ninety days*"; and he adds that "*Lee, who understood war, pleaded in favor of the engagement being for the term of the war, but he pleaded in vain.*" It is true that Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 three-months men, but at that time Virginia was disregarding the "call of Abraham"; nor is there any record that Lee made an opportunity to plead with Lincoln on the subject. Lee was soon after busy with the organization of the forces of the State of Virginia, that were required to enlist for twelve months or for the war. Most of them favored the longer term because public as well as military opinion favored it, and public opinion at the South was inexorable. Anybody who entered the Southern army was in effect enlisted for as long as he could get about and shoot.

5. Lord Wolseley recalls that in describing to him the constitution of his army General Lee most deplored the fact that the politicians insisted upon the officers being elected by their men. In this his lordship would appear still to have one leg on the Federal side of the line, for such things were done at the North. In Virginia, as General Lee's orders show, all field-officers were appointed, "in conformity to the ordinance of the convention," by the "Governor and Council." In fact, after the demand for field-officers had been met, there were no professional soldiers left in Virginia to fill the captaincies, even if it had been desired to do so by appointment.

6. He states that Lee in two months "*created a little army of 50,000 men,*" though Lee's report to Governor Letcher of June 15th—seven days after the State troops had been transferred to the Confederate authorities—estimates the Virginia forces at, surely, 35,000, and possibly 40,000. This error would be trivial but for the aberration to which it leads, for with this army of 50,000 in his mind, Lord Wolseley adds that "*in another month this army at Bull Run gained a complete victory over the Northern invaders, who were driven back across the Potomac like herds of frightened sheep.*" The Union soldiers who were there remember the precipitation. But Confederates will wonder whether his lordship, in omitting to state that Johnston and Beauregard led the Confederates to that victory, intended to imply that the credit belonged to General Lee. Lord Wolseley will surely pardon a little doubt as to the meaning of his omissions when the fog of uncertainty so completely shrouds his explicit information.

Nor was it the army that Lee had created which fought the battle of Bull Run. The State troops were scattered at points between Norfolk and West Virginia, and were blended with forces from other Southern States. Of the 50 regiments in the armies of Johnston and Beauregard, only 20 were Virginians.

7. Lord Wolseley offers a novel reason for the fail-

ure to follow up the Bull Run victory by seizing Washington. He ascribes it to "*political considerations at Richmond,*" where the politicians, as he conceives, were engaged in an "*attempt to allay the angry feelings of the North,*" while the dogs of war were being held in. Lord Wolseley evidently has not read the writings of Johnston, Beauregard, and Davis on this subject, or he would know that the political power in Richmond ascribed the failure to the dilatoriness of the generals, while they, on their part, claimed that there was a lack of resources for such an enterprise.

8. In some places Lord Wolseley's aim is more wild than in others, but he sweeps the whole horizon in the remark that "*a battle to the Confederates meant a new supply of everything an army required. It may be truthfully said that, practically, the Government at Washington had to provide and pay for the arms and equipment of its enemies.*" To be sure, there was considerable exchange of the materials of war, and in the East, Lee's army got rather more than its share; but in the West the Confederates had to make the Eastern reckoning more than good. The Federals were wasteful of clothing, and the Confederates were economical by dint of bitter want that drove them even to the dead. Union soldiers did not covet the threadbare raiment of the Confederates, or find much use for their equipments, unless the surrendered muskets and cannon had been made by Federal means or, as often happened, were of the newest English brand.

9. "*What most strikes the regular soldier,*" continues his lordship, "*in these campaigns of General Lee is the inefficient manner in which both he and his opponents were often served by their subordinate commanders.*" If General Wolseley might have had another conversation with General Lee, after the war, that magnanimous chieftain would have told him something about Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, Ewell, A. P. Hill, "Jeb" Stuart, and scores of other able subordinates who were maimed or killed in the performance of brilliant deeds. Only one opinion, we believe, prevails either North or South with respect to Lee's army: It was a splendid body of fighters, surprisingly well officered.

10. Lord Wolseley has cultivated the belief that Lee's strategy and tactics were always "*everything that could be desired, up to the moment of victory, but there his action seemed to stop abruptly.*" True, the Confederates were not Titans. They seemed never to be wound up for more than a week or more of hard marching on scant rations, followed by two or three days of continuous battle, usually against superior numbers, which left them at the end without fresh reserves. After a terrible and exhausting victory a longing for rest seemed to overcome them. General Lee could not furnish physical strength to his men from his own sinews, but he did know how to fight them to a shadow and then how to keep them going on something that from the other side of the line looked like very thin hope. Once, as Lord Wolseley recollects, but with vagueness as to its events, there were seven days of continuous fighting near Richmond. Lee with sublime daring dashed his columns time and again upon McClellan's superior but separated forces. His losses were frightful, but the bravery and energy displayed by his troops were tremendous, and possibly might have proved fatal to his cause if McClellan had assumed the aggressive after Malvern

Hill instead of retiring six miles to a secure position at Harrison's Landing.

11. Yet Lord Wolseley exclaims: "*Was ever an army so hopelessly at the mercy of another as that of McClellan when he began his retreat to Harrison's Landing after the Seven Days' fighting round Richmond?*" For succinct ignorance, there is something unexampled in this statement. Malvern Hill was a staggering repulse to Lee's exhausted infantry, who were not able to confront McClellan at Harrison's Landing until the third day after that battle. And even then Lee withdrew, as he says, on account of "the condition of our troops." McClellan was well-nigh impregnable at Harrison's Landing. If Lee had been able to get at him there, the military situation would have improved, for the Confederates could not long stand such destructive fighting as "the Seven Days'." But Lee preferred to leave McClellan in his camp security resting at the outer gate of Richmond, while he started in the opposite direction to bowl over Pope and startle Washington.

12. Equally remarkable for visionary confidence is Lord Wolseley's next question, "*What commander could wish to have his foe in a 'tighter place' than Burnside was in after his disastrous attack upon Lee at Fredericksburg?*" Lee has explained in his reports, in effect, that he was so much pleased with the tight boot Burnside was wearing, so long as Burnside was the aggressor, that he had no thought of exchanging foot-gear with his enemy, as he surely would have done if he had attacked Burnside within range of the Union cannon on Stafford Heights, across the river. So secure was Burnside at the town that when it was proposed, on deciding to recross the river, to keep hands on Fredericksburg the council of officers believed that 10,000 men was a sufficient force for the purpose.

With less particularly but more discretion, Lord Wolseley concludes the subject with the remark, "*Yet in both instances the Northern commander got safely away, and other similar instances could be mentioned.*"

13. "*The critical military student of this war,*" says his lordship, with a fine compliment to himself, "*will, I think, agree that from first to last the cooperation of even one army corps of regular troops would have given complete victory to whichever side it fought on.*" There is something in this suggestive of Gilbert and Sullivan's "modern major-general." Inasmuch as this was an American war, it had to be fought in the American way. As neither side had a standing army of any importance, each side must create an army out of nearly raw material. But there are those who remember that American "raw material" once battled with "regular" troops, during the scrimmage of 1776, and again at New Orleans in 1815, and that the "regulars" did not then complain of the inferiority of their foes. McClellan's army had a splendid division of regulars, well officered, that did good service, but their deeds do not shine brighter than those of the volunteers on either side. It was not the need of "regular" troops which prolonged the war, but the equality of grit, and daring, and skill, and devotion to ideas. Lord Wolseley cannot "*blind himself to the hyperbole of writers who refer to these armies as the finest that have ever existed.*" It is true that they were not handled in the "regular" European fashion; for the rough, wooded country over which they fought would not permit; but will he deny that the two armies which

grappled for the death-struggle from the Wilderness to Appomattox were sufficiently "regular" as regards discipline, experience, and valor?

14. With Lord Wolseley's historical method, an anecdote or two is sufficient data for such a statement as this: "*The usual proportion throughout the war between the contending sides in each action ranged from about twice to three times more Federals than there were Confederates engaged.*" His lordship would appear to be unaware that there were Western battles in which almost equal numbers fought terrible battles with surprisingly equal losses. But to confine our examination, with him, to the Eastern armies, the records tell us that, save at Antietam, Lee always had on the field of battle within a fourth or a third as many men as his opponent, and that when he was the aggressor he was clever enough as a soldier to strike his blow with forces superior to the wing or detachment smitten; as witness Gaines's Mill and the blow on the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville. When Grant began his Wilderness "campaign of attrition," the Army of the Potomac was for once twice as large as the Army of Northern Virginia, and, considering the relative advantages of assault and defense and the steel-like temper of the Confederates, Grant's army was none too large for the job. But his lordship condenses his opinion of those veteran armies in this complaisant simile: "*A trial heat between two jockeys mounted on untrained horses may be interesting, but no one would ever quote the performance as an instance of great racing speed.*"

15. In repeating Lincoln's playful reply to the man who wanted the President's opinion of the number of Confederates in the field, which Lord Wolseley does "*with reference to the relative numbers employed on both sides,*" the drift of Lincoln's humor would have been more apparent if his lordship had stated a fact which has interested students of the "Seven Days' fighting." The day before the battle of Gaines's Mill Lincoln telegraphed to McClellan acknowledgment of three dispatches received the day before, and added, "*The later one of 6.15 P. M. suggesting the probability of your being overwhelmed by 200,000, and talking of where the responsibility will belong, pains me very much.*" But McClellan on July 11th, when safely encamped at Harrison's Landing, returned to the subject with this: "*Prisoners all state that I had 200,000 men to fight. A good deal more than two to one, and they knowing the ground.*" Lincoln did not need the after-testimony of the Confederate records to convince him that this was nonsense; and he must have been aiming at that unique incident when he waggishly said, "*Whenever one of our generals engages a rebel army he reports that he has encountered a force twice his strength. Now I know we have half a million of soldiers in the field, so I am bound to believe the rebels have twice that number.*"

16. But the most surprising of Lord Wolseley's conclusions on the Confederate war pertains to Lee's "faults," such as his "softness of heart," his "devotion to duty and great respect for obedience," [which] seem at times to have made him too subservient to those charged with the civil government of his country"; also his appearing "to have forgotten that he was the great Revolutionary chief engaged in a great Revolutionary war" when "the South could only

hope to win under the rule of a Military Dictator." In other words, his lordship is disappointed that General Lee, after obeying the commands of his native State to fight for a new constitution and government, did not prove a traitor to the trust reposed in him. After this confession of the character Lord Wolseley would have preferred to find when he visited General Lee, if his lordship's shade (when there is no longer waging or studying of war) should seek to renew the acquaintance with the calm spirit that bowed its head, in honor, at Appomattox, it is to be feared the insulted chieftain would exclaim: "Insatiate Englishman, will not one Benedict Arnold suffice?"

17. Lord Wolseley has as little sympathy with General Lee's real virtues as with his illusory "faults." Apparently he is far away from any possible comprehension of a great leader raised up to command wisely and unselfishly an army of democratic freemen. Nor can he appreciate how General Lee would feel, to know that the most famous English general of the time has written about him as though there were only one side to the civil war, and that the Confederate; and only one soldier on that side, and he Robert E. Lee.

Landscape-Gardeners Needed for America.

THE architectural profession, we are told, is already crowded, and bids fair soon to be so overcrowded that even creative ability will find it hard to make a path for itself, and executive intelligence will be a drug in the market. Demand strictly limits supply in this art at least; whenever it comes to pass that there are not enough architectural commissions to "go round," some aspirants will be compelled to turn to other tasks. But, fortunately, the demand for the services of a sister-profession seems to be fast outgrowing existent sources of supply. Our landscape architects are very few, and we are yearly awakening to a clearer recognition of our need for them.

As yet we do not recognize it half clearly or half generally enough. But it is only a few years since the case was even worse with the architects themselves,—in their true estate as differentiated from the "builder." And ideas develop rapidly in America—wants and wishes define and extend themselves with marvelous celerity when once a first faint prompting has been felt. Therefore that young American will be wise in his generation who takes note of current signs and now begins to fit himself to answer the imperious call that will soon be made upon the art of the landscape-architect,—or, to use the older, equally dignified, and exacter term, the *landscape-gardener*.

It is interesting to remember that—far as it lags behind to-day in the number of its professors and in the degree of public interest which attends it—this art showed earlier promise of vitality in America than architecture. Downing wrote excellently of landscape almost forty years ago, when certainly no American had written well of brick and stone; did admirable landscape work when our building was at its very worst; and published helpful illustrations of schemes of planting side by side with the most helpless and hideous designs for cottages and villas. The Central Park, which was planned in the 'fifties, when Richardson was still at college, may be called—considering the difficulties of the site, and allowing for the incom-

plete way in which first intentions have been carried out—almost as great a work of art as any Richardson created. But the public, now so quick to recognize success in the one art, did not then, and does not now, really appreciate success in the other. As a consequence, a hundred aspirants are ready and eager to tread in Mr. Richardson's footsteps, while the path which the success of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux ought to have made tempting remains almost untrodden by younger feet. If we name these artists, Mr. Parsons, and but one or two others, we name all who are known by repute, it appears, even to those architects who are seeking help,—certainly all who stand visibly before the public as professed landscape-gardeners, anxious to work, as the landscape-gardener always should work, hand in hand with the architect.

Yet how vast is our need for the ministrations of such men. How immense is the number and how various the nature of the tasks which should no more be intrusted to the gardener-artisan than should the construction of public buildings and beautiful homes to the carpenter or mason. A whole huge continent has been so touched by human hands that over a large part of its surface it has been reduced to a state of unkempt, sordid ugliness; and it can be brought back into a state of beauty only by further touches of the same hands, more intelligently applied. Public parks are yearly being laid out in our larger towns. Our customary schemes of village building call imperatively for the landscape-artist's help. And there is an ever-growing demand for country homes of a more sumptuous sort, where the best of architects can but imperfectly do his work if he must do it quite alone. Look at the *châteaux* of France, for instance; at the older country homes of England; at the villas and palaces of Italy, and we see how intimate a union of the two arts produced their magnificent charm. We find it hard to decide where the work of the architect ended, the work of the gardener began. But we find it easy enough to imagine how infinitely less would be the impressiveness of the architect's work had not the gardener's been as good,—had he not set off and emphasized constructed beauty by making nature beautiful about it, and helped to connect and unify the two by an intermediate arrangement of terraces, fountains, balustrades, and more or less formal plantings.

Let it not be supposed that because the landscape-architect works with and in deference to nature, he can trust the light of nature to teach him how to work. The training he needs is as long and as serious as that needed by the architect, and even more varied in its character. He must begin—since his work so emphatically demands *good taste*—by cultivating himself in every possible way, and especially by cultivating his powers of observation and that feeling for natural beauty which comes by effort quite as often as by birth. He must study botany,—must acquaint himself not only with the aspect but with the habits and needs and idiosyncrasies of all sorts of plants, and in particular of all sorts of trees and shrubs. He must know of soils and drains and exposures and fertilizers, and all such matters, as the practical agriculturist knows of them. He must study architecture in a general but not a superficial way. He must travel widely,—in his own land to see how nature works towards beauty, and in older lands to see how men have worked

with her materials and with architectural materials towards the same great end. He must go through a term of pupilage in a busy office like Mr. Olmsted's to learn how the new problems of our own day may be met, how complicated are the considerations which affect any large problem, and how fully it must be worked out on paper before a spade is lifted. He must cultivate patience and imaginative power,—for his works will grow very slowly to completeness, and their final estate will be scarcely foreshadowed in their first. And he must cultivate tact,—the art of dealing with men,—even more diligently, perhaps, than the intending architect must; for he will have to

meet and often "manage" not only the client and the artisan, but the architect himself.

All this is slow work and costly work. But most of it will be found pleasant work, provided *pleasant* is not thought a synonym for *easy*. And once well accomplished it will open a delightful life, an ample outlet for the broadest and deepest artistic endowment, and, we believe, a surely prosperous career. The day is very certainly at hand when the gardener-artisan must and will be relegated to his proper place,—beside the builder; and wise, we repeat, will be the youth who will then have fitted himself to stand in this artisan's former place,—beside the architectural artist.

OPEN LETTERS.

Church Union.*

FROM A UNITARIAN POINT OF VIEW.

THE simple truth seems to be that Christian Unity exists in America now, for any one who wants it. Those people have it who were born, out-of-doors, in the open-air freedom of the Christian church, and those also who, having been born in one or another Egypt or closed tabernacle, have had the courage to go out into the freedom of the world of God.

This would never be doubted, but that, as I dare say you have seen, people not used to the freedom of the open air are at first a little puzzled by it. It is somewhat as, on your summer "outing," you have seen people who have been so much shut up in the winter that they do not at first enjoy the strong light of the sea-shore or the open pastures. But, indeed, they soon learn. Most people really want Christian Unity. I observe that most of your correspondents do. But some people are hand-tied, and, may be, tongue-tied, by some old shred of what is called a symbol, written in a dead language and in another time, which they are expected by somebody to subscribe in good faith. So you may see a boy on the sea-shore who wants to go into the ocean, but does not, because he is afraid to wet his clothes.

But when there is any real Christian work to do these people almost always strip off enough rags to be able to plunge into God's own infinite sea, and help the others who are doing it. At first, very likely, some stickler, or Pharisee, insists on a formula to say who may come and help and who may not. The word "Pharisee" means sectarian or lover of division. But once past this reef at the harbor's mouth, when they are all out on the infinite ocean, the initial difficulty is all forgotten. I belong to a society which had to meet many times before it could adjust the delicate balance of its formula. It discussed, even to a syllable, the language of its constitution. Finally, all were happily agreed, and it went to work. It has now been at work for nearly a generation. New members have joined it, eagerly, without so much as asking what was the language of its constitution. If they did ask, they would

not learn. For I have put away my copy so carefully that I do not know where it is, and the secretary's was burned in the Boston Fire; but fortunately he does not know that. There are no other copies. The society itself, all the same, does good work for God and for man, every day. It is judged by its fruits, as everything else is judged and must be judged, in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. And yet no man can tell in words what are the conditions of membership.

Any one who wants Christian Unity in America at the end of the nineteenth century has simply to walk out of his own house and go to work with other men in some enterprise which the good God wishes to have carried through. He will find all the unity he wants. This is nobly illustrated in the charity organization societies which are now at work in all the larger cities of the country.

A man may enter any one of these charity organization societies, whether he be Arminian, Baptist, Calvinist, "Disciple," Episcopalian, Free-Baptist, Greek, Gentile, or Galilean, Hicksite, Independent or orthodox Friend, Jew, Karaite, or Coptic, Lutheran, Methodist, New-Church, orthodox, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, or Reformer, Sandemanian, or Supralapsarian, Trinitarian, Unitarian, or Universalist; or, indeed, if he be one of those Variorum or Wild-Cat come-outers, the unorganized and un-creed believers in Xavier, Yahveh, or Zinzendorf, or Et-cetera himself, who bring up the alphabet of the older and the younger churches.

All these people are eagerly welcomed in any of these practical organizations. Dr. Wayland's rule was, is, and will be, the only working rule. "Can they cast out the devils?" he used to ask. If they could, he did not push his questions further. Before the charity organization has been running three months these people are at work together, without a thought of the verbal or technical formulas by which, on occasion, they could divide into their several companies.

It is easy to say that the work of the church is better done by its several sections when they keep up a strict organization among themselves, and each lets the other sections severely alone. But this is only "say so," and Americans are not ready or apt to believe it. They have read their own history enough to understand the lesson taught in the twelve years between 1775 and 1787, when Massachusetts governed herself, and kept

* See Professor Shields on "The United Churches of the United States," CENTURY for November, 1885; also subsequent Open Letters from ministers of various denominations.

up her own army and navy; when New York did the same, and Virginia the same. The common enemies were not kept at bay as they are by the United States. Now there are so many common enemies that the United Church may well wish to act as a unit in the business of advancing against them and securing the advance of God's Kingdom. I suppose it was Dean Stanley who, in England, first of all, devised that real Union of the Church for one purpose, which was brought about when a commission of members, from every communion, united for the Revision of the Bible. The objective result, an improved English Bible, is a great reward for that enterprise. But the great truth, that the church can unite for such a purpose, is a result still nobler.

There is no lack of similar enterprises which the United Church can undertake in America. This of charity organization is one, and the result, in the harmony and good-fellowship which it brings about, is admirable. Such work might be pushed a great deal further, and will be.

Take Castle Garden, to-morrow, for an instance. There will arrive there, probably, one or two thousand exiles from Europe, perhaps five or ten thousand. If by good luck they are Mormons, they will be met at the landing by kind, intelligent, and skillful agents, who know they are coming and where they are going, who are on friendly terms with the officials, who are experienced in the whole matter. Within three hours, perhaps, of their arrival, without one hitch or jerk, they will all be on their route, under competent superintendence, to their new homes.

But what if, by bad luck, they are not Mormons? What if it chance that they are *only* "Christians"? Nay,—it may happen,—by bad luck that they are *only* sons and daughters of the good God. Is there not in the Christian church of America intelligence enough, love enough, tenderness enough, resolution enough, to treat these poor people as well as if they happened to swear by Joseph Smith's Bible, or to believe it? And if the Christians of a dozen different communions chose to unite, to maintain at Castle Garden a ministry of welcome, such as the Mormon church alone does choose to maintain there, does any one believe that the difference between Ultra-Montanism and ultramontaniam will prevent the two extremes of Christianity even from harmonizing in such an enterprise?

Or if this reader, by good or bad fortune, as he may consider it, does not live in the city where *THE CENTURY* is published, let him lay down this journal and look in the Police-Report in the daily paper of the city nearest to him. It is certain that he will read the names of one, two, or three poor creatures who have been sent, on the yesterday, to the nearest House of Correction. Would he not return to his *CENTURY* the more cheerfully if he knew, as he does not, that there was waiting at the court which sentenced these poor criminals an official minister, sustained by the United churches of that city, simply and only to go to the families of the criminals, and to make sure that punishment does not fall where it is least deserved. There is a place where Christianity, pure and simple, may be at work every day, without the slightest danger of quarrel about symbol or formula.

Such are my reasons for saying that when people want Christian Unity they can find it by going

out-of-doors. But if they prefer to live in their tabernacles or badger-skins, they will probably not find it.

Edward E. Hale.

CHRISTIANITY in the concrete, as believed and professed by the various sects calling themselves Christians, consists of Divine truth on its manward side, Divine truth on its Godward side, and the forms and observances by which Divine truth is made efficient for man's moral and spiritual well-being. Under the first head we must of course include the attributes of God so far as man is affected by them, the relation of Jesus Christ to man, the consequences of moral good and evil, and the eternal life of the soul. These all have an essential bearing upon character, furnishing man with adequate reasons for doing, and, still more, for becoming and being all that is just and true, pure and good. God's attributes are motives to trust and love, praise and prayer, obedience and service. Christ in the divineness of his humanity shows all that man can fully know of God, and all that he must be in order to make his own humanity in any humble measure Divine; and by his sacrificial life and death he in the intensity of his love makes the strongest possible appeal to man's emotional nature in persuading him to repentance, virtue, and holiness. The certainty of retribution not only works upon man's hope and fear, but — what is of ineffably more importance — it affixes to moral distinctions the seal and sanction of Omnipotent Wisdom and Love, thus making the characteristics of the right and the wrong not arbitrary and mutable, but intrinsic and indelible. The eternal life alone can attach their true value to objects of desire and pursuit in the present life, so as to give the due preponderance to the interests of man's moral and spiritual nature over those of his brief and precarious earthly being.

As to these truths there is a virtual and — when technical terms are excluded — even a verbal agreement among persons belonging to widely different Christian bodies. It might not seem so at first view. Thus the several creeds of Christendom give statements as to the nature of Christ that appear mutually inconsistent and irreconcilable; but yet the phrase "Divine humanity" expresses all that Christ can ever be to man in this world, and embodies what is felt and owned by those of every name who are conscious of Christian discipleship. So, too, the human side of all the various theories of the atonement resolves itself into this, — that there is between the deserts even of the penitent and believing soul and the pardon and blessedness for which it hopes an immeasurable distance, an impassable chasm, which can be spanned and filled in only by the mercy of God as revealed and manifested in Christ.

Still further, Christians, however far apart they seem, agree in defining the Christian character as consisting in the soul's vital union with Christ, in fine, in its conscious Christlikeness. Now this Christlikeness those who possess it cannot but recognize in every section of the visible church, and with equal distinctness and with equal beauty of holiness in Ritualists and Quakers, Calvinists and Unitarians, Romanists and Swedenborgians. What is common to them all is what they have received from Christ, and this common part of their Christianity is confessedly the greatest part, — that without which the soundest belief or the most

truly apostolic ritual would be utterly worthless. Why should not then the possession of this common element of Christlikeness constitute a bond of union that should far transcend in strength all separating dogmas and rituals?

As to the Godward aspects of Divine truth there are and there probably always will be irreconcilable antagonisms. This is the case in philosophy. From Thales till now many of the strongest minds of our race have made it their specialty; the theories have been innumerable; but in this entire field there is not a single principle or proposition established beyond controversy. The reason is that philosophy has for its scope a realm which no human mind can comprehend. In this sense the Godward side of Divine truth corresponds to the philosophy of mind and of the universe. Its subjects transcend the capacity of the human intellect. They are infinite and many-sided, while man can take in but a finite portion of a single aspect; and who knows but that his errors may often be partial truths, and falsities only because he makes them universal? But these separating doctrines, though worthy and ennobling themes for speculation, have no shaping power over character. Thus the triune conception of God—not without a philosophical basis—cannot be an aid to devotion. Every Christian, however he may formulate his theory of the Divine nature, worships God and prays to him as Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. So there is, no doubt, profound truth in Christ's words, "No one knoweth the Son but the Father;" but there is no possible way in which a dogma professing to solve this mystery can enhance or diminish the reverence, trust, and love which we owe to Christ. As to the atonement, there may have been governmental reasons, so to speak, on God's part for the death of Christ; but no theory concerning them can add to or take from the fervor with which he who has received the atonement, in looking at the cross, exclaims with his whole heart, "Herein is love," and expresses the mandate of that love in the simple and sweet words of the old hymn:

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

As to the ritual of religion we can hardly expect agreement, so long as there remain several tenable theories as to the authority from which that ritual is to be derived, whether from the Scriptures, or from the church, and if from the church, at what age or from what branch of it. But that outward forms, however important, are unessential, is manifest from the fact that the spiritual influences that can come only from Christ have come through very diverse mediums, and with manifestly equal genuineness, to some through the open Bible, to others through the preaching of the Word, to this person through parental example, to that through sacraments and holy rites, to many immediately, as to all the rest mediately, from the Spirit of God, which has avenues of entrance to every soul.

Now the union possible and desirable among Christians is not the ignoring of differences in dogma or in ritual. Each theory of the philosophy of religion has its own natural and accustomed dialect, which its believers may fittingly prefer in the services of Christian worship; and attachment to the ritual which has been the special medium of spiritual benefit is as inevitable

as home-love in a well-ordered family. But the union which is both desirable and practicable is, *first*, a heartfelt recognition, without abatement or reservation, of the Christian estate of all who manifest a genuine Christlikeness; *secondly*, a cordial readiness, on the part of those of every Christian name, to work together in all means and measures for the advancement of Christian righteousness; and *thirdly*, union in worship whenever and wherever the interest of the common faith may be best promoted by such union, or must of necessity suffer detriment by the multiplication of separate churches beyond the capacity of the worshippers to sustain them honorably and usefully.

A. P. Peabody.

Applause as a Spur to Pegasus.

I LIGHTED the other day upon these things in my reading. Byron writes to Murray, his publisher:

"Dec. 10, 1819. I have finished the third Canto [of 'Don Juan'], but the things I have read and heard discourage all further publication,—at least for the present.

"Feb. 7, 1820. I have not yet sent off the Cantos, and have some doubt whether they ought to be published, for they have not the spirit of the first. The outcry has not frightened but it has *hurt* me, and I have not written *con amore* this time."

Moore, biographer of Byron, relates:

"So sensitive, indeed,—in addition to his usual abundance of this quality,—did he at length grow on the subject, that when Mr. W. Bankes, who succeeded me as his visitor, happened to tell him one day that he had heard a Mr. Saunders (or some such name), then resident at Venice, declare that in his opinion "'Don Juan" was all Grub-street,' such an effect had this disparaging speech upon his mind (though coming from a person who, as he himself would have it, was 'nothing but a—salt-fish seller'), that for some time after, by his own confession to Mr. Bankes, he could not bring himself to write another line of the poem, and one morning, opening a drawer where the neglected manuscript lay, he said to his friend, 'Look here, this is all Mr. Saunders's Grub-street.'"

Mr. Ruskin has in his "Arrows of the Chace" a striking passage about the intolerably depressing effect experienced by his friend Turner, the painter, from the disparagement with which his efforts in art were met by the public. As for Byron, in the particular case of his "Don Juan" one might perhaps well wish that his sense of discouragement had been sufficient to prevent altogether the finishing of the poem, splendid as is the iridescence of genius that plays over the surface of that dark and miasmatic water. Still, the illustration serves all the same. Immediate appreciation is a great stimulus to production, a stimulus which only the greatest can miss and yet go on successfully producing.

Shelley, I remember, dashed, dazed, browbeaten by his ill fortune with the public, obliged to be his own publisher, or at least to defray himself the expense of his publishing, exclaimed, in a fit of despondent self-reassurance, of despairing triumph, over his "Adonais" completed, "This, let the critics say what they will, this at least, I *know*, is poetry." How much costly and exhausting effort in sustaining himself for the

great task of poetical creation underlies expressions such as that from a genius such as Shelley!

Webster testified that he never before spoke in an atmosphere of such sympathy and appreciation as braced him on the occasion of his Reply to Hayne. That atmosphere was no doubt an indispensable condition of the supremely triumphant effect of the speech. Who that has read the *memorabilia* of that remarkable man, Robert Hall, but has noticed how his pulpit oratory was fed and supported by the praise that surrounded him.

It takes a man enormously buoyant with self-estimation, like Wordsworth, for example, to do without the help of present appreciation and sympathy. And under the inspiration of applause Wordsworth would have written better poetry than he did, merely and sheerly persistent through that inextinguishable sense in him of his own genius which was at once the strength and the weakness of this least inspired of all real poets.

I, for my part, should like to know what the result would have been in the case of Walter Scott, had he lost for a term of years his standing with the reading public. Scott was a vastly courageous man, and he had quantity and reserve of animal spirits, the fruit of health and temperament, on which to draw for self-support against a slack time in his popularity. But I feel sure that heaviness of heart would have clogged that joyous play of the great brain had the sense haunted him that he was writing what no one would praise.

Almost ten years of his early manhood Tennyson was voiceless, chilled, as would seem, from singing, by the neglect or the contempt with which his poems had been received. Fortunately he lives long enough to outlive several of those reactions and vicissitudes of alternate challenge and acclamation which assure at length the poet's fame.

How it enhances one's estimation of the majesty of Milton, his genius and his character, that, "unchanged to hoarse or mute," he could go on, amid the ribald noise of the Restoration, to chant the great symphony of the "Paradise Lost." This, with a contemporary authority in letters like Waller to say of his work: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man; if its length be not considered a merit, it hath no other"; and with, no matter whom, to express the "general feeling of his age" in saying, "That 'Paradise Lost' of Milton which some are pleased to call a poem"!

Well, what of it all? Shall we agree together to praise more, that we may have more to praise? Doubtful wisdom. There is, in fact, praise enough bestowed, and dispraise enough. The trouble is that these, both of them, get famously ill distributed. What remedy? None. To admire wisely is one of the last triumphs of wisdom. There is at least nothing for us, but to be as wise here as possible and do our utmost to make others so. Our authors will have to get on as best they can with what chance praise, fit or unfit, falls to them. Let each man and woman live and write, as far as possible, in hope to deserve the fame that God himself pronounces lastly on each deed, and other hope of fame surmount and forget.

William C. Wilkinson.

John Tyler.

MR. JAMES O. HARRISON, on "Henry Clay," in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1886, page 182, says:

"It is well known that Mr. Tyler signalized his administration by betraying the confidence of the Whig party, by which he had been elected Vice-President. Suspensions and rumors were soon afloat that Mr. Tyler would not be true to the platform on which he was elected, and . . . these suspicions were absolutely confirmed by his own subsequent action," etc.

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, in *THE CENTURY* for January, 1887, page 393, say:

"After the treachery of Tyler had turned the victory of the Whigs to dust and ashes," etc.

Certain facts should be recalled to the attention of your readers, in connection with the above erroneous statements, as follows:

First. There was no "platform," and none was intended or implied.

Second. The "Whig party" did not nominate Harrison and Tyler. The Harrisburg Convention which nominated these candidates, December 7th, 1839, was known at the time to be a joint convention of Whigs and Democrats, in which the Democrats accepted Harrison, while the Whigs accepted Tyler. It would be as just to accuse Harrison of "treachery" to the Democrats as to accuse Tyler of "treachery" to the Whigs. The case was one of pure political bargain, in which each side took its chances.

Third. Harrison and Tyler were agreed as to the state in which affairs were when they were elected. After Harrison's death, when Tyler became President, an entirely new state of affairs came up, in which Tyler not only had the right, but was bound to follow his Democratic principles, even to the disappointment of his Whig allies.

Ben. E. Green.

DALTON, GEORGIA.

The Cosmic Day.

AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

THE objection made to the adoption of a Cosmic Day, "that it would be impossible for us to associate noon with 7 o'clock instead of 12," as stated in a recent number of *THE CENTURY*, is altogether fanciful and has no basis in fact. This assertion rests on no mere theory, but on actual personal experience. The Turks have a theory that the sun sets at the same time throughout the year, and that the apparent difference from day to day is but a popular delusion. Accordingly they have called sunset 12 o'clock, and begin reckoning the hours of the day from that point. Watches, to be correct, have, of course, to be changed every day, and are regulated by the muezzin's sunset call to prayer.

On first coming to Turkey, it seemed as if we should never become so accustomed to this anomalous method of reckoning time as to adopt it mentally as our own. But a residence of only a few months has shown how easy it is to adapt one's self to prevailing customs, even when so entirely contrary to those we have been born and bred in as is this method of chronology, and now it seems as natural to look for our noonday meal

at about 7 o'clock as six months ago it did to expect it at 12. Without any thought of former times and seasons, we breakfast (at this time of year) at 2 o'clock, take tea at 12, and if mindful of the proverbial recipe for acquiring health, wealth, and wisdom, go "early to bed" at 4 and rise at 1.

Unless the opponents of the adoption of the Cosmic Day can bring forward some more valid objection than the alleged difficulty of associating certain periods or certain acts with certain names of hours, their objections may, in the language of pleading, be dismissed as "frivolous, irrelevant, and impertinent," on the testimony of actual experience.

H. M. Jewett.

SIVAS, ASIA MINOR.

The Death of Mrs. Cartwright.

ON page 522 of the number for February there is a note on the death of Mrs. Cartwright. The meeting referred to was in charge of the Rev. Hardin Wallace, now a resident of California. By request of the Rev. John P. Brooks, editor of the "Banner of Holiness," I was at Bethel Chapel as a reporter for that paper, and I wrote the account of "Mother" Cartwright's wonderful death for that paper.

Permit me again to state the facts of her death as I witnessed it all, seated as I was not more than six feet in front of her, and with my eyes upon her at the moment. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. Some ten persons had spoken, or given their "testimony." She was not called upon to speak, but was about to rise from her seat, when the Rev. Mr. Wallace requested her not to rise, and turning to the congregation said, "We will now listen while Mother Cartwright gives her testimony." She spoke of her long and arduous life as the wife of an itinerant Methodist Episcopal minister, of the goodness of God, of the joy and peace she then enjoyed, and with much feeling concluded by saying, "The past three weeks have been the happiest of all my life; I am waiting for the chariot." I wrote her words as she spoke them. The meeting continued in a quiet way, others speaking for about twenty-five minutes longer, when I observed that Mother Cartwright leaned her head on the shoulder of Mrs. Huett, who sat beside her, and as she did so,

closed her eyes. I arose and stepped to her seat, opened the window, and found her dead. Then it was that the Rev. Mr. Wallace said, "The chariot has arrived."

Yours truly,

Francis M. Hayes,
Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church, Celfax, Illinois.

"Shall Young Men go to Vassar? If not, Why not?"

A CORRESPONDENT of ours fails to appreciate the force of Mr. C. S. Percival's open letter with the above title in *THE CENTURY* for January. After stating that Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, and Wellesley are too expensive for the poor, and at the most can only accommodate a limited number of students, she asks what is to become of the Western girl who has college aspirations, with not a single college for women west of the Alleghenies or south of Pennsylvania? Is she, she asks, to rest in the hope that time may bring to her grandchildren what she herself had craved, or ought she to bless, with reasonable men, the colleges that have thrown open their doors to women?

IN an article on "Ashland, the Home of Henry Clay," in *THE CENTURY* for December, 1886, Mr. Charles W. Coleman, Jr., suggests that Mr. Clay may have called his home Ashland in tender memory of Ashland, his native place in Virginia. A correspondent informs us, however, that Mr. Clay's birthplace was called Slash Cottage, and was not given the name of Ashland until many years after the Kentucky Ashland received its name.

Another correspondent writes that Mr. Clay did not study law with Francis Brooke, but with his brother, Robert Brooke, who was afterward Attorney-General of Virginia, and subsequently a governor of that State. The correspondence that Mr. Coleman refers to was with Francis Brooke, and not with Governor Brooke, as Mr. Coleman states.

FOR "of all times," read "of our times," in the quotation from the report of Mr. Lowell's speech, in the May *CENTURY*.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Essek's Wisdom.

THE world has had but few teachers; a score of men have furnished us all the wisdom and philosophy we possess.

THE man who knows but little, and tells only what he knows, is a hard man to bother in a cross-examination.

IT takes the evidence of two or three witnesses to prove a man's virtues, but one is enough to fasten his vices upon him.

THE reason why there is so little real friendship in the world is because most of the compacts are based upon policy rather than upon principle.

A WEAK man is harder to steer than a vicious one,—he won't take the bits.

PITY is treacherous; most of it is a secret satisfaction that I am not so badly off as you are.

A LAZY man in a great hurry is very amusing; he is continually stepping on himself.

IF we ever do reach the top round of the ladder, we shall find it a dreadfully cold and lonesome place.

WHOEVER reasons from the heart will make many blunders, but none that will not be forgiven.

THE line between folly and wisdom is often an imaginary one, and men are often seen traveling along with one foot on each side of it.

A GREAT deal of learning has been lost, but not one single precept of wisdom.

Uncle Essek.

Mrs. Piper.

Mrs. Piper was a widow —

"Oh, dear me!

This world is not at all," she said, "the place it used to be!

Now my poor husband, he was such a good man to provide —

I never had the leastest care of anything outside!

But now,

Why, there's the cow,

A constant care, and Brindle's calf I used to feed when small,

And those two Ayrshire heifers that we purchased in the fall —

Oh, dear!

My husband sleeping in the grave, it's gloomy being here!

The oven Mr. Piper broke, and four steers two year old,

The blind mare and the little colt, they all wait to be sold!

For how am I to keep 'em now? and yet how shall I sell?

And what's the price they ought to bring, how *can* a woman tell?

Now Jacob Smith, he called last night, and staid till nine o'clock,

And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and tried to buy my stock; —

He said he'd pay a higher price than any man in town;

He'd give his note, or, if I chose, he'd pay the money down.

But, there!

To let him take those creeturs off, I really do not dare!

For 'tis a lying world, and men are slippery things at best;

My poor dear husband in the ground, he wasn't like the rest!

But Jacob Smith's a different case; if I would let him, now,

Perhaps he'd wrong me on the horse, or cheat me on a cow;

And so

I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer 'No.'

Mrs. Piper was a widow —

"Oh, dear me!

A single woman with a farm must fight her way," said she.

"Of everything about the land my husband always knew;

I never felt, when he was here, I'd anything to do;

But now, what fields to plow,

And how much hay I ought to cut, and just what crops to sow,

And what to tell the hired men, how *can* a woman know?

Oh, dear!

With no strong arm to lean upon, it's lonesome being here!

Now Jacob Smith, the other night, he called on me again,

And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and staid till after ten;

He said he'd like to take my farm, to buy it or to lease —

I do declare, I wish that man would give me any peace!

For, there!

To trust him with my real estate I truly do not dare;

For, if he buys it, on the price he'll cheat me underhand;

And, if he leases it, I know he will run out the land;

And, if he takes it at the halves, both halves he'll strike for then.

It's risky work when women folk have dealings with the men!

And so

I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer 'No.'

Mrs. Piper was a widow —

"Oh, dear me!

Yet I have still some mercies left; I won't complain," said she.

"My poor, dear husband knows, I trust, a better world than this;

'Twere sinful selfishness in me to grudge him heaven's bliss!

So now,

I ought to bow

Submissively to what is sent — not murmur and repine;

The hand that sends our trials has, in all, some good design.

Oh, dear!

If we knew all, we might not want our buried lost ones here!

And Jacob Smith, he called last night, but it was not to see

About the cattle or the farm, but this time it was me!

He said he prized me very high, and wished I'd be his wife,

And if I did not he should lead a most unhappy life.

He did not have a selfish thought, but gladly, for my sake,

The care of all my stock and farm he would consent to take —

And, there!

To slight so plain a Providence I really do not dare!

He'll take the cattle off my mind, he'll carry on the farm —

I haven't since my husband died had such a sense of calm!

I think the man was sent to me — a poor lone woman must,

In such a world as this, I feel, have some one she can trust;

And so

I do not feel it would be right for me to answer 'No.'

Marian Douglas.

Point d'Alençon.

SOFT hair, soft hands, soft eyes — sometimes
If some caprice should move her
To pleasure in soft lace or silk.
(Ah, no, *not* in lover!)

Soft voice, soft smile, soft languid air,
Pink palms as soft — as satin
(She's so made up of this and lace,
One surely must put that in).

Soft heart? Well, really, who can say,
Where in that bodice slender,
There could be room for anything
So foolish and so tender?

Hearts must have room to beat, you see,
When something sets them throbbing;
Could you imagine that *corsage*
Moved by soft sighs or sobbing?

The *Modiste* whose thrice mystic lot
It was in this — to glove her,
Clasped all her dainty graces far,
Far closer than a lover.

She moves, and with the dear *frou-frou*
Of trailing silks and laces
There floats a fragrance as of flowers
Fresh from sweet, untrod places.

She must have culled them wet with dew;
You almost wish she'd tarry
A moment more. My friend, it's but
Edouard Pinaud à *Paris*.

Her little *mouchoir* — Point d'Alençon —
A *gaze d'amour*, its calling,
But ah! too filmy fine a web
For love's sweet, hot tears falling.

Jabots and loops and daintiest frills
Fill all her mental spaces;
And when she wears her tenderest look
She's dreaming of old laces.

The lace's mist about her throat,
The lace her hand caresses
As soft it falls light fold on fold
On all her charming dresses.

And after all, perhaps it is —
(How would the odd thought strike her?)
The fitting setting for her life,
Since it is rather like her.

If it *is* Life — this filmy web?
(One strives in vain to con it)
'Tis Life — or Lace that never had
A pattern woven on it.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Who Can Tell?

WHO can tell when the winter is coming?
Who can tell when the summer is going?
We go to sleep when the asters are blooming,
We wake, and we find it snowing.

Who can tell when the winter is going?
Who can tell when the summer is coming?
We go to sleep when the tempests are blowing,
We wake, and the bees are humming.

Ernest Whitney.

Whence these Tears?

ONE learned in Love's art
Instructed me,
Naught moved a maiden's heart
Like jealousy.
So, when from Constance' eyes in vain I sought
To win a kindlier glance,
I looked askance
Where, at her 'broidery frame, sweet Cecil wrought.

I looked, and lo! mine eyes
Were fastened there —
I swore such art was wise —
(The maid was fair!)
Why should I turn, I said, to Constance' frown
Should this my cunning stir
But wrath in her?
At Cecil's feet I laid my homage down!

But mark my cruel fate,
My wounded heart —
She said I'd come too late!
I cursed the art;
For, when to Constance once again I turned,
Such was her jealousy
She'd none of me,
And all my proffered love she lightly spurned.

Margaret Deland.

Uncertain.

A LITTLE Pegasus
Will make a greater fuss
Than one of thrice his size;
He will not pull his load;
He will not keep the road;
You cannot make him wise.

"Come!" with asperity,
I say, "and pull for me
My van of comic verse."
He hangs his shaggy head,
And sighs to me instead,
"I'd rather draw your hearse!"

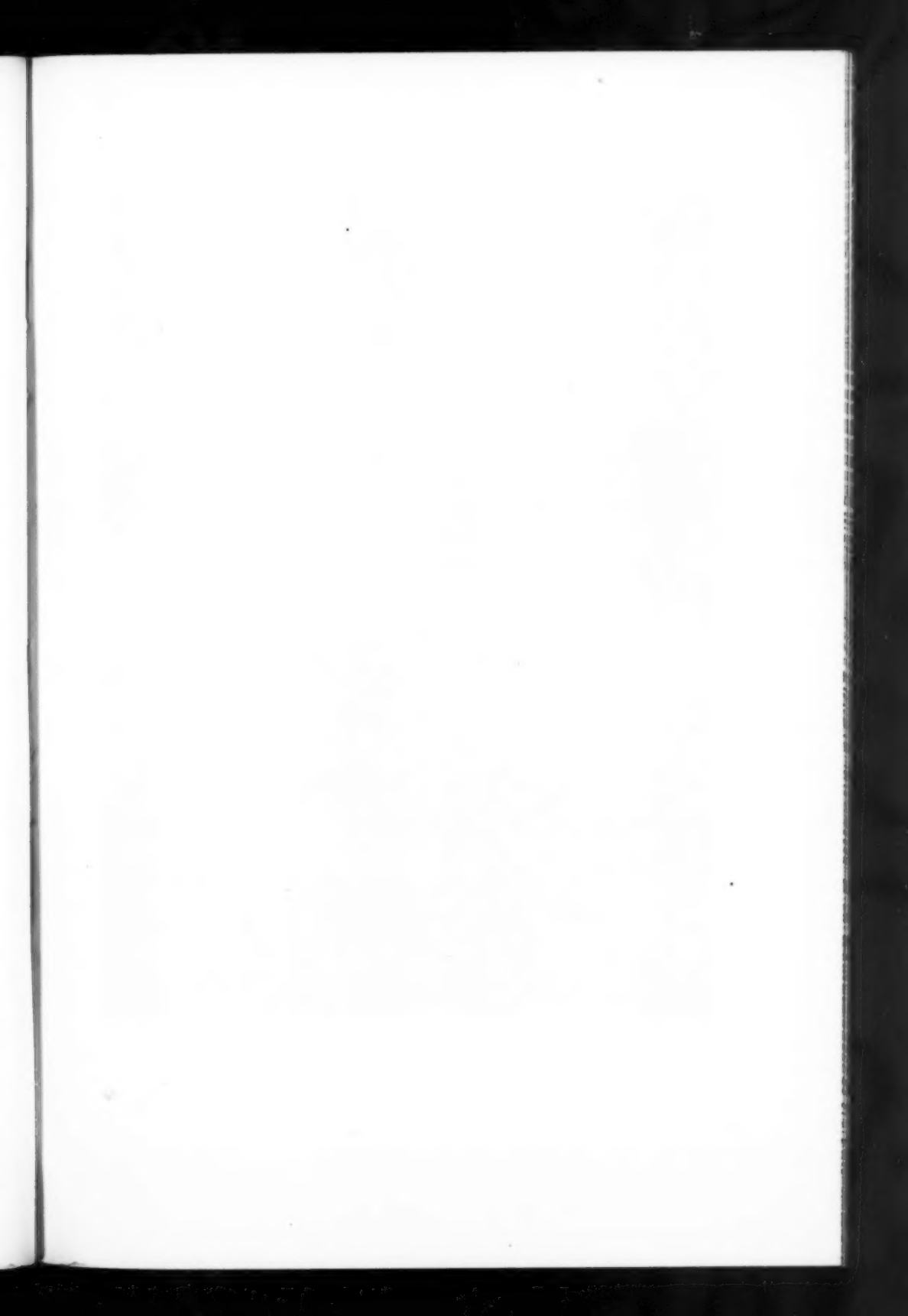
"Where is that Sentiment
For which you last were sent?"
I ask impatiently.
Up go his heels, and off,
And back he brings a scoff
Or foolish jest to me.

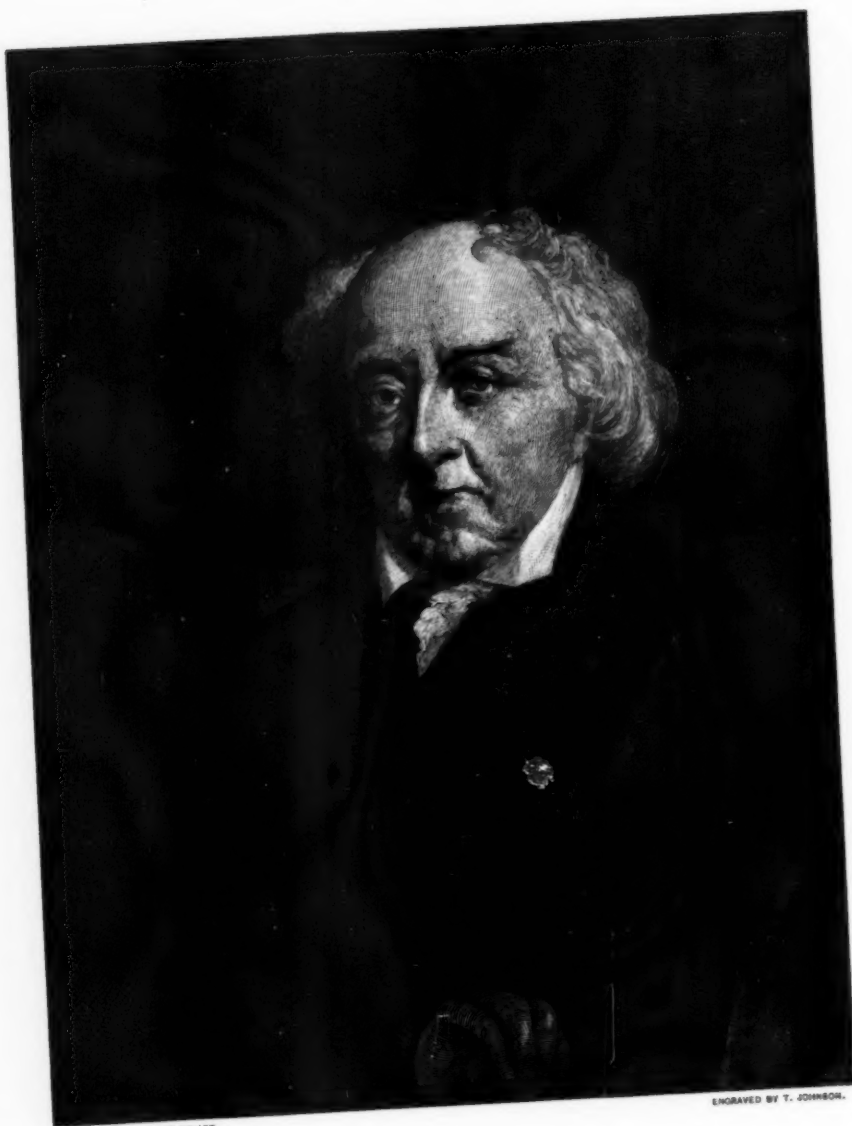
I never can foresee
What he will bring to me,
Nor where he'll choose to balk.
I scarcely dare at all
To ride him, lest I fall —
'Tis safer far to walk!

Yet — little elfin steed,
Useless in time of need,
Uncertain at all times;
Restive, and rough, and wild,
How often you've beguiled
Dull pain away with rhymes.

"A poor thing, but mine own";
Then leave me not alone;
A foolish dream is mine
Of mounting you some night
For a wild, distant flight
Where stars unnumbered shine.

Margaret Vandegrift.





John Adams